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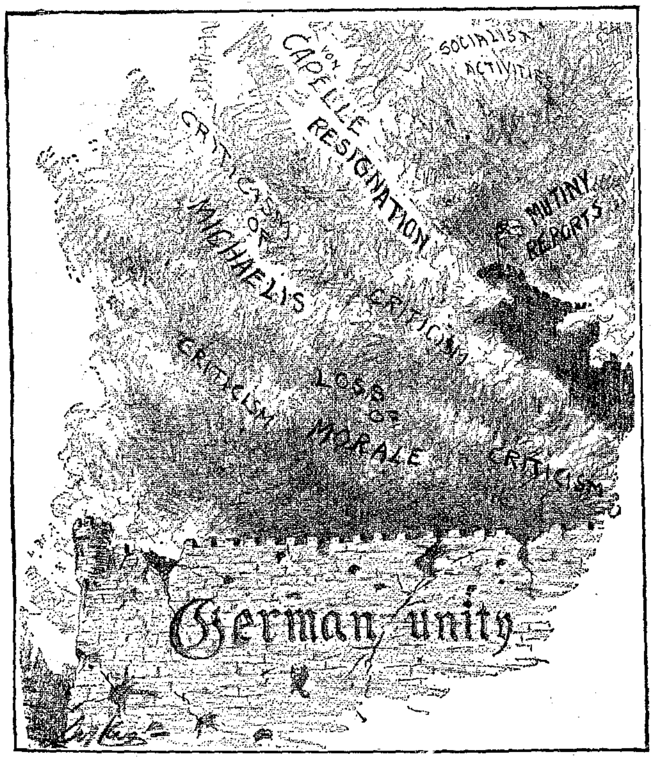
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE ROAD TO PEACE

"THIS WAR WILL END WHEN WE WIN," declared War-Secretary Baker last week; and almost on the same day Lloyd George announced that he could "see no road to peace but in victory." But the British Premier went on to warn us that "the way to shorten the war is to prepare as if the struggle were going to be a long one"; and he pointed out that while the temporary collapse of Russia had shattered our hopes of a decision this year, yet, with the advent of America and the increasing failure of Germany's *U*-boat warfare, "time is on our side." On the other hand, there is evidence that we are not going to lean too heavily on time and attrition as allies in the announcement that the French and British high commands have decided to continue their drives against Germany throughout the winter, instead of going into winter quarters as in previous years. Many United States army leaders, Washington correspondents tell us, look for victory next year. Thus in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* we read that "the Government is preparing for military activity of at least three years, but while preparations will not be lessened in any degree, there is a constantly growing feeling that Germany and her partners can not hold out beyond the winter of 1918." At the same time we are warned that if the enemy is determined on a fight to the finish, then the hardest part of the war is still ahead. As a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"Nothing is to be gained by minimizing the strength of Germany, and too often that mistake has been made. The ability of the Allies to obtain a military victory will depend largely upon the efforts of the United States. Whether it will come through superiority in the air, preponderance of artillery, a flanking movement, internal dissensions within the Central Powers, or from a variety of other causes no one can tell. But the whole tendency here is away from attrition, which has proved too long and costly."



WHERE THERE'S SO MUCH SMOKE——

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

The sternest trials of the war, both for soldiers and civilians, are approaching, predicts a London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and in a Montreal dispatch to the same paper we read:

"The German Government will not concede the terms unquestionably necessary to a settlement, and the Allies are standing firmly behind President Wilson in his position regarding negotiation with the present German rulers. There is no sign as yet of a collapse of German military strength, and that the military cabal will voluntarily surrender its more or less absolute sway while the Army remains faithful does not seem probable."

"The German people want peace," says the New York *Times*, "but their rulers want victory and must have it, because defeat will be destruction for them." The "dominant fact," as Mr. Asquith remarks, is that what the Allies have to deal with is neither German public opinion nor the German parliament, but the German Government. Lloyd George, according to Mr. Harold Spender, his biographer, believes that a revolution is coming in Germany, and this prediction is echoed by Prince Alexander zu Hohenlohe, son of a former German Chancellor, who declares that the German people are losing confidence in the men now at the

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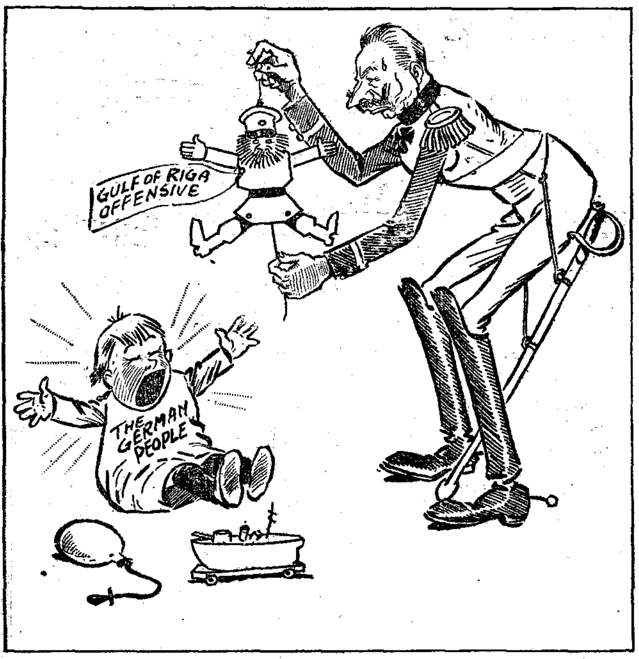
helm of the ship of state. Writing in the *Neue Zeitung*, of Zurich, Switzerland, he says:

"Confidence in those who are directing the affairs of the Empire is beginning to crumble among the German people. . . .

"Herr Scheidemann was recently called to order when he spoke the word 'revolution' in a speech in the Reichstag. And yet he did nothing but repeat a word which is heard daily among the masses of the people."



TRYING TO QUIET BABY.

—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times*.

According to an Amsterdam dispatch to the New York *American*, Herr Hoch, a member of the Reichstag, informed the Socialist conference at Wurzburg that unless peace comes within a few weeks Germany will experience revolutionary convulsions. And in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune* we read:

"An official cablegram on conditions in Germany received here to-day represents the situation to be more critical than any reports yet published. A paraphrase of the report follows:

"'Germany's population wants peace, and the people declare it will be concluded in November, because a German victory by arms is felt to be impossible of realization. German workmen, stirred to a high pitch of discontent by the Socialists, boldly state they will leave the factories necessary for the conduct of the war if the war continues during the winter. . . . . .

"'The Franco-English aerial bombardments of German cities and towns are increasing the dissatisfaction of the masses with the war. At Essen bombs dropt from airplanes did enormous damage, some striking a circus in the course of a performance for soldiers at which 800 soldiers were killed.

"'German civil life presents a terrible picture. Children are obliged to go to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon and to rise not before ten o'clock in the morning because of the knowledge that, being awake, they would feel the need of eating, and there is an insufficient amount of food for them.'"

Experience has taught us not to build too much hope on the rumors that reach us, by way of Bern, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Venice, of desperate hunger-riots in many Austrian cities, accompanied by the wrecking of munition-plants. Nor is it wise, our press agree, to attach too much importance to the rumors that Turkey, as well as Bulgaria, has hinted to the Entente of a willingness to consider a separate peace "on favorable terms." It was only last week that the Kaiser, on a state visit to his ally, assured the Sultan that "in unshakeable loyalty the Germans and Turks will persevere shoulder to shoulder with the Austrians, Hungarians, and Bulgarians until our enemies recognize the uselessness of their continuance of the war." It is notable, however, that the Kaiser here seems to look forward to something like a deadlock or stalemate, while all the official spokesmen of the Allies speak unhesitatingly of victory by a military decision. Thus we have General Pershing's statement that "America has resources in men and material, once they are prepared, to add weight to the Allies which must force a military decision against Germany." And General Haig has declared his confidence that "the Allies, so reenforced, will fight the war to an early and decisive issue."

Against rumors of a growing shortage of munitions and food in Germany, and of desperate demands on the part of the German people for an early peace, we must place the statement of Mr. Morris, United States Minister to Sweden, who warns us, on the authority of a neutral Swedish merchant just returned from Germany, that—

"Food conditions in Germany are much improved, and there is no perilous decrease in material resources.

"Figures which he submitted to me indicate the Central Powers and their Allies are capable of providing 1,000,000 new men annually for the war. These are conditions at which we must look sternly."

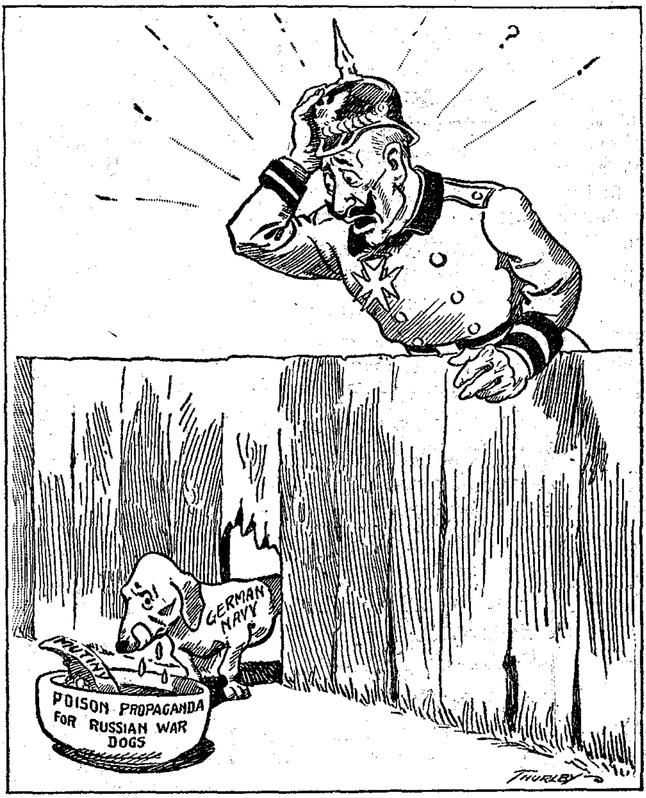
And Admiral von Tirpitz, interviewed by the Brunswick *Landes Zeitung*, is quoted as predicting the final triumph of the *U*-boats:

"We can continue confidently to expect a final triumph over England so long as we continue to sink vessels faster than she constructs them. A submarine-war success can not be expected immediately, however. . . . . . .

"No definite time can be fixt for our success. Economically, and as regards raw materials, our position to-day is stronger than that of France or Italy. How far England will be able to make her supplies last can not be predicted.

"But the decisive factor is that while we supply four-fifths of our economic needs from our productions, England has to fetch four-fifths of hers from overseas.

"We are now at the fateful hour of our existence. Germany can not maintain her position as a world Power against England unless her position is founded on might."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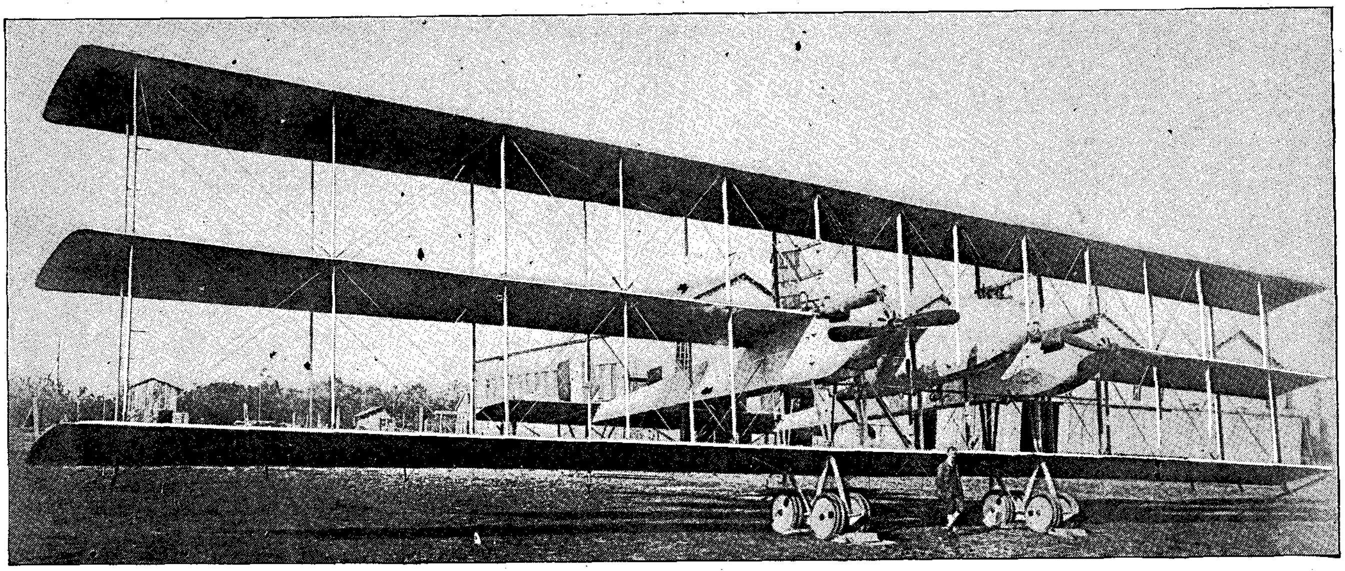
MUTINY
GERMAN NAVY
POISON PROPAGANDA FOR RUSSIAN WAR DOGS
THURLBY

AS OFTEN HAPPENS.

—Thurlby in the Seattle *Times*.

The Allies themselves make no secret of the fact that the food problem is acute in France, Italy, and Russia. Thus in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, we read:



IS THIS THE ALLIES' TRUMP-CARD?

Some military students believe that the war will be won in the air, but that the day of thrilling air-duels between individual aviators is passing, to be succeeded by a period of wholesale raiding of enemy communications by giant bombing machines. The Caproni triplane, shown above, can carry three tons in addition to its own weight, and can travel 90 miles an hour. Note its size by comparison with the man who stands in front of it. Last week Lieut. Antonio S. Resnati established a new record by driving one of these machines, with nine persons on board, from Hampton, Va., to Mineola, Long Island, a distance of 320 miles, in four hours and eleven minutes.

> "Recently Herbert Hoover announced that America has gone to the relief of France in a substantial manner by supplying a large quantity of sugar. But France badly needs wheat and meat. The French have been subsisting largely on vegetables, the supply of which is said to have been lessened by lack of labor. Cattle feed is as scarce as human food. Early this year Great Britain was compelled to cut off her supply of meat to France because of the shortage in England.
>
> "Conditions in Italy are reported to be even worse in some quarters than in France. Italy's greatest needs are coal and wheat. A high authority says that it can not be too emphatically stated that the situation in Italy is very serious.
>
> "Producing no coal within her own territory, Italy depends for many of her other supplies upon the outside world, which now virtually means the United States. England requires all her shipping for her own purposes. The situation is now so grave that there is almost no coal for private consumption, and few furnaces will be lighted this winter in either Italian hotels or private houses. Even the military operations are hindered."

And last week a Petrograd dispatch quoted Premier Kerensky as saying that in Russia "the food question is getting worse every day, especially on the front, shortly to be threatened with cold and hunger."

Yet, without ignoring any of the shadows in the outlook, Allied observers are unanimous in their conviction that the Central Powers are now cracking under the strain. In proof of this they point to the brilliantly successful French offensive on the Aisne front last week, when in one day's fighting General Pétain's troops advanced two miles on a six-mile front, capturing 8,000 prisoners and 70 big guns; to the ceaseless methodical advance of the Ypres wedge by Haig's steam-roller tactics; to the heavy toll taken of Germany's naval forces by the Russian Fleet in the Gulf of Riga battle, when fifteen German war-ships were put out of action; to the capture by the French of four super-*Zeppelins* in one day; to Germany's heavy withdrawal of troops from the Riga front to make possible an Austrian offensive against Italy; and to the ominous rumors of a growing spirit of mutiny in the German and Austrian fleets. A Paris correspondent quotes a pamphlet published—for home circulation only—by General von Freytag Loringhoven, a famous German military critic, in which he says that a German victory is now impossible, and that his country must, therefore, have peace without a military decision in order that it may prepare for the next struggle. Says this correspondent, in a dispatch to the New York *Courrier des Etats-Unis:*

> "Loringhoven then examines the future of the German Army, and in so doing discloses the inner workings of the German pacifists' intrigues and brings to light the bad faith of his country when it speaks of a reduction of armaments.
>
> "He declares that throughout the whole war the German armaments proved altogether insufficient. 'Since we'll have to begin again, we must, in view of this eventually, take more radical measures. Not only must we not reduce the length of the military service, but, far from that, we should prolong it and create trained reserves that could always be called upon at the favorable moment.'
>
> "It will now be understood why this *brochure* can not be sent to neutral countries."

"I do not say how soon the end will come, but I am convinced that Germany is on her last decline," says Pleasant A. Stovall, United States Minister to Switzerland. "There is no longer any question as to who is going to win. All we need is patience," declares General Smuts, of the British War Cabinet. "We have only to set our teeth and the war will be won," says Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe, Britain's First Sea Lord.

"We must fight this war to a military decision," declares the New York *Tribune*, because—

> "The whole German system is founded upon military victories and the legend of successful wars followed by profitable plunderings. This legend can be destroyed only upon the battle-field. . . . We are near to liberation, we are approaching the certain realization of all that millions have died to attain, and, as always happens as victory approaches, those who are winning the fight have to face the enemy at the front and fear the cowards at home."

"The great Prussian military machine is slowly but surely going to pieces," writes Mr. Frank H. Simonds in another issue of the same paper. And he goes on to say:

> "Germany is planning a peace campaign this winter. She hopes to be able to assert that the war has become a deadlock, and that her lines can not be pierced, altho at the cost of great losses they may be bent back here and there.
>
> "The truth is otherwise. Germany will have to retreat in the spring, if she escapes the necessity this autumn because of the onset of bad weather. When she retreats the world will perceive that she has lost the war. There will be no further possibility of concealing the fact, because the retreat will be so considerable. But for the winter, if she can hold on, Germany will have a show of an argument for her assertion that the war is a hopeless deadlock and a useless slaughter that can end only in stalemate. Actually her appeal will be made to the pacifists, the weak-kneed, and the disloyal in all countries fighting her."

THE DRAFT MADE REALLY SELECTIVE

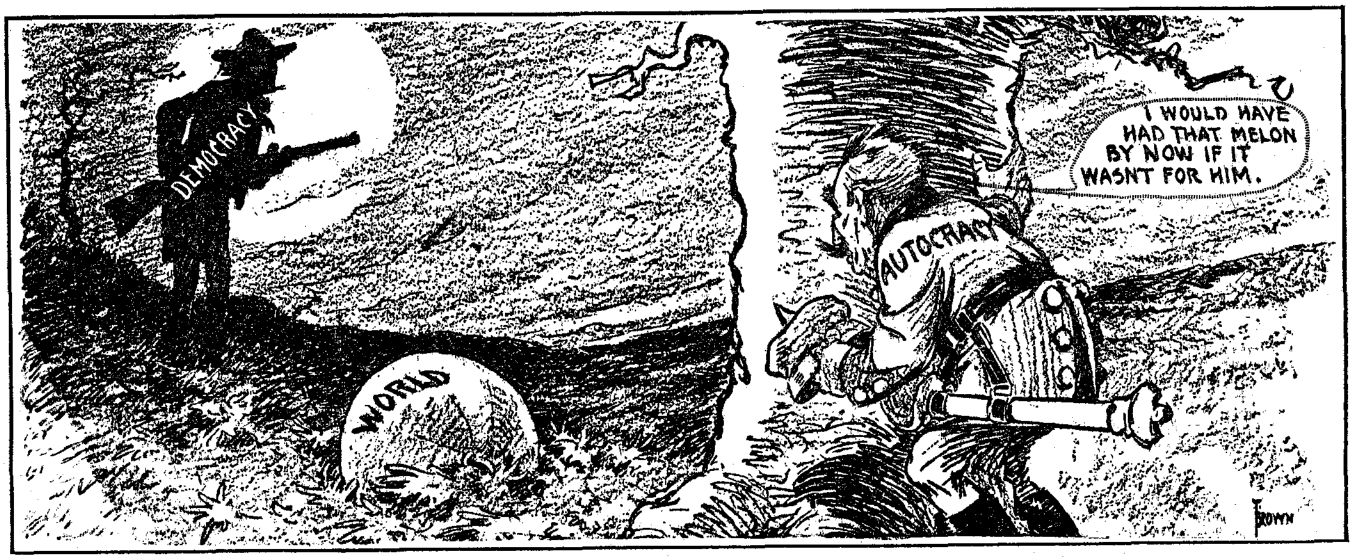
THE OBJECTION to the Selective-Draft Law, that it drafted but did not select, is removed by the Government's new plan of applying the measure, as announced in the press by Maj.-Gen. E. N. Crowder, the Provost-Marshal. A Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* advises us that "nothing since the passage of the law has caused more real gratification inside and outside the Government than the splendid scheme which the Provost-Marshal, with the approval of Secretary Baker and President Wilson, has evolved after conference with the exemption boards of several States." As the *Post's* correspondent and others point out, the chief provision of the new system is that it ranges men of draft age in five classes, according to the order of liability, so that the United States, if necessary, may have a supply of at least 2,000,000 men out of the 9,000,000 registered on June 5 "with a minimum disturbance to essential industry and the family relationship." Editorially, *The Post* hopes, as General Crowder says, that the reconstruction of the draft machinery will greatly lighten the labors of the exemption boards. A new *questionnaire*, which each registrant will have to fill out, and a new form for board use, which will eliminate all the old docket sheets and records, all the laborious work of making and posting lists and much work in assembling personal information, *The Post* tells us, are to be the "chief instruments in this revolution." As for the registered man, he may depend on the statement of General Crowder that "the man who can least be spared either as the head of a family or the head of a business necessary to the defense of the nation will be the last to go." *The Post* hopes that married men with children, of whom a good many are now in camp, will hereafter "not be sent in advance of unmarried, independent men unless their economic status is unusually high." A detailed record of the classes will be found at the end of this article. The New York *Tribune* considers the new plan a distinctly forward effort "toward bringing order out of chaos." We had no experience to guide us in the application of draft laws except the Civil-War draft, which was "a melancholy fizzle," and this journal adds:

> "The best that the Federal Government could hope to do was to prepare the camps in time to receive the new national levies. It was, therefore, obliged to pass the burden of drafting the eligibles over to the States and, through the State governments, over to individuals volunteering their aid, constituting no organized State or Federal force and receiving no pay for their services. The Draft Law was not enforced in the way in which Federal laws are usually enforced. It enforced itself through the patriotic efforts of voluntary workers backed by the force of public opinion.
>
> "Under these circumstances it was no wonder that the methods employed were crude, ill-digested, and subject to constant variation. The voluminous rules issued from Washington were conflicting and confused. The volunteer boards had to work out their own salvation for the most part. With inadequate direction and machinery they accomplished marvels. A vast amount of the labor put upon them was superfluous. But they never shirked. They deserve infinite credit for what they did. Few finer exhibitions than theirs have ever been given in the way of generous, unselfish public service."

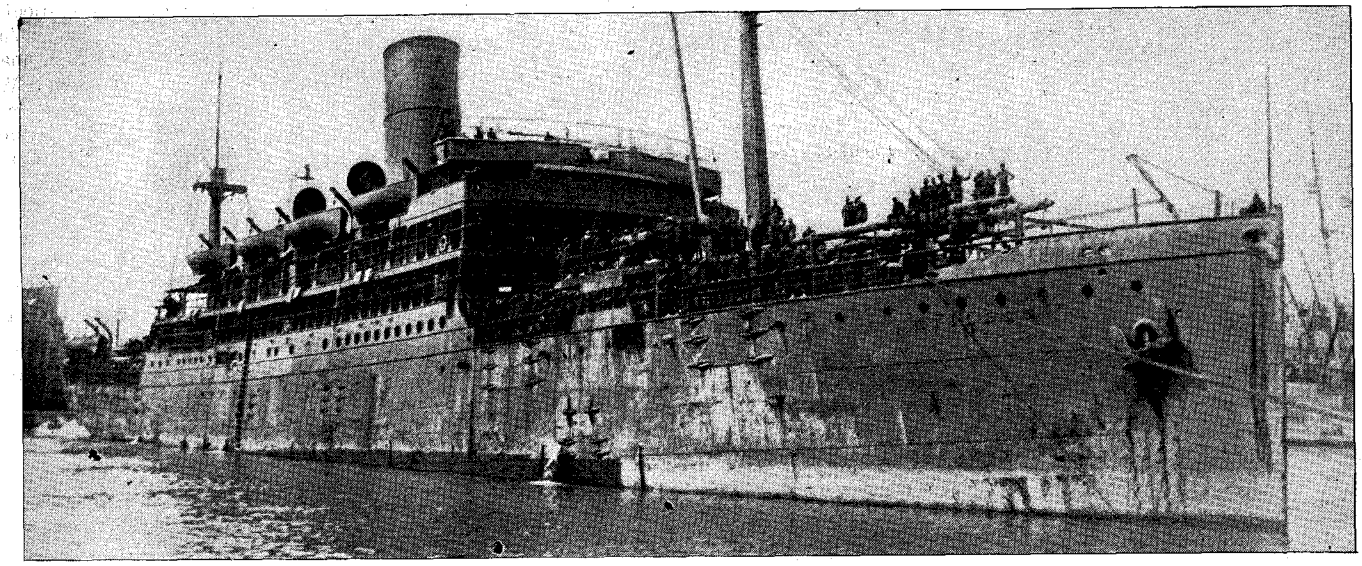
This appreciation is warmly echoed by the New York *Sun*, which says that the thousands of local officials have given freely of their time, and with very few exceptions they have performed their duty faithfully, with a full realization of the responsibility imposed on them by the Government. Their reward is the satisfaction of duty well done, according to *The Sun*, for "they have guided the primary steps of the war, and they are entitled to national thanks."

From Washington dispatches we quote the classes into which men subject to the draft will be divided under the new regulations. They show every man registered in the class to which he belongs and the order in which the classes will be called to service:

> "CLASS I.—1. Single men without dependent relatives. 2. Married man (or widower), with children, who habitually fails to support his family. 3. Married man dependent on wife for support. 4. Married man (or widower), with children, not usefully engaged; family supported by income independent of his labor. 5. Men not included in any other description in this or other classes. 6. Unskilled laborer.
>
> "CLASS II.—1. Married man or father of motherless children, usefully engaged, but family has sufficient income apart from his daily labor to afford reasonably adequate support during his absence. 2. Married man, no children; wife can support herself decently and without hardship. 3. Skilled industrial laborers engaged in necessary industrial enterprise. 4. Skilled farm laborers engaged in necessary agricultural enterprise.
>
> "CLASS III.—1. Man with foster children dependent on daily labor for support. 2. Man with aged, infirm, or invalid parents or grandparents dependent on daily labor for support. 3. Man with brothers or sisters incompetent to support themselves, dependent on daily labor for support. 4. County or municipal officer. 5. Firemen or policemen. 6. Necessary artificers or workmen in arsenals, armories, and navy-yards. 7. Necessary Custom-House clerk. 8. Persons necessary in transmission of mails. 9. Necessary employees in service of United States. 10. Highly specialized administrative experts. 11. Technical or mechanical experts in industrial enterprise. 12. Highly specialized agricultural experts in agricultural bureau of State or nation. 13. Assistant or associate manager of necessary industrial enterprise. 14. Assistant or associate manager of necessary agricultural enterprise.
>
> "CLASS IV.—1. Married man with wife (and) or children (or widower with children) dependent on daily labor for support and no other reasonably adequate support available. 2. Mariners in sea-service of merchants or citizens in United States. 3. Heads of necessary industrial enterprises. 4. Heads of necessary agricultural enterprises.
>
> "CLASS V.—1. Officers of States or the United States. 2. Regularly or duly ordained ministers. 3. Students of divinity. 4. Persons in military or naval service. 5. Aliens. 6. Alien enemies. 7. Persons morally unfit. 8. Persons physically, permanently, or mentally unfit. 9. Licensed pilots."


DEMOCRACY
WORLD
AUTOCRACY
I WOULD HAVE HAD THAT MELON BY NOW IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM.
BROWN

NOT A CHANCE! —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.



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OUR FIRST WAR-LOSS: THE *ANTILLES*, AS SEEN ON ARRIVAL WITH UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AT A FRENCH PORT.

Before being requisitioned for Government transport service this 6,878-ton steamer was the fastest ship in the Southern Pacific Company's New York-New Orleans service. She was sunk by a German torpedo at 6:45 in the morning of October 17, with a loss of 67 lives. The families of these soldiers and naval seamen killed or disabled will be the first to receive compensation under the new Government insurance law.

THE FOE'S FIRST BLOW

IN GERMANY'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL ATTACK upon us since we entered the war, our press see the true beginning of the conflict for the United States. There have been deaths from accident and disease, gunners on armed merchantmen have been lost, and on October 16 the destroyer *Cassin* was slightly damaged by a *U*-boat, one of its men being killed and five injured. But on the 17th there befell, as the Boston *Transcript* notes, the first considerable disaster directly consequent upon our military and naval operations, when an unseen torpedo sent the homeward-bound troop-ship *Antilles* to the bottom with sixty-seven soldiers and seamen. "It has come," was the Chicago *Herald's* first word, and the Springfield *Republican* noted how we all felt at once a new sense of the actuality of being at war. Practically all the newspapers found the event a stimulant for the Liberty Loan campaign. In Washington, as Mr. David Lawrence, of the New York *Evening Post*, reported, it was predicted that among the certain nation-wide effects of the tragedy would be "keener realization by the people of the great sacrifices that must be made in the future," and better "appreciation of the ruthlessness of German warfare."

The Government's prompt publication of the news of the loss of the *Antilles* should end once and for all, the New York *World* thinks, "the malicious and traitorous business which has been filling the land with horrifying lies of ships sunk and soldiers by thousands sent to the bottom. The people will now know that when any disaster of the kind does happen they will be informed officially." And there is another mischievous impression which this New York newspaper is glad to see dispelled by the disaster:

> "The pacifying notion that Germany regards the United States as a negligible quantity in the war and views with indifference our efforts to get troops to Europe is now effectually exploded. Germany has been after these American troop-transports with all of its available submarine power ever since they began to move. It has been waging war against the United States in the deadliest manner it has been able to."

The death of three score and seven seamen and soldiers in the sinking of the *Antilles* suggests still another thought to several editors. As the Syracuse *Herald* puts it:

> "We already see our sons dying by the score for our protection, and in vindication of a just and noble cause; yet we are still permitting recreant Americans to raise their vicious clamor and engineer their dastardly conspiracies against the national interests for which the victims of the *Antilles* forfeited their lives. We shall but imperfectly comprehend the meaning of the *Antilles* catastrophe, and, worse yet, we shall be shamefully false to the memories of the seventy men swallowed up by the Atlantic, without a warning or a chance for their lives, if we do not resolve to take a firmer and sterner attitude toward the miscreants at home who are plotting to destroy or shackle the very Government to which the victims of the *Antilles* have paid the greatest possible tribute of devotion."

Now that our men have died in the nation's cause, declares the New York *Sun*, "we must stamp out sternly, emphatically, and decisively all caviling and discussion as to the justice of this war, or the righteousness of the participation of the United States in it." And a writer on the Chicago *Tribune's* editorial staff thus briefly and pungently puts a question which has been troubling the minds of many Americans:

> "The first American casualty-list has come in. Shall we continue to find excuses for the pro-Germans? Or nooses?"

In a leading editorial the same Chicago daily calls attention to the consolation to be found in the prompt and full report of the *Antilles* disaster, in the knowledge "that an army larger than most Americans have supposed is already in France," that the loss of the *Antilles* is less calamitous than what might have occurred had the Germans managed to sink an outward-bound troop-laden transport, "and that it emphasizes thus early the fundamental necessity of keeping open our lines of communication." In a succeeding paragraph comes a sharp call for vengeance upon the nation responsible for the death of these Americans. And coming vengeance at the hands of American soldiers and sailors is confidently predicted on many an editorial page.

The fact that no submarine or torpedo was sighted has led some to wonder whether the explosion which tore the *Antilles* apart on the morning of October 17 may not have been due to a mine or a treacherously placed bomb. But officers aboard, according to the dispatches, are certain that it was the work of the Schwarzkopf torpedo used by the Germans. Survivors from the *Antilles*, in safety in a French port, told press correspondents of the excellent discipline which prevailed after the men rushed to the deck in the early morning, and of the bravery of the gun-crews who stuck to their posts to the last, watching for a telltale periscope.

DRAFTING SHIPS

THIS WAR IS GOING TO BE WON "on the high seas and in American shipyards," in a far more impressive sense than in France, the Chicago *Tribune* believes, while the Philadelphia *North American* declares that altho public interest is now naturally concentrated upon the camps where our great Army is in training, nevertheless "all the effort and sacrifice represented in this vast undertaking will go for naught unless American resourcefulness and energy create shipping approximately as fast as German submarines destroy it." The conviction thus exprest is based not only upon the editor's own survey of the war-situation, but upon statements from our Allies. The Philadelphia daily quotes a British official opinion to the effect that "however large and powerful the army which the United States trains during the winter, it may be rendered absolutely useless as an addition to the fighting forces against Germany if there are no ships to transport and supply it, except at the cost of stopping the flow of vital necessaries to the present armies." And French and Italian opinions are said to coincide. "Great Britain isn't getting all the munitions she wants or needs from America," or at least, Mr. David Lawrence writes from Washington to the New York *Evening Post*, "there is a well-grounded apprehension that unless more attention is given to the requirements of the men now in the field than the prospective American armies of 1918, the spring offensive may feel the effect of the shortage." As a writer in *The New Republic* points out, the conveying of our new armies to France next year might easily wait upon the completion of the millions of tons of shipping on the stocks and contracted for. But the materials for next spring's offensive must be delivered in the next six months. Wherefore, he insists, our immediate practical concern "is not a rushing, plunging use of a vast multitude of new ships, now impossible, but an economical, efficient, intricately balanced, ton-squeezing use of a relatively small fleet, four-fifths of which is now in being."

What, then, is being done to meet this urgent, imperative demand for tonnage for immediate use? Just what was done last spring, when Congress faced the problem of converting a citizenry into an army, namely, a recourse to the draft. From time to time the Government has requisitioned American ships for transport or other war-service—the lately sunk *Antilles* was one of these. But on October 15, the United States Shipping Board commandeered practically the entire ocean-going merchant marine bearing the United States flag, some 500 vessels with a total tonnage approximating 2,000,000. As we read in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington:

> "All along the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts, American registered and enrolled ships, all carefully listed in advance in the Shipping Board files, were taken over for Government control. As requests from the Army, Navy, Allies, and other Government sources are passed upon for use of a certain amount of tonnage, orders will be telegraphed to ships, assigning them to particular service. The order requisitions all cargo-ships carrying 2,500 tons total dead-weight, including bunkers, water, and stores, and all passenger-steamers of not less than 2,500 tons gross register. Approximately four-fifths of the number taken over are cargo-ships."

Mr. Bainbridge Colby, the member of the Shipping Board entrusted with the duty of putting the new system into effect, speaks of the friendly cooperation of ship-owners and says further, as quoted by the New York *Times:*

> "We are turning the ships back to the owners to operate them on Government account, under the same system as in England. We will not disturb them until there is a concrete case of need. Our purpose is to unify the control of all these ships available for ocean traffic."

The application of the new system in connection with the embargo law will, the New Orleans *Item* is confident, "enable this country to compel preference being given to cargoes needed by the Entente Allies, so that by the opening of the spring campaign in 1918 the accumulation of munitions and supplies in France and Italy should greatly strengthen the Allies for a tremendous simultaneous offensive along the Belgian-French and the Austrian frontiers."

The freight service between Atlantic coast ports will be kept up by neutral vessels, which are free to enter the trade, since the Shipping Board, duly empowered by Act of Congress, has opened American coastwise shipping to vessels of foreign register for "the period of the present war with Germany and for 120 days thereafter."

France's special needs have been at least partially taken care of, we learn from the New York and Washington news dispatches, by taking over for this trade some 70,000 tons of shipping just built on the Great Lakes for French and British interests. It is also planned to put at France's disposal American steamers now in the South-American trade, their place to be taken by the French sailing-vessels now on various trade routes remote from the submarine zone. This will give France some 150,000 to 200,000 more tons.

"We shall have the ships," the New York *Times* confidently announces, for both present and future needs. As it goes on to summarize the recent hopeful reports of activity in this direction:

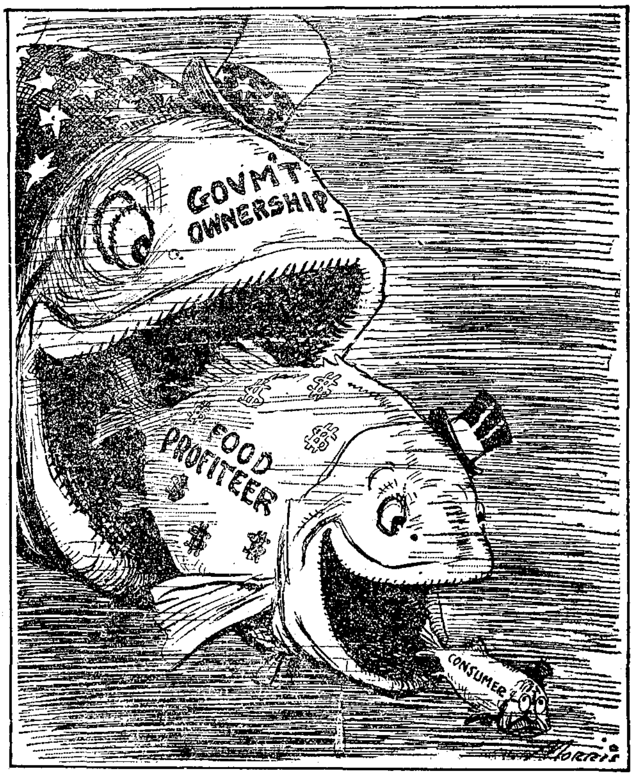
> "The demand for carriers at the present time is satisfied by those which the Government has taken from coast service and the lakes, by the 117 German vessels that were seized, and by those which are coming from the private yards where they were commandeered. The Shipping Board expects that 1,000,000 tons of new ships will be at work by March 1. This estimate was made, however, before it was decided that construction must be hastened at the yards by work in three shifts, or throughout the entire day of twenty-four hours. At one yard, which has Government contracts for eighteen vessels, this is to be the rule at once, and others are soon to have a work-day of at least sixteen hours. This pressure will so increase the output that more than 1,000,000 tons will be available at the end of February. Afterward there will be additions every week, and some foresee a total of more than 5,000,000 tons within eighteen months. In the near future some help will be given by Japan. The waiting Dutch ships should not be idle, but the work can be done without their assistance. It is reported that the use of a majority of them along the coast or in the Pacific has been offered in return for release of their cargoes of foodstuffs. But what they have on board will not be carried to Holland. The supply of ships will be sufficient for the transportation of troops, all that must go with them, and the foodstuffs which our Allies need."

The Government's present shipping program is thought by several press correspondents at Washington to be quite able to block Germany's submarine campaign. Germany's present rate of destructiveness, judging by the September figures, is set at about 4,500,000 tons a year, and is expected to decline materially. To match this, our Government experts expect to turn out 5,000,000 tons of shipping annually after March 4. Our program, according to Mr. Harry B. Hunt, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association's Washington bureau, makes Uncle Sam second only to John Bull as a master mariner. Mr. Hunt thus sets forth in figures an estimate of the amazing and sudden growth of our ocean-going merchant marine:

Number of Ships Over 2,500 Tons	*Tonnage*
458 American-owned vessels	2,871,359
117 confiscated German and Austrian ships	700,285
400 commandeered on the stocks	2,800,000
353 wooden vessels building	1,253,000
58 composite (wood with steel frames) vessels building	207,000
225 fabricated steel vessels building	1,663,000
1,611 vessels in hand and under way	9,494,644
"Overseas" tonnage under American registry in June, 1914	1,614,222
Gain since our entry into war	7,880,422

RETAILERS AS WAR-PROFITEERS

A NEW TYPE OF PROFITEER has been introduced by war-conditions, and we owe his discovery to Food-Administrator Hoover, according to Washington press dispatches, in which Mr. Hoover points out that while wholesale prices are lower, retail prices are going up instead of down. Mention is made of his warning to the shopkeepers that unless extortion ceases before Congress convenes he will ask for power to extend to them the license system that now applies only to food-purveyors who do a business in excess of $100,000 per annum. Such regulation would give the Government the same control over the retailer it now exercises over the jobber and manufacturer of food-products. "Not the great 'food baron,' but the small shopkeeper, is the food-profiteer of to-day," is the remark of the Philadelphia *Press*, echoed by various dailies, which, however, make the cheering distinction that not all the retailers are "food-pirates." Many are content with a legitimate profit, and the bulletins of the Food-Administration make it easy to ascertain the fair price for staples, says *The Press*, which advises that the public "must seek out the honest dealer and avoid the profiteer." The New York *Wall Street Journal* rejoices in the curbing of wholesale profiteering, which is "no more unpatriotic and dangerous and not nearly so mean as profiteering by retail," and it observes:



THE PURSUIT.
—Morris in the New York *Evening Mail*.

> "A condition precedent to a successful termination of the war is the maintenance of the health of the people and the steady employment of labor. A plentiful supply of food, fuel, and clothing at reasonable prices is the first requisite. Extortionate prices lead to demands for higher wages, strikes, and unrest. Diminished production is the result and our fighting power becomes crippled."

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* reminds us that the Food-Administration will publish wholesale prices in 700 cities for comparison with retail figures as a means of revealing to the public the extortionate practises of some dealers, and asserts that the public "can be depended on, if kept advised of such disparities, to deal effectively with the profiteers." The Chattanooga *Times* also predicts that profiteering in foodstuffs will be stopt "because the health of the nation and its peace and tranquillity demand it," and the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* says that if Mr. Hoover shall succeed in holding down food-necessities to reasonable prices, "he will place the average citizen in a much better mood for the assimilation of Liberty Loans and financial support of the Government's war-needs." The difficulties of food-administration would be pronounced in any case, according to the New York *World*, but Congress "made them almost insuperable when it exempted farmers from the operation of the act and in the matter of retailers made it apply only to those doing a yearly business in excess of $100,000," for Mr. Hoover shows that of 350,000 grocers and market men in the United States only 1,200 are of that class. In a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, Mr. Hoover is quoted as saying:

> "I do not want to act hastily with the retailer. It is a fact that the United States has the most expensive retail business in the world, and this administration is now engaged in trying to reduce the running cost of retail business. The retail grocers have promised to cooperate with us in this. Reduction of cost of operation should accomplish something in reducing retail prices.
>
> "But whether Congress should be asked for legislation giving the Government authority to regulate the retailers is a question largely dependent upon what the retailer does between now and the time Congress meets."

Flour, sugar, and beef have responded to the economic influences set in motion by the Food-Administration, the Chicago *Herald* tells us; immense crops of potatoes are available and the prices of feed for dairy herds, for poultry, for hogs, and cattle should become progressively cheaper. In a word, in the view of this journal, production has been increased, exportation has been limited, informed devices for directing the food-costs are in operation, yet the retailer is profiteering, and this journal adds that the "corporation is harnessed" and the grocer "had better beware the hitching-post." While a writer in the New York *Journal of Commerce* avers that the advances of the retailers in many instances have "gone beyond the realm of reason into sheer greed," still their expenses have increased tremendously, and it has required much more capital to conduct business. Nevertheless, this authority thinks that the wisest thing the retailer can do is to "take Mr. Hoover's hint and show his patriotism without being forced into so doing." Says the Springfield *Republican:*

> "Doubtless there are many conscienceless retailers bound to extort the last penny, but in partial justification of retailers as a class it can at least be said that every grocer has his landlord. Rents have been advanced greatly during the period of war-prosperity, and regulation of rents either by taxation or otherwise has not been part of the Government program. The buying public still makes the retailer carry heavy expenses for his delivery system; his clerk hire has increased with the scarcity of labor, and so has gasoline, which his delivery-car uses, gone up in price. One is inclined to be sorry for some of the retailers who have to face an outraged public opinion in the matter of retail prices of foodstuffs."

As to the farmer, *The Republican* remarks that he has "come to occupy such a privileged position in American politics that Government compulsion for the purpose of forcing him to market his crops before he wants to is hardly to be regarded as within the bounds of practical administration." The Boston *Transcript* believes—

> "that the people, while constantly grumbling against prices, do not realize the necessity of taking any measures against them. As a rule they insist upon running their tables as they always have run them, upon having all the luxuries, and having them delivered to them on the instant, and they take no steps whatever toward cooperation with the Government or with one another. It is time for them to act, to act resolutely and to act together. One good start toward doing that is to join themselves to the Food-Administration—to sign Mr. Hoover's pledge cards, to hang out the notice of their membership in their windows, and to make good on their participation in the movement. The people can not 'pass the buck' entirely to Mr. Hoover. If they do, they now have an intimation as to what he will do with it. He will put them on rations before he gets through."

UNSWEETENING OUR SUGAR

A MARKED SOURNESS OF MOOD flavors the remarks of some editorial observers as they study the sugar situation. Thus the New York *Commercial* finds it irritating that the Government officials who urged American women to preserve all the fruits and vegetables they could afford, now blame them for buying too much sugar. The commodity has become scarce not only for this reason, but also because the canning-factories have packed enormous quantities of foodstuffs and the wine-makers have bought sugar to give body to their products for which a good market is assured by the high tax on distilled spirits. A fourth reason for the sugar shortage, noted by this journal and others, is the great quantities exported to our western European Allies. A Washington dispatch to the New York *World* informs us that sugar-exports last year were nineteen times as great as the average for the three pre-war years. Last year 70 per cent. went to England and this year France has received 62 per cent. If the Federal food-experts can not look ahead and grasp the probable results that will follow the acceptance of their counsel, says *The Commercial*, "they should keep quiet," for "so far they have done more harm than good, and the prices of the necessaries of life have advanced in the face of larger crops." This journal and others recall that the food-experts promised prices should come down in October, but past the middle of the month retail prices especially still showed a tendency upward.

The Des Moines *Register* and other journals tell us that a large part of the sugar consumed in this country is wasted, and point an accusatory finger at candy, which is a valuable food, but is eaten in unnecessarily large quantities. The New York *Evening Post* feels certain the Government is doing all it can, and tells us that the annoying shortage in sugar is merely a temporary condition. Western beet-sugar will bring some relief within a few weeks; it will be followed by the arrival of Louisiana sugar, and on December 15 the large Cuban crop will begin moving. *The Post* points out also that the Government has taken steps to stop speculation in sugar and is trying to keep all the sugar-refineries of the East running. That we have been exporting sugar heavily to Europe is not the whole explanation of the temporary dearth, in the view of *The Post*, which says it is the duty of every individual in the country "to use as little sugar as possible, doing without and resorting to substitutes until the market is again fully supplied." The Boston *Transcript* holds that the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States has become "nothing less than immoderate," rising from 39 pounds per annum in 1880 to 58 pounds in 1900, and in 1915 "to the amazing total of 86 pounds per human per year!" The New York *Sun* tells us that while there is need for strict economy in the use of sugar, "there is no justification for higher prices," and the consumer should shun the retailer who sells sugar at 12 and 15 cents a pound. The limit any retail dealer, no matter how small his business, is justified in charging in New York City is 9¼ cents a pound, we learn from a Washington dispatch to *The Herald*, which states also that control is being exercised by the Food-Administrator over all importers and refiners of sugar as well as over all retail dealers whose business aggregates not less than $100,000 per annum. Such persons are obliged to take out licenses which require them to conform to certain regulations or forfeit the licenses.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

FIELD-MARSHAL HAIG is also driving a wedge between the Kaiser and the German people.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"SINGING makes fighting easier," says Major-General Bell. I've heard that kind of singing, too.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

ONE report has it that the Kaiser "will rush to the front to cheer the soldiers." If he waits a little he will not have to rush so far.—*Albany Journal.*

CHICAGO needs something like the White Sox to offset Thompson.—*Syracuse Herald.*

WITH the Colonel in the hands of a physical trainer, something interesting is going to happen to somebody soon.—*Boston Herald.*

SOMETIME there will be a companion celebration to Columbus day. This will be when the Kaiser discovers America.—*Newark News.*

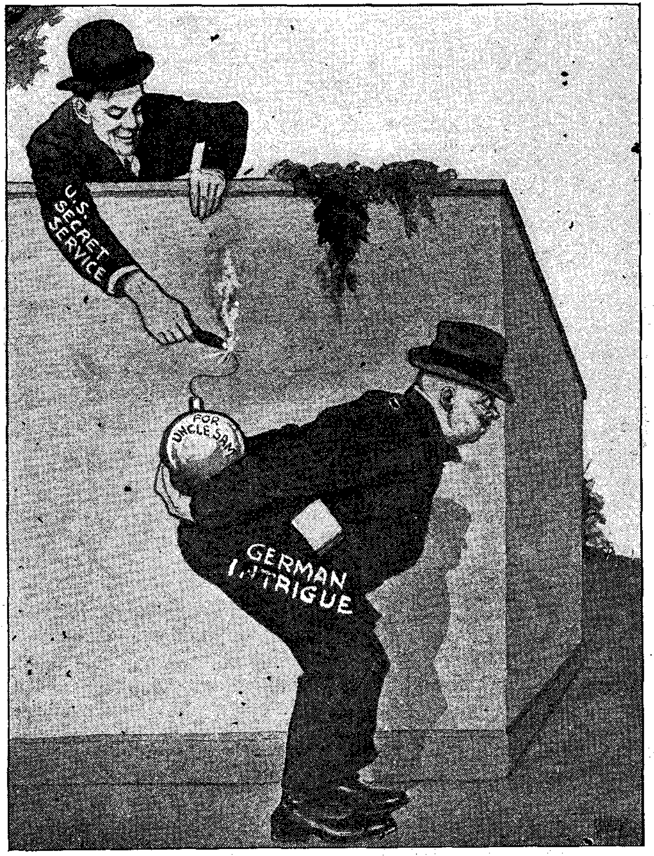
WHEN we get the wrong telephone number twice running, our rage against the central powers is positively unbridled.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE Germans may have thought that as the transport was bound for America, it had sick and wounded or women and children aboard.—*Boston Transcript.*

GERMANY'S reported intention to declare the American coast a war-zone causes no disquietude. It is already as much of a war-zone as Germany feels able to make it.—*Chicago Herald.*

IN these feverish knitting days, the editors of Kansas are universal in their envy of Gomer Davies, of Concordia, who has a wooden leg and can darn the hole in one sock with paint.—*Emporia Gazette.*

IT doesn't make much difference, of course, whether the German Government is blown up from within or without, but it would be a mistake for the withouts to wait for the withins to do it, because it might be that the withins are waiting for the withouts to do it.—*Kansas City Times.*



WAITING FOR THE VICTIM.

—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

RUSSIA just now has a steam-roller but no steam.—*Wall Street Journal.*

AMERICA has some wonderful war-time inventors, and more wonderful inventors of feature stories about wonderful war-time inventors.—*Emporia Gazette.*

VON TIRPITZ says he never said that the submarine war would finish England by August 1. No matter. It's just as untrue as if he had said it.—*New York Sun.*

FORD turns plant over to Government, then subscribes $10,000,000 to Liberty Loan. He must want the boys in the trenches by Christmas.—*Wall Street Journal.*

ISN'T our earthly existence curious? Because Austria tried to gobble Servia, we are now about to pay three cents apiece for our postage-stamps.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

EVEN in a time of war, this sudden shortage of farm labor would not have occurred thirty years ago. In those good old days every farmer raised his own farm laborers.—*Emporia Gazette.*

THE rations in Germany are down to one-half the normal needs. This is not as pitiful as it sounds; what looks like half-fare to a German is a pretty square meal.—*Philadelphia North American.*

SCIENTISTS say that a dog's possession of a sixth sense is proved by the fact that a dog carried far from home will return directly when it escapes. Well, for one thing, the dog is not confused by rural directions for taking the right road.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

ALMOST simultaneously with the closing of more than a thousand saloons in New York the new water-supply of 300 million gallons a day from the Catskill Mountains becomes available. Which is lucky. It would have been unfortunate if the saloons had remained open and the New-Yorkers had gone on for five years without ever knowing a new and attractive beverage had appeared in their midst.—*Kansas City Times.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE IMAGINARY BRITISH PEACE OFFER TO GERMANY

THE GRIM DISAPPOINTMENT of the German people at the failure of the submarine war seems to have inspired the official press bureau in Berlin with the happy idea of starting a series of rumors to hearten the populace. As a result we find the German papers greatly exercised by rumors of an English peace offer and some of them affect to believe that the Entente already realize that they have lost the war, as they can not contend with the submarine. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* discusses the peace rumors and says:

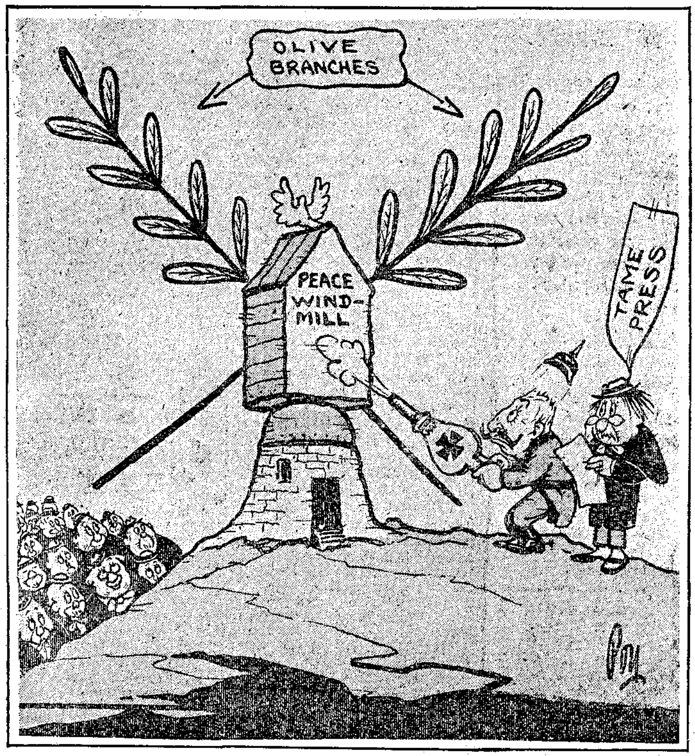
> "Serious and capable neutral observers confirm what was said immediately after the appearance of the Pope's note—that England was all along thoroughly informed about the intention of the Pope and specifically approved of it. The howls in the English press were extremely convenient to the English Government for the concealment of its own intentions. Moreover, after the appearance of the Pope's note, England exprest to the Vatican her approval in very emphatic form, but in such a way, according to English ideas, as not to bind the Cabinet. Our neutral informants give us three reasons for the peace-seeking attitude on the part of England: the effect of the submarine war, anxiety about a Socialist peace mediation, and finally the increasing insight into the collapse of the whole Entente business."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, however, is not imprest by the rumor that England is seeking a separate peace. Its Berlin correspondent writes:

> "The rumor that an English peace offer has been presented is described in official quarters, in political conversations, as unfounded. This rumor of an English peace is based upon some reports which can not be controlled and which in part have proved to be false—especially upon combinations which can easily be created out of the negative results of the offensives of our enemies and the striking events in Russia and out of many phenomena in the recent political literature of England, because certain symptoms point to an insight into the fact that the unlimited continuation of the war can not any longer be expected to be a profitable business for England. There is at present no other basis for these rumors."

For one who believes that Great Britain is at her last gasp, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* exhibits a strange desire to end the war. In another editorial it remarks:

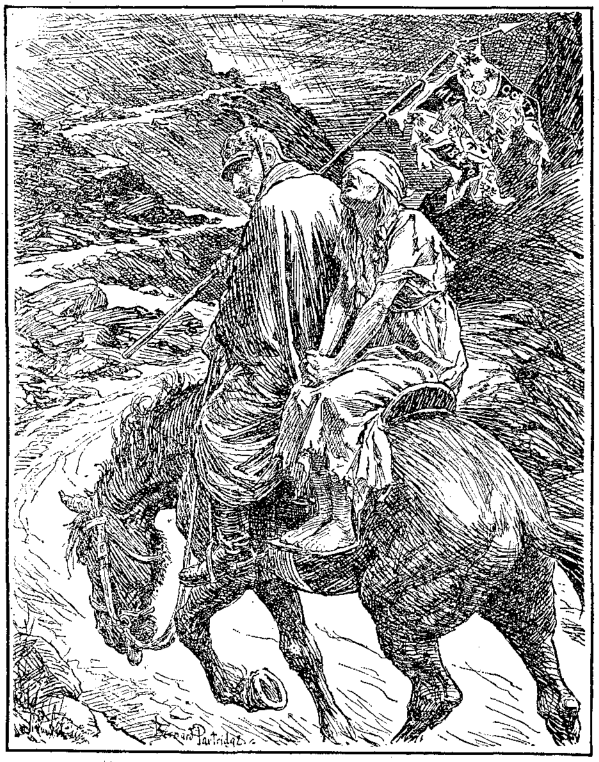
> "When will this terrible conflict come to an end? We know that we can not so completely conquer our enemies that, as Clausewitz would say, they will become unable to offer further resistance, for they are now too numerous and too strong. But equally well do we know that our enemies can not decisively break through our resistance even tho they were to carry on the war for another ten years. . . . . . .
>
> "Is there, then, no way out of the darkness? Clausewitz, the great teacher of war, says there are two causes which may prove the leading motives for peace, if incapacity for further resistance is not reached. The first is the improbability of success and the second is the payment of too high a price for it.
>
> "We hope to attain peace at a time not far distant on both these roads. Every new day of battle in which we hold out successfully hammers it once more into our enemies' minds that we are still strong and unbroken, and that our offensive in Russia, which is beset by so many dangers, has produced a greater recognition of the improbability of success among our enemies than all the peace speeches and resolutions of the Reichstag.
>
> "And will not the price of victory be greater for them with every day that we successfully carry on the war? We do not know when the hour will come when France will recognize that the further bleeding of the nation is too high a price to pay for the gamble of the possible recovery of the lost provinces. But this we do know, that there are cool reckoners in London who jot down every ship's loss and that it will not require another year to bring the English to the conviction that they are playing with too high stakes and that our *U*-boats are cutting one after



GETTING THE WIND UP.

THE ALL LIEST.—"Tell 'em that this peace wind blows from England."

—*Evening News* (London).



THE ROAD TO VICTORY.

GERMANY.—" Are we nearly there, All Highest ? "
ALL HIGHEST.—" Yes, we're getting near the end now."

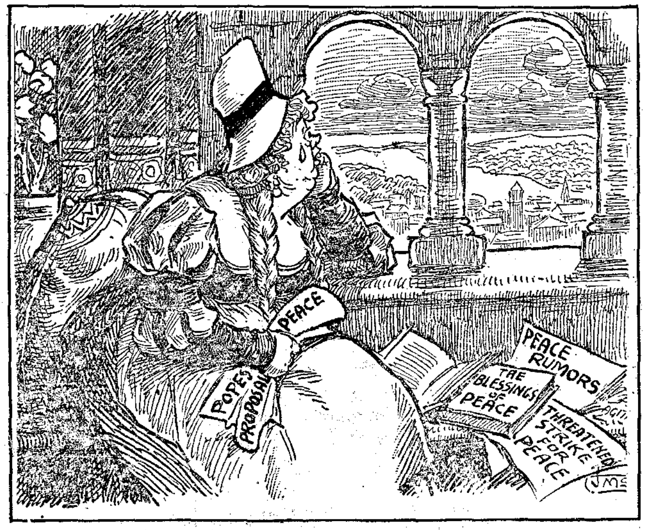
—*Punch* (London).

AS LONDON SEES THE REASON FOR GERMAN PEACE RUMORS.

another all the arteries through which the life-blood of England flows.

"Already the great outposts of English war-power are lost. She has had to leave Eastern Asia and South America for the Yankees to exploit, and the money center of the world is no longer London but New York. With a few months' more losses in ships, England's far-reaching arm with which she rules over half the earth, will have become still more weak and feeble. When that hour comes the English will speak about peace in other tones than Lloyd George now uses. . . . In the meantime, the best way to promote the cause of peace is to speak as little as possible about it."

British statecraft may outwit the German diplomats, it is frankly admitted, and while this great commercial organ is very dubious about the actuality of a British peace offer, that former oracle on foreign affairs, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, really believes that there is something in the rumor, and it warns the Germans to be very wary in any peace negotiations with England and to keep their eyes wide open not only for things at home but also conditions abroad. It says:



POOR GERMANIA WAITS.

She wanted what she could not
have,
And so she pined away;
She sighed for it, she cried for it,
By night and day.

But what it was she wanted
Nobody could say,
And all the neighbors laughed at
poor Jemima!

Old Song.

—*News of the World* (London).

"It is very necessary for us to drop our Continental blinkers in the event of peace negotiations, for it is quite conceivable that England with well-calculated intention might offer us some sort of peace in which she apparently made us a number of concessions and avoided any annexations in Europe while she nevertheless satisfied the aims of her economic schemers for throttling us or prepared the way for new schemes along the same line.

"Our gaze must not be confined to Europe. The position of a particular sea fortress or of an island or a protectorate over some still neutral country may perhaps have a meaning which only after half a dozen years would become plain—a painful surprize to us and our allies. In such matters English statesmen have always been great, and it is to be expected of our statesmen that they will have the vision to see through this. We also hope that our public will now face England's schemes without Continental blinkers and no longer display toward maritime and colonial plans the touching indifference with which the Vienna Congress a century ago laid bare the whole future of Europe."

There seems little doubt that the great majority of the German papers seek to stifle the peace urge on the part of their own people by representing the Entente as crippled by the submarine campaign, but some papers are bold enough frankly to admit that the campaign has been a failure. Such an admission, for example, comes from Dr. Friedrich Thimme, the Librarian of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, who, writing in the Berlin weekly *Deutsche Politik*, remarks:

"Our hope of victory stands and falls with the submarine war. Our people have put exaggerated hopes in the submarine war, thanks to those who painted its effectiveness in the most glowing colors. The opinion was widely held that the success of this weapon would force England to her knees by the middle of 1917. The German people now sees that it is approaching the fourth winter of war, the anxieties and privations of which will in all probability be still greater than those of the third winter, and that a decisive effect of the submarine war can not be expected before the late winter. It is this situation—clearly and soberly seen through by the vast masses of the people—which has considerably damaged, not the will to hold out, which is as unbroken as ever, nor the confidence in an honorable ending of the World War, but the certainty of a German 'power peace.'"

Dr. Thimme's view is supported by an editorial in that usually belligerent Clerical journal, the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, when discussing the British peace offer which, it says, is "being discust at every political beer-table." The Center party's organ sees that peace prospects are becoming increasingly unfavorable for Germany, and says:

"A year ago we could only contend with our enemies as to whether Belgium and the North of France should come into Germany's hands and in what form. To-day, after a slow step by step retreat and after all the various peace offers, we have got so far that we must discuss with our enemies whether Alsace-Lorraine shall still remain with Germany or not."

In the English press these rumors are somewhat abruptly dismissed, and even the categorical denial by the British Government of any peace offer attracts little attention. The London *Spectator* says:

"There have been many rumors of peace proposals, all traceable, as might be supposed, to Germany. We would warn our readers to pay little attention to these rumors. Rumors which have an obvious motive sink in value even below the disinterested babble of the bazaar. The hand of Herr von Kühlmann, the German Foreign Secretary, is evident in the fabrication that Great Britain had made an offer of peace. The British Government have thought it worth while to deny this absurd statement."

CARICATURES—BY ORDER—The ponderous thoroughness of the German mind was never better exhibited than in an official document that has reached the *Berner Bund*. This was communicated to the German press by the official Wolff News Bureau, in Berlin, and is a circular issued from Supreme Military Headquarters and suggests a campaign by caricature. The naive document runs:

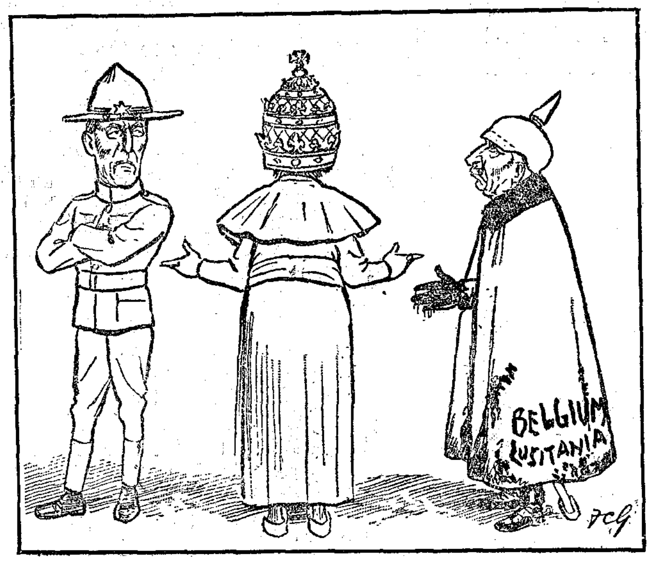
"The Imperial and Royal Propaganda Department, Section of Foreign Affairs, calls the editor's attention to the practise of the enemy press in caricaturing the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg, and alleged German militarism, with the evident intention of an odious anti-German propaganda. Not satisfied with this, the caricaturists of the Allied enemies carry on a campaign of presumed atrocities, the murder of women and children by the German Army. The effect of that pernicious propaganda instilled day by day into the masses in the Allied countries is incontrovertible, the stories of atrocities being accompanied by pictures. It would, therefore, be important, from the patriotic point of view, for the daily papers also to occupy themselves by means of caricatures with the principal events of the day.

"The idea of such propaganda has been conceived by the Supreme Military Command, and it is therefore desirable that all should conform to it. The official cinema has been ordered by the Supreme Command to enter into direct communication with the daily press, and many leading newspapers have hastened to express their readiness to insert these patriotic caricatures, for the drawing of which the services of the best artists in Munich and Berlin have been secured. These caricatures will regard chiefly the heads of state of the Entente Powers, their political leaders, and those who make no mystery of their hatred for Germany. The military reverses of our enemies and their internal dissensions will be exposed, and our own victories will be extolled. The blocks will be supplied free of expense."

THE POPE STILL WORKS FOR PEACE

UNDISMAYED by the Allies' rather abrupt rejection of his offer of mediation, we read that Benedict XV. is working continuously to bring about the advent of peace. The Rome correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* tells us that the Pontiff is making it clear to the Teutonic Powers that their exaggerated ideas must be abated and that justice must be done to Belgium before any lasting peace can be negotiated. The dispatch in *The Westminster Gazette* runs:

> "In conversations now being held with Vienna, and especially Berlin, the Holy See is emphatically making it clear that neither peace nor any preparations and negotiations for peace can from any point of view be based on, or even hoped for, from the present military situation.
>
> "Vatican diplomacy is insisting that only justice and Christianity can be the basis and principle of a real and durable peace.
>
> "The Holy Father firmly and insistently declares that before anything else the restoration, financial reconstitution, and absolute independence of Belgium are essentially needed to create the way toward the war's conclusion.
>
> "His Holiness warns Germany that her indefiniteness before the world on Belgium's future is a serious obstacle on the road toward a just, Christian, and durable peace, and makes a round-table conference an utter impossibility, certainly practically, if not theoretically."



NOT LIKELY.

THE POPE—"Won't you shake hands?"
PRESIDENT WILSON—"Not until he's washed!"

—*Westminster Gazette.*

We are told that the Vatican looks to Austria to exercise a moderating influence upon her more aggressive neighbor, and that the Pope is justified in this expectation is evident from the sentiment of that organ of Austria's Jewish financiers, the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, in which Prof. Heinrich Lammarsch, the international jurist, writes:

> "The whole world is listening for the word of deliverance from Austria. The leading States of the Entente are so embittered against and mistrustful of Germany that whatever is said in Berlin of a peaceful or conciliatory spirit attracts less attention than it deserves. The hopeful peace resolution of the Reichstag was withered by the blighting words of the Imperial Chancellor, as I understand it, before it came to blossom. For weeks from the British Parliament and the British press there has come the cry, 'What says Austria-Hungary?' This has been taken to mean that Great Britain would like to entice us to conclude a separate peace, but that is entirely wrong. The Entente knows too well the close bonds uniting the Monarchy with Germany.
>
> "Great Britain, America, France, and Russia are counting upon the moderating influence which Austria can exercise upon the exaggerated demands of Germany in the direction of territorial claims and the continuance of the present political system of militarism. . . . . . .
>
> "The Monarchy can declare that it recognizes the principle of Right before Might, and that it is ready to enter a union of States for the peaceful adjustment of international differences and the limitation of armaments, and that it will use its influence to persuade its ally to enter such a union."

Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, makes it clear in a letter to the Bishop of Valence that the Pope recognizes the principle of "restitution," especially in the cases of Belgium and northern France. In his letter, published in the Paris *Gaulois*, Cardinal Gasparri remarks:

> "Your Lordship will certainly remember that Mr. Ribot, following the example of the Russian Provisional Government, admitted that in the negotiations for peace it would not be necessary to claim an indemnity. But he reserved for France the right to exact reparation for the devastations caused by the 'frightfulness' committed by military commanders and not caused by the necessities of war. The Pope's note, written in general terms, does not in the least controvert the principle that reparation for such damages can not be comprised in the exception indicated above. But notwithstanding the enormous difficulty of precisely defining upon all fronts of the war the damages caused without military necessity and by the criminality of military commanders, it remains to France to judge as she sees fit, even granting the hypothesis of victory, the right to prolong the war even for a year in order to exact from the enemy reparation for these damages and for the losses in money and men and the rebuildings of the ruins which have been left by the war in Belgium and the French occupied territory."

Cardinal Gasparri takes the view that France and Belgium received specially favorable treatment in the pontifical note and in these terms commends the Bishop of Valence for his endeavors to second the Pope's peace move:

> "The sentiments exprest by your Lordship and your other colleagues in the French episcopate touching the last pontifical appeal for peace have been most agreeable to the Holy Father, to whom the hostile attitude of the majority of French journals has been entirely inexplicable, for if there is one nation favored in a special manner in the pontifical note it is Belgium and France."

The attitude of the Pope toward Belgium finds a valiant defender in the ecclesiastical editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, who commends a pamphlet on the note and says of the author:

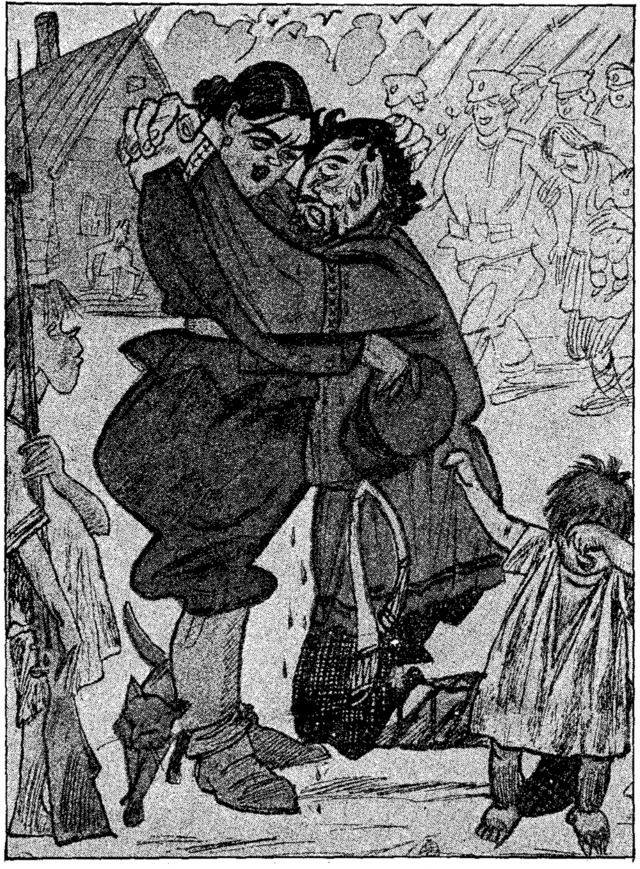
> "He makes it clear that the common assertion that the Pope has never spoken one word in condemnation of such atrocities as the violation of Belgian neutrality, the murder of priests and nuns, the sack and burning of Louvain, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* is not true. And, finally, he disposes of the assertion that the note was written under German influences by some very effective quotations from German papers which describe it as being penned in the interests of the Allies, and assert (*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, January 29, 1917) that 'the one belligerent Power against which the Vatican has officially spoken is Germany.'"

JAPANESE FEAR OF AMERICA—Some Japanese are convinced that America has ulterior designs in entering the war, and in the Tokyo *Nippon oyobi Nipponjin* we find this argument:

> "America has some purpose in view besides that which she openly states. What is the secret purpose which underlies American intervention? . . . The policy of the Americans has never undergone change; their eyes are fixt to-day on China, as they have always been.
>
> "Americans are not singular in having designs on China, but their activities in this direction are surpassed by few. Japan also, it may be confest, harbors ambitions in China, but these differ from those of Western countries. . . . Nothing is farther from the mind of the Japanese than any intention of driving Americans from China. Yet Japan is a nightmare which haunts the Americans. . . . . . .
>
> "There are in Japan no statesmen so harebrained as to nurse designs of invading America. And if unfortunately the desire existed Japan is too poor to carry out such a vast undertaking."

WHY KORNILOFF REBELLED

A COMEDY OF ERRORS, with overtone of tragedy, seems to describe the "rebellion" of General Korniloff. In the Petrograd *Birzheviya Vedemosti* Mr. Savinkoff, former Assistant Minister of War—Kerensky himself being the actual minister—tells us the inside story and makes it entirely clear that, whatever else General Korniloff may have had in mind, the restoration of the Czar never entered his thoughts, but that he was "dissatisfied with the overweak policy of the Government," and that he was anxious to "reestablish discipline and restore the fighting efficiency to the Army, but always provided that such measures had the support of Mr. Kerensky and the authority of his men." Savinkoff was the link between Kerensky and Korniloff and managed to persuade the Premier to accede to the General's program—"the reestablishment of the death penalty behind the lines, the militarization of the railroads and the war-industries, and, in the event of Maximalist disorders, the proclamation of martial law in Petrograd and Moscow." Savinkoff relates how he visited the General's headquarters and arranged for the close cooperation of the Premier and the General. On his way back the comedy of errors on both sides burst forth into full flower. He relates:



RUSSIA'S SCORN OF HER ARMY.

DESERTER HUSBAND—"Oh, my dear! My protector! Must you leave me?"

VOLUNTEER WIFE (Battalion of Death)—"If you won't fight, I must."

—*Novy Satirikon* (Petrograd.)

"While I was returning from main headquarters to Petrograd Mr. Lvoff, the former Procurator of the Synod, was on his way from Petrograd to main headquarters. Before leaving Petrograd he had had an interview on the general political situation with Mr. Kerensky, such as any politician might have. Arriving at main headquarters on September 7, Mr. Lvoff went to General Korniloff and informed him that he had been personally instructed by Mr. Kerensky to ask him to choose one of the three following alternatives, in view of the fact that it was impossible for Mr. Kerensky to continue any longer in power:

"1. Mr. Kerensky to resign, and General Korniloff to become head of the Government, and to form a new cabinet, of which Mr. Kerensky should be a member.

"2. The whole Government to resign and hand over the reins of power to General Korniloff, who shall proclaim himself dictator until the Constituent Assembly meets.

"3. The Government to resign in order to form a Directory, the principal members of which shall be Mr. Kerensky, General Korniloff, and Mr. Savinkoff.

"After thinking it over, General Korniloff chose the third alternative.

"Mr. Lvoff left main headquarters the same day, and on the following day called on Mr. Kerensky at the Winter Palace, and informed him that he had been instructed by General Korniloff to demand that the whole civil and military power should be handed over to the commander-in-chief, who would then form a new cabinet. In confirmation, Mr. Lvoff handed Mr. Kerensky a document to this effect written by Mr. Lvoff on behalf of the commander-in-chief. The document was of the nature of an ultimatum.

"Mr. Kerensky, surprized at this unexpected act, especially as I had assured him of the loyalty of General Korniloff, got into telephonic communication with General Korniloff. Mr. Kerensky asked General Korniloff: 'Do you subscribe to the words which Mr. Lvoff has addrest to me on your behalf?'

"General Korniloff replied in the affirmative.

"Mr. Philonenko (Kerensky's commissioner at headquarters), to whom General Korniloff related his conversation with Mr. Kerensky, exprest his astonishment that the commander-in-chief should have thoughtlessly confirmed on the telephone a statement which had never even been read over to him. But it was too late. A fatal misunderstanding had already been created. Mr. Kerensky relieved General Korniloff of his command, summoning him to Petrograd.

"General Korniloff replied (and here it is that the misunderstanding ends and the rebellion begins) that he did not consider himself relieved of his command, which he would continue to hold. He then ordered the arrest of Mr. Philonenko, and at the same time gave instructions to the 'Savage Division' to march on Petrograd, under the command of General Krymoff.

"At my own request I was authorized to converse with General Korniloff on the telephone. I spoke to him twice, trying to point out the inadmissibility of his acts. I explained that there had been a misunderstanding, and I urged him to agree to stop the march of his troops and come himself to Petrograd in order to clear up the incident; but General Korniloff answered that he no longer recognized the Government."

From the London *Daily Telegraph's* Petrograd correspondent we learn that the friction between General Alexeieff and Kerensky was due to the aftermath of the Korniloff episode:

"Mr. Kerensky has decided completely to reorganize the headquarters staff and to remove all the officers at present attached to it, on the ground that, openly or covertly, they sympathized with General Korniloff. General Alexeieff protested that among these officers were able strategists and technical experts, who could not be replaced, but, failing to carry his point, he preferred to resign."

RUSSIA STILL SENSES THE CENSOR—The revolution, which swept away so many of the instruments of despotism, failed to remove that obstacle to the freedom of the press known as the censor. Indeed, the Petrograd *Ryetch* bitterly complains that the revolution has thrown the Russian press "out of the frying-pan into the fire," and that the new censor, responsible to the *Soviet*, refuses to allow the expression of any opinion of a moderate or reactionary nature, the extreme radical being the only point of view tolerated. The *Ryetch*, by no means a reactionary organ, writes:

"We have long suffered under the despotism of the old régime in the matter of the censorship converted into an instrument of political repression. The great revolution came, but, alas! it has not brought us freedom of the press. The old censorship is, of course, abolished, but the Committee of Labor and Soldiers' Delegates has issued a decree forbidding the appearance of all reactionary papers and applying the preliminary censorship to the *Novoye Vremya*. At the same time, the committee has informed the publishers and editors of all newspapers and magazines that they must obtain a special authorization to produce them. What does this mean? We have here to deal with a flagrant violation of one of the elementary principles of freedom. How can we begin a new life if we resume the old methods of the brutal repression of free thought?"

CANADA'S COALITION GOVERNMENT

REAL ENTHUSIASM seems to be felt for the new Union Government of Canada, and the former acrimony and discord in the press have been largely replaced by comment genuinely favorable to the new war-cabinet that Sir Robert Borden has formed of an almost equal number of Conservative and Liberal statesmen. The Liberal element, we are told, is recruited from among the number of those who have felt uneasy at the somewhat equivocal attitude toward the war adopted by the Liberal party under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, now retired from the headship of the party, and their action in joining Sir Robert Borden is approved by most Liberal organs, with the exception of a few extremist papers and the French-Canadian press, as noted below. The new Government is described by the Calgary *Morning Albertan* as the strongest in twenty-one years:

> "It is a Coalition Government. That is the principal thing about the changes made in the Administration at Ottawa. It is a strong Government. It is, perhaps, the strongest Government since Laurier named his first Government in 1896.
>
> "The creation of a Union Administration upon what seems such fair terms will be an inspiration to the Canadian people to do their part as unselfishly as the party leaders who have joined that Government have done theirs."

New Brunswick hails the coalition with approval, and the Conservative St. John *Standard* thus welcomes the Liberals:

> "We have a genuine National Administration, to which all except the bitter, self-seeking partizans can refer in terms of praise. The new Government represents a fusion of the best elements in both political parties, a union for the promotion of Canada's war-interests, and an earnest effort to get together and present a solid front to the enemy. This is war-time, and conditions are such that it has become necessary to forget political differences, to sink partizan animosities.
>
> "The Government, as named, is strong and capable. It can appeal to the electorate with certain knowledge that it will receive overwhelming support that will give a clear field to grapple with and solve the mighty problems of the present and the future."

Some hint of the policy of the coalition is given by the Saskatoon *Phœnix*, which says:

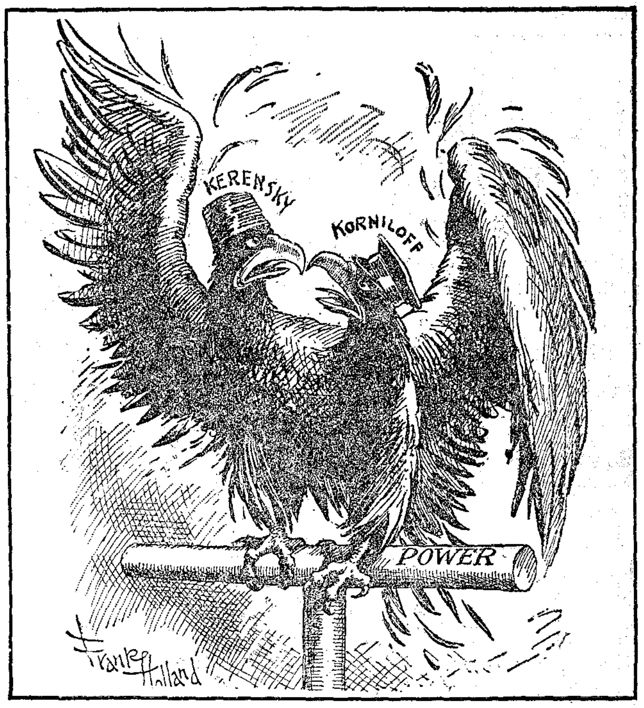
> "The Union Government is an assurance to the people of Canada that the highest and best political action will be taken to secure the strength and reenforcement of the Canadian Army, and that the resources of the country will be utilized and conserved to the greatest advantage. It will be an assurance that imperial questions will be dealt with carefully and decided first of all in the interests of Canada as an independent state in the British commonwealth. It will be an assurance that questions of taxation and tariffs will be handled in a national way in the interest of the entire country, so that the war will not be made the occasion or opportunity for excess profits being levied on the people by any private interest, but that the national exchequer shall be the gainer from any system of taxation applied. It is an assurance that the control of the Canadian Army, the administration of the Department of Militia, will be on broad principles of national good and that partizanship and favoritism shall cease to exercise sway in army appointments, promotions, and interior economy."

The formation of a Union Government will save Canada from the acerbities of an election in war-time fought on party lines, is the view of the Montreal *Star*, which gratefully writes:

> "Sir Robert Borden's success in assembling a Union Government to carry on and win the war will be received with a sigh of relief throughout the Dominion. The genuinely patriotic people of Canada will be very glad to be rid of real war-elections. For that is the meaning of this development. With so large and influential a section of the Liberal party represented in and supporting the new Union Cabinet, the necessary election of members to the House of Commons becomes largely a formality in a decisive majority of the constituencies."

The growing political power of the West is noted by the Toronto *Daily News*, which remarks:

> "As to the lasting effects of the remarkable coalition just effected, it may be that the so-called Conservative party and the more strongly British wing of the Liberal party have disappeared, never to emerge again, and that the two will be gradually forged into a great and powerful Unionist party. If this is the final outcome, the result may easily be very beneficial to the Dominion of Canada in the settlement of long-standing problems during the reconstruction period after the war.
>
> "It is not too much to expect that this Unionist party will settle the fiscal issue which has long divided eastern and western Canada on a truly national basis. Western Canada is enthusiastically British in its outlook, and a real Unionist party dominating the English-speaking Provinces may make it possible for Quebec to reconsider its position and to adopt a new attitude toward all questions which are vital to the safety and welfare of the British Empire."



DIVIDED COUNSELS.

The two-headed eagle of Russia
Has a foe that is trying to crush her;
  But the heads can't agree
  Which the boss is to be,
And that's very good business for Prussia.

—*Reynolds's Newspaper* (London).

French Canada, however, is distinctly petulant. Quebec talks of "renegade Liberals," but *Le Soleil* is frankly glad to have the party purged of the imperialistic element:

> "The question is this: Are these Liberals true representatives of the strength and of the spirit of Canadian Liberalism? We do not believe they are, and are convinced that future events will sustain our view. In fact, the Canadian Liberal party, now freed from disputable influences, will begin their struggle for the future of Canada."

La Patrie, of Montreal, fears the results of the next election on the Liberal party, and writes:

> "In accepting office, the Liberals who have entered the Union Government have placed their party in a difficult position in view of the general elections. Their conduct expresses disapproval of the direction given to the party."

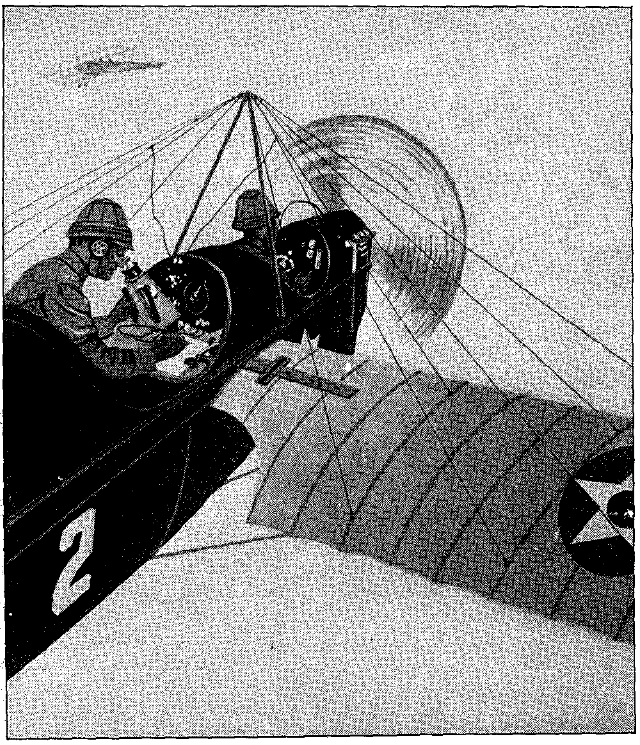
Opposition to the coalition, however, is not confined to the French press, for we find the Edmonton *Bulletin* saying:

> "Premier Borden is still Premier, and the men who said a few weeks ago that they would not enter a government of which he was the head have swallowed their objections and taken office under his leadership.
>
> "Whether the people of Canada will indorse by their votes such an act of treachery to life-long principles as had been committed by the men calling themselves Liberals, who have entered the Borden Government, remains to be seen."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A GERMAN DEVICE FOR SEEING WIRELESS SIGNALS

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES of receiving wireless messages on a flying aeroplane is the interference of the noise from engine or machine gun. It is, therefore, interesting to know that the Germans have devised a visual method of receiving wireless signals. With this device, we are told by William Dubelier, a radio-engineer of New York City, who is quoted in *The Electrical Experimenter* (New York, November), the reception of messages is made much more positive. Mr. Dubelier personally saw this apparatus in the Berliner factory at Vienna, Austria, and had the pleasure of observing signals received from a distant station. Says the magazine named above:



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Electrical Experimenter," New York.

A FLYING OBSERVER "SEES" A WIRELESS MESSAGE.

"This apparatus consists of a sensitive Einthoven galvanometer with a small electric lamp shown at the very bottom of the photograph. The light from this lamp is focused through lenses on to a small mirror, which in turn reflects the light through a magnifying glass, the same as in an opera-glass. The upper part through which the observer looks is constructed on the prismatic binocular principle, making the sighting apparatus equivalent to six times its length.

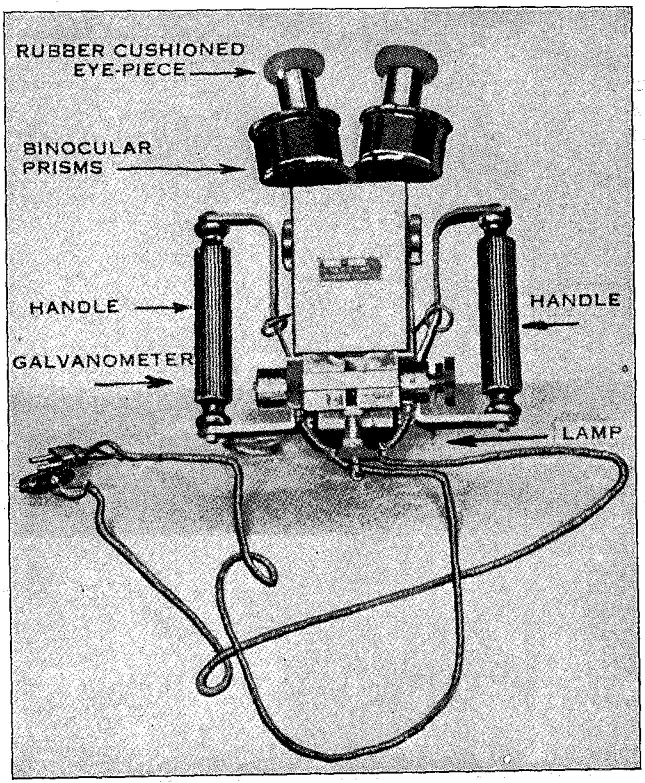
"In other words, the observer does not actually see the wireless signal or wave, literally speaking; he only sees the effect of the etheric wave, after it has impinged on the antenna attached to the aeroplane, and after it has passed through the tiny quartz fiber suspended between the poles of a strong magnet, and perpendicularly to the magnetic flux lines. If a weak current, such as a received radio-signal current, passes through this quartz fiber, the latter will be displaced from its normal position in a direction perpendicular to its axis and to the magnetic flux lines.

"The fine galvanometer string moves in front of a narrow slot, illuminated by the small lamp fed from a battery (see illustration). An optical reproduction of the slit and wire is thrown on the sensitive retina and pupil of the eyes, one of the most sensitive devices we know of. As the messages come in, in the form of telegraphic dots and dashes—short and long signals—the quartz string is deflected back and forth correspondingly; thus the radio operator 'sees' the incoming signals. A short deflection indicates a 'dot,' while a longer deflection represents a 'dash.'

"The apparatus just described and here pictured serves the same function as the detector used in all radio receiving sets. It is usual, therefore, to connect it with some form of tuning coil or transformer, so that the outfit can be readily tuned to the proper wave-length.

"As the illustration shows, the operator holds the instrument with both hands, or only one hand, if he desires to write down the message received. This he can readily do with a little practise, keeping one eye on the instrument and the other on the message pad as he writes. A good operator can write down a message without looking at his pen or pencil. Besides, it is not impractical to install a light-weight typewriter on the aeroplane; and 'touch typists' never have to look at the keyboard. Radio and wire telegraphists are daily using the typewriter in just this way, by the thousand.

"The principle of the optical and photographic reception of radio signals is not new. The efficacy of the Einthoven string galvanometer in this rôle was quite thoroughly tested out by the Poulsen radio experts, both in this country and abroad. The American Poulsen interests—the Federal Telegraph Company, of San Francisco—spent many thousands of dollars in their researches on this method of receiving radio signals, the only difference being that the movements of the quartz string were highly magnified and recorded photographically on a moving film. It is hopeful that this work may be taken up again and followed up to a successful conclusion. The United States needs the best it can get for every branch of its military service, and it would seem that the apparatus here described and being successfully manufactured in Germany can certainly be duplicated, and no doubt considerably improved, in this nation of vast industrial and scientific researches."



HOW WIRELESS MESSAGES ARE NOT HEARD, BUT SEEN.

The apparatus which enables the aviator to use the wireless to the fullest advantage.

GLASS OR PAPER MILK-BOTTLES?

AN ARTICLE in praise of paper "bottles" for milk, printed in *The Scientific American* and quoted recently in these columns, has not met with the approval of all readers. Naturally those who like their milk in glass do not agree with its conclusions. In a communication to the paper named above (New York), Mr. Roy M. Ross, of Indianapolis, discredits the statement that "physicians and health experts have united in condemning the old-fashioned milk-bottle as a pernicious germ-carrier." He has been unable to find, he says, where a single physician or "health expert" of authority has "condemned" the glass milk-jar as a common carrier of pathogenic germs, while, on the contrary, tests by bacteriologists have proved that pathogenic organisms can not survive thorough cleansing and disinfection. He goes on:

"In all modern sanitary dairies the empty bottles are passed through elaborate manual and mechanical cleansing processes, including scalding, brushing, soaking in hot alkali solution, rinsing, and final washing in clean, sterile water. A visit to any dairy certified by the local board of health will prove a revelation of extreme cleanliness and scientific sanitation.

"The article asserted that housewives occasionally use the empty bottles as receptacles for vinegar, etc., and that because of the acid traces remaining in the bottle the milk spoils rapidly. This statement would make even a high-school student of elementary chemistry smile. A powerful caustic alkali is universally used for soaking returned bottles, and it would require gallons of the strongest mineral acid to so much as neutralize the alkali used in washing even a few cases of bottles.

"We particularly call your attention to what appears to be a gross misstatement of facts, and quote from a recent issue of *The Wall Street Journal* commenting on this story:

"Every now and again the question is raised as to what is injurious to health from this and that] standpoint and from this and that container. A recent discussion of the problem was published in a magazine which took up the subject of glass milk-jars. After describing the superiority of a container not made of glass, it proceeded to denounce the glass milk-jar as a menace to health and asserted that Pennsylvania was the first State to condemn it, that Samuel D. Dixon, Commissioner of Pennsylvania, Department of Health, had sounded its death-knell.

"In order to verify the above statements, a letter was addrest to the Commissioner. His reply, in part, follows:

"'In answer to your letter of May 5, I beg to say that the statement which you quote from the article in *The Scientific American* regarding glass milk-bottles has been copied and quoted over all parts of the country for the last several months, even tho it is false. I do not know where or how it originated.'

"The fact remains that up to date the most satisfactory container found is that of glass, and particularly is this the case in bottling milk, for the reason that the containers can be examined after washing and before filling and any foreign matter discovered, just as the contents can be judged before pouring.

"Glass containers are as yet the only transparent containers on the market, and it seems only reasonable that they should be preferred and considered more than containers which are opaque, and give off part of their own structure into the contents."

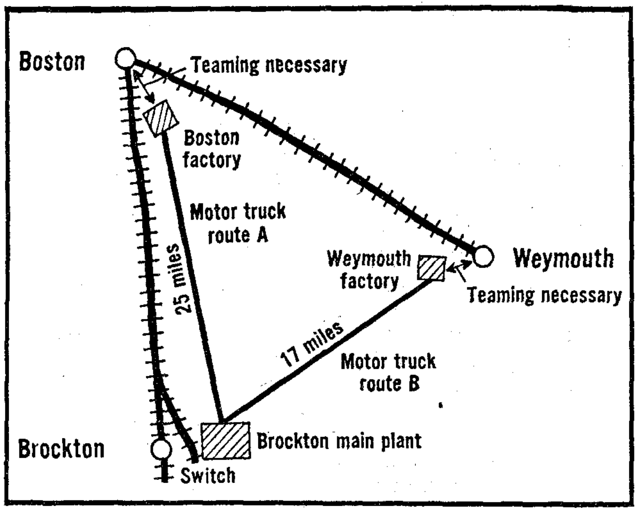
Paper bottles are further regarded by Mr. Ross as extremely unsanitary. They can not, he says, be cleansed by immersion in boiling water, nor can the milk be pasteurized in them. It is not possible to insure the removal of insects and other foreign matter which are likely to get into them in manufacturing, in shipping, or in storage. Still again, their usefulness is impaired by the tendency of grease-coated paper to absorb odors, giving the milk an unpleasant taste. He says further:

"The statement that the new paper bottle is cheaper in the long run than the common glass bottle now in use is the climax of a series of misstatements. The cheapest paper milk-bottles cost from 1½ to 2 cents each in large quantities. They can be, and are designed to be, used but once. The cost of the glass milk-jar is about four cents, and its average life is twenty-six trips. If paper bottles were used the milk dealer would naturally have to add their cost to the price of the milk, and in that time the consumer would have to pay for fifty-two cents' worth of paper! Then the explosion would come, for the public has had enough of the H. C. L. to wear its temper down to a very fine edge.

"No—the glass milk-bottle will not be 'eliminated'—not yet."

FREIGHT-CARS *VS.* MOTOR-TRUCKS

"CAN YOU FANCY asking a railroad to hold its freight-trains for a few minutes to enable you to get on one more much-needed shipment?" This question, propounded by Carlton R. Blades, traffic manager of the Geo. R. Keith Company, in *Factory* (Chicago, October), explains in brief compass his argument for the use of motor-cars for freight-transportation. His company has factories at Boston, Brockton, and Weymouth, Mass., and it is not unusual to receive a long-distance call from one of them involving delay in the dispatch of a truck and the consequent saving of several hours in the receipt of needed material. Mr. Blades says that in addition to superior service, the savings on transportation amount to anywhere from a few cents a hundred up to more than 60 per cent. He writes:



WHERE MOTOR-TRUCKS ARE BETTER THAN FREIGHT-TRAINS.

On Route A only a few cents are saved on a hundred pounds of freight, but on Route B the use of trucks instead of the railroad reduces the cost of carriage 60 per cent.

"Motor-trucks have effected a saving in cost as well as a betterment of service. But this is getting ahead of the story. To begin at the beginning, we have our main factories in Brockton. There is a branch plant in Weymouth, about seventeen miles distant by road, and there is another in Boston—roughly, twenty-five miles away.

"The relative locations of Brockton, Weymouth, and Boston are shown on the map on this page.

"If we rely on the railroads between Brockton and Weymouth a shipment goes to Boston, where it has to be teamed from the in-bound freight-house to out-bound freight-house (because it is in less than car-load lots). Then it is freighted to Weymouth, where it is teamed to the factory. Freight handled in this way between Brockton and Weymouth costs thirty cents a hundred.

"Costs with the motor-truck on this trip run about ten cents a hundred, or one-third of the freight costs between Brockton and Weymouth. But even this large saving is outshadowed by the large value of service given.

"On only two days this last year was the service interrupted, and that was one day at a time after two separate severe snowstorms.

"On the alternate day the same truck goes between Brockton and the Boston plant. It leaves Brockton at eight o'clock with the same character of load as in the Weymouth case and makes the run in about two and one-half hours. It leaves Boston on the return trip at about one o'clock and gets to Brockton at 3:30 or 4 o'clock.

"We save only a few cents a hundred on this haul over freight, but this Boston schedule keeps the Weymouth truck busy and gives the Boston factory far better service than the railroad could.

"Furthermore, this motor-truck service enables the factories to work much closer as to the stock of supplies than would be possible with freight methods."

POISONING FROM CANNED VEGETABLES

THOSE WHO CAN VEGETABLES should be careful that the contents of their cans are thoroughly sterilized, especially when the "cold-pack" process is used. Spoiled vegetables are no more fit for human consumption than spoiled meat. Outbreaks of poisoning due to bacterial growth in cans have been more prevalent of late than is generally believed, and it may be that wholesale canning by amateur canners has had something to do with it. This is no reason for stopping the canners, but it should surely warn them that care is necessary. The special form of poisoning known as "botulism," because due to the toxin of the *Bacillus botulinus*, has been recently investigated by Dr. Dickson at Stanford University, California. This bacillus, whose name was given to it under the mistaken idea that it is found alone in infected sausage (Latin *botulus*), grows in many kinds of vegetable food. Many unidentified outbreaks of poisoning may probably be traced, the investigators think, to this source, and home-canned products have often been responsible. Heat kills this bacillus, so sterilization is easy. Says an editorial writer in a leading article on "Home-Canned Foods and Botulism," in *The Journal of The American Medical Association* (Chicago, October 13):

> "The still wide-spread belief that food-poisoning of the sort attributable to bacterial products taken in with the food is associated almost exclusively with animal products seems to demand correction, particularly at present. A warning of the unsuspected danger of poisoning from canned vegetables at a time when the food-conservation propaganda has led to the preservation of foods of all kinds in thousands of homes in anticipation of the winter's needs has been uttered by Dr. Dickson in a recent issue of *The Journal*. He asserts, on the basis of an investigation conducted at the Stanford University School of Medicine, that the frequency with which food-poisoning is caused by the presence of the toxin of the *Bacillus botulinus* is probably very much greater in this country than has been generally believed. . . . . . .
>
> "The insidiousness of the menace is emphasized by the fact that food in which the offending microorganism, the *Bacillus botulinus*, which produces the harmful toxin, has grown, may not give any indication of being altered in a way that necessarily arouses suspicion. It should be clearly understood that botulism is an intoxication, not an infection. Unlike most bacteria dangerous to man, the *Bacillus botulinus* appears unable to grow in the human body, and its injurious effect is therefore limited to the action of the toxin produced in foods outside the body. Fortunately this toxin, as it is currently stated, is readily destroyed by heat; hence there is a safeguard of the utmost value in serving only after heating all foods in which the danger may lurk."

Dr. Dickson's researches have brought to light an unexpected number of unrecorded cases of botulism in the United States. This author has become convinced that if it were possible to follow up all cases of food-poisoning in which the patients recovered, and all fatal cases in which the death certificates give the cause of death as ptomain poisoning or bulbar paralysis, a very large group of instances would be collected. The writer goes on:

> "Home-canned vegetables and fruits have often been the carriers of the danger. Dr. Dickson's work emphasizes what has been demonstrated before, namely, that not only can the microorganism be grown readily in mediums containing vegetable foods, but also that it is a spore-bearing form which is quite resistant to heat. Taken in connection with the fact that *Bacillus botulinus* is an obligative anaerobe, so that the conditions which exist in a sealed jar are suited for its growth along with production of the toxin, this explains why improperly sterilized canned products may develop food-poisoning. It is unfortunate that the widely distributed directions for the so-called 'cold-pack' process of canning and preserving have not given more emphasis to the need of very efficient sterilization in the process. Jordan states that, to judge from the recorded outbreaks, domestically prepared vegetables and meats are more likely to give rise to botulism than those prepared commercially on a large scale. The general use of steam under pressure in the large canning factories affords a high degree of protection against the anaerobic bacteria and their resistant spores. Whatever the method of treatment, all canned or preserved food having an unnatural appearance, taste, or odor should be rejected. Reheating of all prepared foods immediately before use is an additional safeguard. Foods, such as salads, composed wholly or in part of uncooked materials should not be allowed to stand overnight before being served."

SOME SHORTCOMINGS OF THE BARREL

THE "EULOGY OF THE BARREL," by Lacey Y. Williams, quoted recently in these columns, elicits adverse criticism from a number of correspondents, not all of whom, however, are boxmakers. Mr. W. C. Close, for instance, who writes us from Rochester, N. Y., makes the preliminary observation that he is "not a boxmaker, but writes solely from the view-point of the consumer." While granting the logic of Mr. Williams's article in its entirety, Mr. Close bases an argument on what has been left unsaid. Mr. Williams, he notes, takes the barrel from the manufacturers *via* the freight-car to the distributer. Mr. Close in turn takes it and its contents from the distributer to the retailer's floor. He writes:

> "For example, take the barrel of sugar. It lands in the retail store in perfect condition—granted to Mr. Williams. The grocer breaks in the barrel-head and the sugar is exposed to the dirt, the flies, the drippings from the ceiling above and the moisture from the floor below. The customer asks for two pounds of sugar. Mr. Grocer takes a bag, places it on his scales, scoops out an approximate two pounds, incidentally dropping a small amount of sugar on the floor. Perhaps his scoopful is short—one more trip to the barrel; perhaps his scoopful is over the required weight—another trip to the barrel. Follows the tying of the bag with string or cord. Time consumed, at least two minutes. The carton of sugar comes to Mr. Grocer's store in a container, is immediately unpacked and placed upon his shelves. Enters another customer for two pounds of sugar. One movement of his arm and the grocer has taken the carton from the shelf and passed it over his counter to the customer. No weighing, no bag, no string, and no trips to and from the barrel. Time consumed, at the most thirty seconds. The grocer has saved time and the customer is assured of a clean product. The carton protects the small weights—one pound, two pounds, five pounds, and so on, and keeps the contents free of the various impurities that are bound to get into the open barrel. We have mentioned sugar, as it seems to be the foremost commodity coming under this discussion. The same arguments can be applied to coffee, tea, salt, and a score of other commodities."

The manufacturers of boxes are well represented by F. J. Kress, of Pittsburg, Pa., who boldly avows that he has been making this form of container "for half a lifetime," but earnestly disclaims any undue prejudice. He argues:

> "The box can be stacked closely without the waste of an inch of room; it can be piled one on the other to the ceiling. This is a great saving of money to warehouse, store, and vessel interests, where in most cases space is sold by the square or cubic foot or yard.
>
> "The box can be made to fit its contents to a fourth of an inch; this is desirable and essential in these days of sanitary progress, when almost all food-products are first put up in small-lot packages or cartons to protect them from vermin, dust, and atmospheric conditions, and then placed in the shipping package or container.
>
> "The box is a saver of large sums of money, in that it accommodates individual packages which are handed over the counter without first weighing and wrapping, as is necessary with goods taken from bulk. Twice the volume of business can be handled by this means in any retail store.
>
> "The box saves much in the factory packing- and shipping-room, as the contents can be told without counting. In packing bottled goods cellular partitions, each holding one bottle, a certain number to a box, are generally used, which does away with sawdust, straw, and other litter, and when each cell is filled a glance will reveal the quantity without a possible chance of an error. By the present system of gravity-carriers leading from one warehouse to another and to the railroad siding,

boxes can be transferred or loaded and unloaded without any expense except that of stacking in the car or on the warehouse floor.

"The wooden box is reused in many ways, and the corrugated or fiber shipping container finds its way back to the paper-mill, where it is worked over into new paper, and so it is almost everlasting.

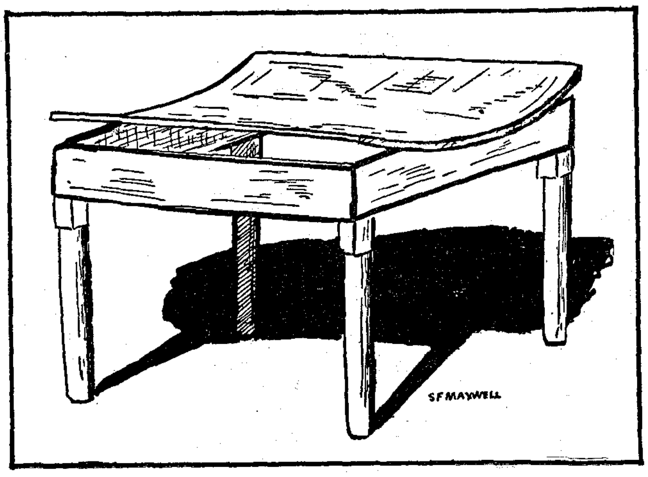
"The box is weather-proof, as all joints of a good wooden box are put together with a tongue and groove, as a floor is laid. As for the corrugated container, the material in it is waterproofed so that it will stand exposure to wet weather for twenty-four hours and keep its contents absolutely dry, even tho it may be caught in an entire day's rain.

"The box is usually printed with attractive trade-mark and other reading matter, which makes it a valuable advertising medium. So valuable a traveling salesman is a well-printed box to large concerns which spend millions a year in advertising their goods that they would not think of dispensing with its use at several times the price.

"The comparative increase in the use of the box has been more than a hundredfold in the past ten years, and its prospects become brighter each day."

WHY WOOD WARPS

WARPING, OR BENDING in one plane, is caused by the application of force in various ways. It may be due to gravity, as when a slab of material is supported at both ends and acquires a permanent "sag" by sinking in the middle. In this sense a piece of stone or metal may warp. The term, however, is usually applied to the bending or curling up of wooden boards because of unequal expansion or contraction on opposite surfaces, due often to variations in the drying of the surfaces or in their absorption of moisture. Hu Maxwell, who writes in *The Hardwood Record* (Chicago), tells us that such action may be met with nearly anywhere that the material is put to use. He says:



TOO MUCH WATER DID IT.

"It is frequent in lumber-yards, particularly if the piling of the lumber has not been carefully attended to. Boards bending upward at the sides and the ends, if free to move, may rise partly from the ground. Finished work may warp as badly as rough boards, for the mere process of planing, sawing, and fitting wood does not guarantee it against warping. Possibly a door refuses to latch because one side has twisted out of plumb, or a window-sash will not slide up and down as it was meant to do, or a table-top presents a distorted appearance, or possibly a piano-top will do the same, and all sorts of paneling may become curled and warped.

"When wood behaves in this manner it is doing nothing new. The handle of the stone hatchet of the paleolithic man warped as badly, and in the same way, as the ax-handle of the modern lumberman. Wood has not changed. Modern methods of working it have not increased or lessened the material's natural tendencies to twist or pull out of shape. The modern boat-builder who is compelled to reject a warped stanchion is confronted by precisely the same proposition as confounded Noah when he discovered that a king-post of the ark had warped and had pulled the rooftree out of line.

"The warping of any material is due to stresses, usually to the pull of a force that is not counteracted by an equal pull in the opposite direction. In wood this pull is commonly caused by shrinkage, and the shrinkage is the result of drying."

A study of warping in detail, Mr. Maxwell goes on to say, involves an examination of the minute structure of the material. In the first place, such structure in wood is very complex. It has been remarked that a modern sky-scraper is not more complex in structure than a half cubic inch of wood magnified to the size of the building. To quote further:

"Wood is composed primarily of cells and other elements, some of which lie with their long axes up and down the trunk, others at right angles to them, extending from the bark toward the center of the tree. Those extending up and down are the most important in the majority of woods, because most numerous, the largest in size, and most vital to the tree's existence. The elements extending from the bark inward belong to the medullary rays. All woods have these rays, and all woods likewise have fibers running the long way, up and down the trunk. These fibers, or cells, are the strings which draw when wood is in the process of drying, and the pull may warp the wood or cause it to check.

"The pull or stress is produced by the drying, and the consequent shrinking, of the wood. When a certain percentage of the water in green or wet wood goes out, the individual cells become smaller by the thinning or contracting of their walls. Every cell so shrinking pulls a little, and, when such a force is multiplied by millions, it may become powerful enough to produce warping in a plank, panel, board, or other piece of wood.

"A piece of wood contracts sidewise but not much endwise. That is because the individual cells composing the piece shrink sidewise but very little endwise. The shrinkage of a plank or beam is only a multiplication of the shrinkage of individual cells or fibers.

"Most of the cells composing a stick run lengthwise. There is, however, some lengthwise shrinkage in wood, and a good deal more of it in some species than in others. Oak has it to a considerable extent, which accounts for the curling up of oak-shingles and for the new-moon shape of oak-boards in sidewalks. . . . . .

"The shrinkage of wood and all the consequences, particularly warping, checking, and hollow-horning, are considered much more important now than they once were. That is because the utilization of wood is more highly developed than it was a few generations ago. . . . . .

"When moisture below a certain percentage is taken from wood, the wood shrinks. The vital problem with all kilns is to dry lumber in such a way that this shrinkage is distributed equally over all parts. If unequally distributed, one part will contract more than another and warp the material or produce checks and cracks. Devices have been provided for extracting the moisture so evenly from all parts of the plank that every stress will be counteracted and the plank will remain straight and without checks. Speed is necessary, but speed has its limits. Moisture from the interior of a piece of wood can come away only so fast. Attempts to speed it up too fast will cause shrinking in some parts, with checking and warping.

"Veneer panels, such as furniture-makers use, are built up of single sheets, the grain of the superimposed sheets crossing one another at right angles. That is done to counteract stresses due to the shrinking and swelling of the wood during alternate changes from wet to dry weather. The pull of one shrinking sheet is in one direction, the next pulls in a different direction, one offsets the other, and the panel remains straight. The manufacturer of articles of wood must be eternally on his guard against the strains produced by the shrinking and swelling of the material.

"He can not wholly prevent them and must meet them the best he can. No matter how carefully wood may be seasoned, it is liable to absorb moisture enough from the air in wet weather to cause some swelling, and it is liable to part with enough in dry weather or in a heated room to cause some shrinkage. The man who successfully handles wood that goes into exacting situations must work out almost as many problems as the general who conducts a military campaign involving master strategy.

"The shrinkage of wood is caused almost wholly by withdrawing water from it, and swelling by putting water into it, the effect of heat and cold being almost negligible so far as they diminish or increase the bulk. That is different from metals and many other materials whose bulks respond quickly to changes in temperature."

KEEPING BALANCED IN THE AIR

AN AVIATOR must have in perfect condition the delicate apparatus for maintaining balance found in the "vestibule" of the inner ear, and hence known as the "vestibular apparatus." On solid earth this organ is supplemented by the sense of sight and the muscular sense, but neither of these is of much use in the clouds. A man whose vestibular apparatus is defective may be otherwise physically perfect and may have learned to keep his balance under normal conditions by depending on sight and the muscle sense. When these are of no avail, his lack of balancing apparatus may be fatal to him. Hundreds of deaths among aviators have doubtless been due to this cause alone. No applicant for the United States Aviation Service is now accepted until careful tests show that his vestibular balancing machinery is in perfect order. Many an otherwise promising aviator's life has been saved by the disclosure of his inability to keep his balance in the air, shown in the testing laboratory before he had a chance to display it to his own undoing in actual flight. Says Dr. Louis K. Guggenheim, of St. Louis, writing in *The Interstate Medical Journal* (St. Louis, October) on "Aviation and Otology":

"There is no doubt at all that hundreds of the fatalities among aviators have been directly due to an imperfect balance apparatus. . . . Since birdmen have been in existence, the number of deaths has been horrifying; and only in a certain number of instances could the fatality be attributed to any definite thing, such as defective engine, defective frame, etc.; in many cases the accident remained inexplicable. Those who are working with the vestibular apparatus now feel that the unexplained fatalities were probably due to some abnormality of the aviator's own balance apparatus.

"Balance depends normally upon (1) the vestibular apparatus, the most important part of which is represented by the kinetic-static labyrinth; (2) the visual apparatus; and (3) kinesthetic or muscle sense. It is astonishing how beautifully we manage to get along, under ordinary circumstances, when in possession of but two of these three legs. The blind man can walk with fair ease. The loss of muscle sense in certain neuropathic conditions does not make it impossible for the individual to go about; the balance apparatus of the internal ears may be completely destroyed without the individual even knowing it.

"Now, when any state exists in which more than one 'leg' of the balance tripod is thrown out of commission, even temporarily, trouble appears. If the blind man's vestibular apparatus is destroyed, and he becomes dependent upon muscle sense alone for his balance, he finds himself most unsteady. . . . . . .

"So we see that when an individual enters a field in which he may at any moment be robbed of one or more of his balance 'legs,' we must be certain that he has intact the most important 'leg,' namely the vestibular apparatus.

"'When an aviator ascends into the clouds his eyesight is no longer of any service, as far as balancing is concerned; as soon as he leaves the earth his muscle sense is of little help, so we must be absolutely certain that every man who enters the aviation service has a perfect vestibular apparatus.'

"Because of the tremendous importance of the aural balance apparatus in aviation the War Department has placed neuro-otologists in complete control of the examining boards. If the tests show a perfect vestibular apparatus and the remaining physical examination is satisfactory, the applicant is accepted. If the tests show a defective vestibular apparatus the applicant is 'out.' . . . . . .

"Human psychology is here as interesting as ever. Patriotic young men handle truth in a reckless manner in their efforts to 'make good' at the examination. When asked about seasickness, many of them emphatically deny ever having suffered an attack, feeling that any admission to the contrary would show a 'fatal' weakness. They little know that never having been seasick, under conditions favorable for the production of that state, is highly suggestive of defective labyrinths; seasickness having been proved by Bárány to be a direct result of the unusual movement of endolymph in normal labyrinths. Applicants also try to compensate for the normal past-pointing by pulling the arm to the right or left of where they believe the finger to be, not knowing that the absence of past-pointing after turning is a serious thing, and means that they are 'out.'

"This interference with the test results from word being passed from man to man concerning what is going to happen at the examination. Nausea and vomiting resulting from irritation of the tenth nucleus is also perfectly physiologic if the turning is carried on too long; many of the applicants are ashamed of such a weakness and loudly disclaim their ability to feel any such thing as nausea until—!

"The examiners know all these little things and explain to any applicant who tries to 'start something' that it pays to be just natural and follow the impulse of the moment."

DEMOCRACY DEPENDENT ON TUNGSTEN

EVERY AGE has had its "key" substance, on the existence of which its civilization has in some measure depended. In the stone age the tribe that found the best flint-deposits had the upper hand until some other tribe discovered bronze. Bronze as a "key-metal" was displaced by steel, which in turn gave place to lead when the bullet won over the sword. Still later, copper became the key, because it made possible the invention of the percussion-cap. What is our "key-metal" to-day? "Tungsten," answers Dr. Colin G. Fink, president of the American Electrochemical Society; and he gives his reasons in an article contributed to *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering* (New York, September 15). Says Dr. Fink:

"Most of the elements of the modern breech-loading and magazine rifle were known at an early period, but they remained undeveloped for lack of means to do minutely accurate work. Tool-development is a parallel phenomenon. Some essential properties of tungsten steels have been known for over fifty years—self-hardening steel tools were invented by Robert Mushet between 1860 and 1870. Not until the Paris Exposition of 1900, however, did the modern era in tool steel begin; then Taylor first exhibited to the astonished gaze of incredulous machinists the spectacle of a tool cutting so fast and deep that it delivered chips at a blue heat and in amazing quantities. Since that time the introduction of modern scientific shop-management has been going on apace, wholly made possible by the use of these high-speed tools cutting four times as much metal as the best of the older carbon steels. Whereas, in the wars of the past, copper, tin, and lead were, next to steel, the most important 'martial metals,' to-day tungsten alloyed as high-speed steel is the dominating factor. To deprive a nation of tungsten is to cripple its military power in time of war, and its industrial power in time of peace. Without high-speed steels, machine tools could not be produced nor operated in sufficient quantity to make the 'seventy-five' and its thousands of shells, the rifle, and machine gun and its millions of cartridges, nor could automobiles, farm machinery, ships, or engines be replenished after the sword has been happily sheathed."

Germany, Dr. Fink goes on to tell us, was the only nation which properly appraised this situation in 1914. At that time she had a practical monopoly of the world's tungsten production. The mines of Burma, in English territory, were controlled and operated by Germans and the ore shipped to Germany for treatment. Even the Cornish tungsten ore was shipped to Germany for refining and then sold back to England. He goes on:

"At the outbreak of the war tungsten output actually declined as the German-controlled mines stopt producing, and it was not until the middle of 1915, after a year's hostilities, that England finally awoke to the importance of the situation by noting that no more tools were to be had.

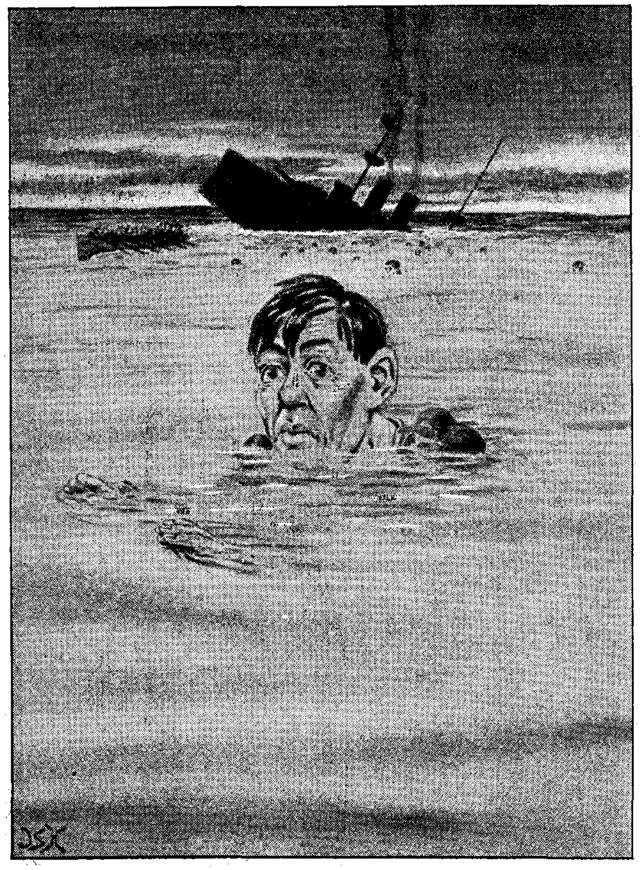
"Then occurred a violent speculative rise in price accompanying insistent demands of the war-boards for more materials. When England at last realizes the need of a thing she goes after it, and the result to-day is that out of a total of 19,000 metric tons of tungsten concentrates produced in 1916, England controlled and acquired 13,000 tons, or over two-thirds of the world's supply. Fortunately, the United States produced nearly 7,000 tons of the best and purest of these concentrates in 1916, which is an earnest of our own possibilities; but it is important that these matters be well borne in mind and provided for against the time of necessity.

"It may some day well be said that tungsten made democracy possible."

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE PLACE OF HUMOR IN WAR

We may laugh who know not the agony of the soldier's soul; but are we more than children in doing so? "If you stood in a casualty clearing-station for two or three hours after a battle, you would not smile," says Mr. Harold Begbie. "You might break down and weep, or you might go mad; but you would find it physically beyond your power to smile." He is led to such reflection, he tells us, by the words of a young English gunner who came to London on leave and was appalled by the levity of those at home. "Imagine the feelings of men in the trenches when they come home to find us laughing and jesting about the war, or when the illustrated papers from London filled with war-humor reach them in their dugouts." Of course we know nothing about war, and our levity is condoned on this score. The officer declared to Mr. Begbie that we shall know nothing of what a battle is like until peace is declared. Newspaper correspondents and officers own that they can not describe one. "Only the men enduring a bombardment, which is like an earthquake prolonged for days and weeks, and only the men who go over the top to storm machine-gun entrenchments, truly know the character of modern war." In the London *Daily Chronicle* Mr. Begbie gives the gunner's words to show how pathetically we are misled by hearing of jokes from the trenches:



THE OPTIMIST.

Torpedoed Seaman (making the best of it at 3:45 A.M.).—"Ho, well! it was my blinkin' mornin' watch, anyway!"

—*The Bystander.*

Does the shipwrecked sailor find it quite so funny?

"Let me assure you that every man in a bombarded trench fears with every stretched nerve of his body. Because two or three of them, in a moment of nervous reaction, utter some casual remark or sing a verse from a barrack music-hall ditty, the British Army is supposed to be full of *Ole Bills.* Haven't the people at home got enough imagination to know that the splendid young men who compose our modern armies loathe this beastly war with every ounce of their feelings? Can't they see that trench-jokes, of which they hear such a lot, are just nervous reactions? Don't they realize that the men are suffering? Don't they know that the whole thing is loathsome to the soul of even the very worst of men? They are living in the utmost degree of discomfort, exposed at any moment to death or mutilation, and with nothing, absolutely nothing, that the heart of a man craves for and knows is its human right. It makes my blood boil here at home to go to a theater, to take up a picture paper, and to hear some people talking. Wherever I go in London I encounter war-humor. I can't move but I'm confronted by it. Every one in London seems to take the war as a joke, as something to laugh about. And young men training to be officers come to us in France in this spirit. I once heard a fellow say that it took more than two months, even in the City of Fear (Ypres), to purge the soul of ragtime and flappers. No man is of any use as an officer till he has feared. You've got to look fear right in the eyes, seriously, steadily, quaking like hell in your own heart, before you are any good in the trenches."

Mr. Begbie, who in later years has become something of a Puritan, thinks that the frivolous atmosphere at home—besides being bad taste—is bad for the men preparing to go out. He declares:

"Cromwell would have trained his armies in another atmosphere. The welfare of the Army demands a more serious and dignified spirit at home. And next, we are fighting to make an end of war, and not, as I heard a wit say, 'for political incompetence, commercial corruption, and Lady Diana Manners.' We are fighting war much more than we are fighting the German people. It is a war, seen as *the deadly enemy of mankind,* which has brought the great American nation to our side. The real people of England are serious. Whatever may be the merits of our statesmanship, the ethics of our commercial princes, and the war-moods of fashionable society, British democracy is fighting to a finish because it knows it is fighting war. And the only way in which this spirit can be weakened, which otherwise must conquer, is to make war seem anything but the malignant shape of Satan.

"To the ancients, who loved fighting and who very largely lived by fighting, war was a god, radiant and beautiful. There are those among us who would make it a comic figure—a caricature. Instead of praying to Mars, we dress war up in the garments of Charlie Chaplin, and grin at it. But we must hate war, hate it with all our heart, mind, and soul. Men do not laugh at the thing they truly hate. To hate righteously is to hate with enthusiasm.

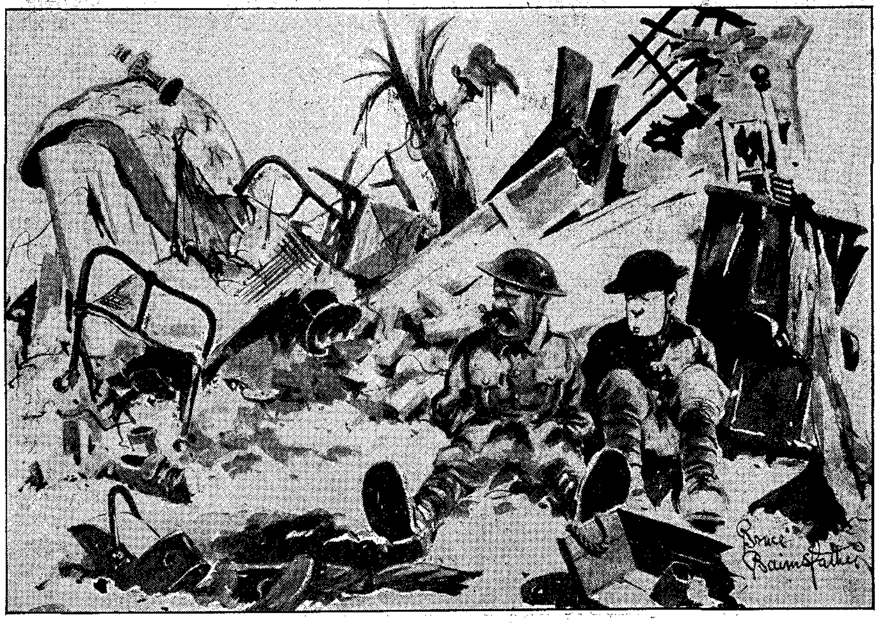
"I am convinced that the very offensive levity which manifests itself with ever less shame and ever more effrontery in the pleasure center of London is due to a wholesale weakening of those moral restraints which are essential to the progress and to the dignity of the human race. English playfulness is a vastly different thing from war-humor."

However much Mr. Begbie's view makes us pause, it is not the whole story, and three days only elapsed before Mr. St. John Adcock writes to *The Chronicle* to say that Mr. Begbie's plea, carried to its logical conclusion, would put an end to all humor—in peace as well as in war. Revising the term "war—humor," which Mr. Begbie finds almost too grim to contemplate, his critic proposes the conjunction "life—humor," and reminds us that "in the long run life kills more than war, for it ends by killing us all." Incidentally—

"It kills some of us more mercilessly than war does, with slower, longer torments to body and soul than war can inflict, yet we see nothing incongruous in jesting about life. No death is more terrible, more really agonizing, than are many of the deaths that happen in the years when, without noise of guns or sight of visible wounds, we are fighting one another in business, ruining one another in fierce competition, sweating and slaughtering thousands under the noiseless but effective drum-fire of poverty in those slums and mean streets that Mr. Begbie has himself denounced. Except superficially, death in war is not more horrible than death in peace, it is only more obviously horrible.

"Most of us would sooner be blown instantly to nothing by a shell, or sit out a week's harrowing bombardment, than die gradually through the years of a wasting consumption. Yet Hood made a jest even of consumption; laughed at the lank visage, punned about the spare ribs, found humor in the shortness of breath; and one loves and honors him the more for it, since he was dying of consumption himself. If he had taken it quite seriously, and made every one around him miserable by insisting on their also taking it so, he would not have won our admiration and stood, as he stands, one of the dearest and most heroic figures in our literature.

"Certainly, no man sitting in safety at home can with decency make jokes about the trenches, but the more the men who are there, or have been there, can do so, the better for themselves and for the rest of us. It is still as true as it was when Shakespeare said it, that the merry heart goes all the day, but the sad soon tires. No man ever died of laughter, as a matter of fact, but plenty have died for the lack of it. If the Germans had some humor they would be less brutal, and they would not have written that 'Hymn of Hate' which has been a source of such joy to our own fighting men."



"S'POSE WE'LL 'AVE TO STOP BEHIND AND TIDY ALL THIS UP WHEN IT'S OVER, BERT."

—Bairnsfather in *The Bystander* (London).

Mr. Adcock finishes with a story to show that it is better both here and "out there" not to wear our hearts upon our sleeves. The incident he records happened a little over a year ago somewhere behind the line:

"An Irish soldier was there recovering in a convalescent camp. He had been slightly wounded, and was suffering badly from shell-shock, which, for a time, made a nervous wreck of him. Late in the autumn there was talk of arranging entertainments for Christmas, and this man, who, before the war, was a popular Dublin comedian, volunteered to get up a proper Christmas pantomime. He extemporized a stage in a Y. M. C. A. hut, painted the scenery, wrote the pantomime, which was full of frivolous war-allusions, and was not only his own stage manager, but himself acted a leading part in the extravaganza.

"On the first night of the show, when the seats were crammed with wounded soldiers and soldiers from other parts of the vast camp, either newly returned from the trenches or shortly going up into them, and while the hut was echoing with continuous roars of laughter—twice that Irishman was missed by those who were helping him in the management, and each time he was found sitting alone in the dark outside shaking as if in an ague. On the second occasion he was crying like a child—crying wretchedly that his nervous weakness could so master him. But he wouldn't hear of being excused and letting a substitute finish his part for him.. He resolutely pulled himself together, and when his cue came he was ready in the wings to go on again and do his share of the fun-making with the jolliest irresponsible gusto, and not a man among the happy, laughing audience had his pleasure marred by so much as a suspicion of what had been happening behind the scenes.

"Whenever I think of him, the thought of that Irishman warms the heart of me. Wasn't there more of kindness, of unselfishness, of heroism, even of seriousness, in his way of taking the war than if he had treated it as a subject for undiluted gravity?"

A "LEG-UP" FOR DANCERS

A WHOLE KETTLE of simmering reflections in the editorial mind of the Boston *Transcript* has been brought to the boiling-point by a recent report from Russia on the subject of ballet-dancers. These performers, so comes the word from Petrograd, "have been accorded by the new Government permission to enter the learned professions." The first shock of the news sets the writer to wondering if Russian ballet-dancers have for generations been clamoring at the gates of the learned professions. Turning the matter over, however, it finally comes straight in his mind:

"These professions, according to the best definition, are the law, divinity, and medicine, toward not one of which, if the truth be told, does ballet-dancing seem to slant. It is quite possible, however, that a male member of the ballet—or, since the law has been opened to women, even a female member—might have an ambition to become a lawyer, and the same may be said of medicine. And since we have seen Rev. Mr. Sunday in action, it is even conceivable that a degree of excellence in the ballet might be an advantage, other things being equal, to one who proposed to take up the career of an evangelist. Yet even with the fullest account taken of modern and athletic tendencies in the learned professions, the announcement from Petrograd still piques curiosity.

"The answer, however, is plain enough. The prohibition which has been removed by the new Russian Government is in reality one against education for the learned professions. It is essentially medieval. It exists, in fancy, in no other country, unless it may be Japan. In Russia the learned professions have in the past been made an adjunct of the imperial power through their restriction to classes whose devotion to the throne was known or assumed. In effect, a priest, a lawyer, or a doctor was supposed to be a faithful servant of the Czar; and a dancer, of course, whose social principles might be extremely disturbing, had no rights which a faithful servant of the Czar could be expected to respect. It is a sign of Russia's sudden emergence from medievalism that even dancers are now permitted to qualify themselves for the learned professions.

"In a general way, it is also a sign of the improvement in the professional dancer's position the world over. This has been one of the most remarkable developments of modern times. A so-called material age, a time when, we are told, the practical idea triumphs over all else, has discovered that the dance is a form of art which can not only amuse but can teach the world. A deep and even spiritual signification has been found in the ballet. Various forms of the dance take on a public importance, for love of country is taught in our parks in summer by pageant-dances of children. The dance is intimately allied with music, with the drama; people may almost be said to dance, nowadays, as David did, before the Lord with all their might. The growth of the dance in public honor has been so great that in this part of the world we might even expect to see members of the learned professions abandoning their honorable careers to enter it, instead of, as in Russia, the dancers leaving the stage to enter the more erudite occupations."

WHAT IS THE GARY SYSTEM?

STUDY, WORK, PLAY would seem to be a rational slogan for almost any scheme of education, but when you name such a scheme "Gary" it succeeds in raising riots in some sections of New York. The people of these riotous sections, according to the New York *Times*, know so little about the Gary system that "they rarely attack any of its essential features and do practically all their talking about its imaginary characteristics, or about details of its operation here, which, if they really are objectionable, can be remedied without in any way affecting the principle of 'study, work, play.'" The name itself, "Gary," has been the red rag to cause much of the offending, because political interests found it easy to impute the influence of "Rockefeller" thus masquerading. Miss Ida Tarbell, who has been one of the best informed critics of the Standard Oil Company, points out in the New York *Evening Post* the absurdity of trying to discredit the Gary system by such a tag. Incidentally she gives a succinct account of what the system is and also its migratory impulses:

"Ten years ago, when Gary was building, those in charge of the town looked about for a superintendent for the schools. They were referred to Mr. Wirt as a man of new and progressive ideas. Mr. Wirt accepted the invitation on condition he be allowed freedom in developing the school system. He was given it, and he soon showed what his work-study-play school idea could do for children. Speedily the news of what he was doing spread up and down the country. Gary soon became a sort of Mekka for educators of open minds, and naturally enough the system began to be called by the name of the town, not by that of the man who had done the work.

"The enthusiasm spread to New York City, and experiments with the system began. Mr. Wirt came on finally, as I remember, to superintend them. Of course, there were those who vigorously opposed the new ideas. That was to be expected. Educators interested in New York schools began to study the question. Among them was a group connected with the Rockefeller Educational Foundation. They made a careful investigation, but have not yet rendered their report on the Gary system.

"And what has happened? Cries arise that an effort is being made to Rockefellerize the schools. That it is a system of training accidentally called by the name of the steel town where it happened to be developed most perfectly, introduced some three years ago into the public schools of New York, and only last year investigated by a group of disinterested and thoroughly competent educators who happened to be employed by a bureau founded by Mr. Rockefeller, is set down as a deliberate attempt to sell the schools of New York City to Rockefeller and the Steel Corporation. Does it not sound like a jingle from 'Mother Goose' or a chapter from 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

The working-day under the Gary system, as expounded by Harry Estey Dounce, in the New York *Sun*, is arranged on the principle that the limit of concentration on any one object of attention is small even in the adult; and "the child is known to reach this limit of attention much sooner":

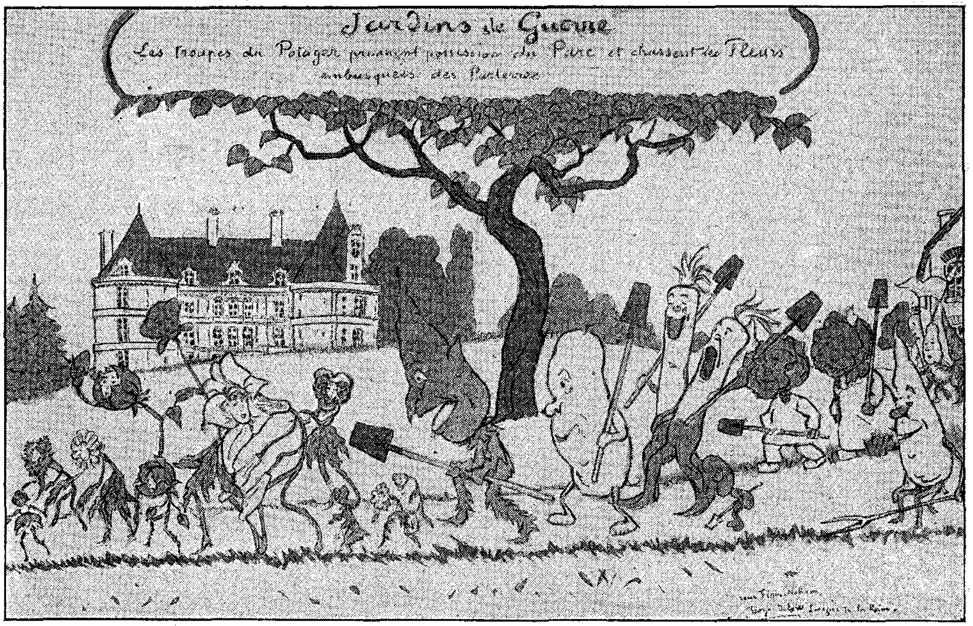
"He is, moreover (in Wirt's own words), a bundle of squirm and wriggle; to compel him to sit still under classroom discipline for several hours at a stretch is working a perfectly genuine hardship on him.

"Why, then—was Wirt's reasoning—if text-book lessons are a good thing, why not keep child and teacher fresh for them by breaking up the school-day? If craftsmanship is a good thing, why is it not good for all the children daily instead of a driblet a week for the few in the two higher grades?

"If physical exercise is good, why not give it interest and relish instead of opening the windows and leading the youngsters through five minutes of puppet Swedish drill? If play is good, why not have a certain amount of system and team work in the play? And if auditorium exercises, rhetoricals, are good, why not give them a practical bearing on life and information instead of leaving them an ornamental feature of the end of the school-week?

"In all this Wirt simply followed every recognized authority since Froebel. The things which Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, was condemning in his addresses on American public schools—the grinding out of 'educated' youngsters as a standard factory product, like wire nails or bricks—Wirt was planning to do away with. The things which John Dewey was pointing out as the rights of the growing child Wirt was planning to supply, as far as he could, through the medium of the public school.

"But his plan had also an important economic bearing. It about doubled the capacity of a school building, and kept all parts of the school equipment in use throughout the day. It thus avoided the thing commercial business calls peak-loading, and greatly augmented the usefulness of costly public properties.


Jardins de Guerre
Les troupes du Potager prennent possession du Parc et chassent les Fleurs embusquées des Parterres

THE VEGETABLES DRIVE OUT THE FLOWERS.

The edge of war humor that grates on the stay-at-homes.

—Delaw in *La Baïonnette* (Paris).

"Wirt arrived at this by a mechanical change in the school-day schedule He divided the body of pupils into two equal parts, a vertical division through all grades. In technical Gary plan literature you will find them called the X school and the Y school.

"During the hours when one of these divisions is in the classrooms the other, split up, is rotating through the shops, the science rooms, the drawing-rooms, the auditoriums, the playground. At the end of a given period they exchange.

"Roughly speaking, in New York's Gary schools there are two daily shifts, on in the morning, the other after lunch. That is the whole mechanism of the Gary plan, and it adds only one hour to the orthodox school day.

"It must not be inferred that half the child's time is devoted to text-book work and half to the other activities, or that the children of one division get their heavy mental work after noon, when their minds are less alert than in the morning. The working schedule of a Gary school is a little hard to diagram; it varies somewhat with the problem of the particular school and neighborhood—an adaptability impossible under the old system. But were you to visit one of the schools you would find things arranged so that both shifts get their most exacting academic studies in the forenoon, their easier ones after lunch."

Such, indeed, is the Gary plan where it is thoroughly established in its home town. According to William McAndrew, for years principal of the Irving High School for Girls, and at present a member of the Board of Superintendents of the New York

Schools, the plan never has been consistently applied in any New York school. Before making any changes the representatives of the New York School Board went on an exploring trip to Cincinnati, Gary, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Schenectady, and made a choice suitable to their own needs from the "cooperative plan" of Cincinnati and the "handwork" of Gary. Not New York alone, but nearly every school in the country, he declares in the New York *Times*, has needed emancipation from the system "built upon a model developed in the English atmosphere of Queen Anne's court, and imported to America in the form of books and schoolmasters long ago, before there was any study of the capacities of children, their natural instincts or abilities." Speaking of what New York has attempted, he says:

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POLICE INTERFERENCE IN A NEW YORK SCHOOL-RIOT.

One of the Bronx district riots where the Gary system raises objections.

> "The new model—what you call the Gary system—is the attempt to bring our schools here up to the point reached by the most advanced school organizations throughout the country.
>
> "It is not a 'Gary system.' It is a new school-program, uncongealed, refusing to be called a 'system' at all, but endeavoring to give the school children of New York . . . more chance to work with their hands, more opportunity to develop physically, more provision for learning of and discussing the actual world of to-day.
>
> "For this we are giving the boys and girls, in the last four years of the elementary schools, more work with real things, more discussion of current history, enlivened with moving pictures, dramatic representations, actual experiments in science, such as have heretofore been confined to high schools and colleges, to which the bulk of our children never go.
>
> "This is an advance which the private schools, the pay schools, have made ahead of us. In opposition to the new model in the public elementary school it is sometimes said that our introduction of shop work 'turns the children into factory hands.' On the contrary, it gives to the children whose parents can not afford to send them to private schools the very advantages of handwork that the parents of wealthy children demand and pay for."

Opposition to the new system has developed into an "Anti-Gary League," one of whose publications thus criticizes the division of labor that gives children more than one teacher:

> "The special rooms for music, drawing, nature study, etc., and the desire to reduce the number of teachers, render necessary the employment of special teachers for each subject, and, as is the case in high schools, the specialists ride their hobbies. It is no longer possible for the teacher to mother her pupils, to know each child's needs in every subject, and to cut the time for music and drawing one day if necessary to emphasize reading, writing, or arithmetic. The class leaves her room at the close of the period and goes to the music, to the drawing, or to the nature-study teacher. The personal influence of the teacher upon her children is lessened."

Another objection is that the "double-shift" reduces the school to the level of the "steel-mill":

> "The double shift compels some children to do their mental work in the late afternoon. . . . when they are physically tired from play or have been bored by tedious auditorium exercises. The school day is lengthened to six hours in order to operate the double shift. The auditorium is used each hour, and so is the playground. By putting one-sixth of the school in each throughout the day the entire school passes through the auditorium and playground, increasing the capacity of the school plant by one-third.
>
> "But it has not been demonstrated that it is a good thing to use the playground and the auditorium every hour of the day, nor that they should be used at each period by exactly one-sixth of the children in the school irrespective of the number of children crowded into the building. But that is exactly what the Gary makeshift plan undertakes to do. Pupils are used as monitors on the playground and in the auditorium, and as helpers of other children; but this plan has not demonstrated its value—it is used to reduce the number of teachers employed.
>
> "Altho the school day is lengthened by one hour, the use of the playground and the auditorium one period a day by every child at school actually shortens the day. A fifty-minute play period from 2:20 to 3:10 P.M., followed by a fifty-minute auditorium period from 3:10 to all intents and purposes reduces the actual school day to from nine in the morning until 2:20 in the afternoon. Actually two-thirds of the school is thus put upon a shortened day. One-third have the auditorium and play periods the last two periods in the afternoon, and another third have them the first periods in the morning.
>
> "It has not been demonstrated yet that the plan of having twelve classes in an auditorium at one time and ten or twelve other classes on the playground at one time is a good thing. It has not been proved that it is well to have departmental teaching of subjects by special teachers or to use pupils as monitors or teachers' assistants."

In a letter to *The Times* by Mrs. Carlyle M. Keyes, one of a party to investigate the "real cause of the riots," it is stated:

> "We also went to a street meeting which was being held by the mothers and pupils. In every case it was a political reason that was given for the dislike of the Gary system. Most of the parents were misinformed as to the real aims of the system, and, after listening to the people for a while, we found ourselves talking to them about the truth of the matter. Naturally, we did not succeed in changing their views, because we had only a few moments to talk; but I think we may have given the mothers and children a little clearer idea of what was really being done for their good."

TENNYSON'S LOST VOGUE

WILL TENNYSON COME BACK? The question is not so inappropriate in a time when almost every supposedly settled doctrine or reputation is thrown into the crucible to see if it has metal good enough for the fiery test of to-day. Twenty-five years ago, on October 6, 1892, the great laureate died; and since that time, as Mr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw points out in the London *Spectator*, he has been regarded with "comparative neglect and indifference." On the other hand, Mr. Hearnshaw sets us questioning if, "as was the case with Byron, whose fate was very similar to his own, there is likely to be a Tennysonian revival in the future." We read:

"There can be no doubt that at the time of his death he had lost touch with the world. He was old and weary; the courage of 'Ulysses' and the confident optimism of 'Locksley Hall' had given place to the apprehension of 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After' and the gloom of 'Despair.' [In an age become wholly democratic he remained invincibly aristocratic. Among a people rapidly drifting toward Socialism he clung to the principles of mid-Victorian Individualism. From the new cosmopolitanism he held aloof, firm in his patriotism and his insularity. Even the philosophic and religious conflict in which he had played so prominent and noble a part was moving away from the fields with which he was familiar, and was being carried into regions unrealized by his imagination. The battle against materialism and agnosticism in which he had valiantly fought had been won; the new struggle, for which his weapons were not fitted, was being joined on the unfamiliar grounds of pseudo-spiritualism, superstition, charlatanism, and religious imposture. Tennyson, in short, was so emphatically the poet of the Victorian era that the passing of that era with its transitional doubts and its ephemeral perplexities rendered much of his didactic poetry obsolete. Men had ceased to feel the weight of the particular burdens from which he had sought to deliver them. As to his epic and descriptive verse, changed literary fashion had already begun to turn popular taste away from the flawless metrical forms of which Tennyson was the supreme exponent to the shapeless and cacophonous impressionism which claims to be the authentic Georgian poetry."

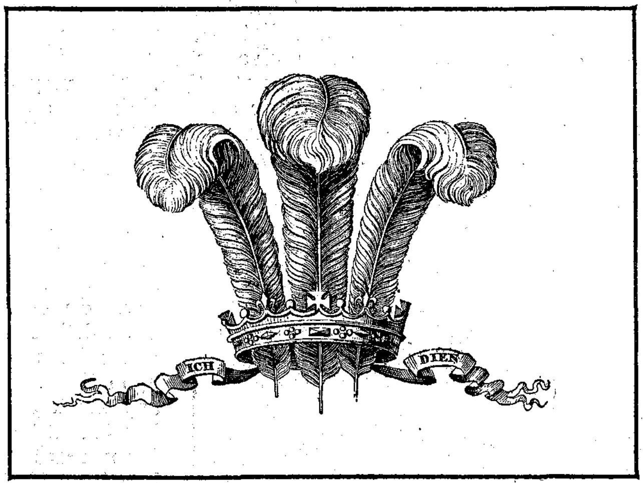
Improbable, so it seems to this writer, will it be that Tennyson should regain his one-time vogue. Yet he believes that this Victorian poet will receive enduring recognition:

"He will survive, first, as a permanent memorial of the age whose dominant intellectual and moral characteristics he so perfectly depicted. No historian of nineteenth-century thought will be able to ignore him, for, as Jowett once said to him, his poetry has in it 'an element of philosophy more to be considered than any regular philosophy in England.' He will survive, secondly, as the writer of some of the most exquisite lyrics in the language. Such verse as the four stanzas of 'Tears, Idle Tears,' will be found in all treasuries of song as long as knowledge of the English language continues upon the earth. He will survive, finally and preeminently, for his religious quality. For tho it is true that he dealt with doubts that were transient, and with perplexities that were peculiar to the circumstances of his own day, yet he stood forth before all others as the champion and exponent of the resolute and unchanging 'will to believe.' He felt the necessity, old as humanity, of faith in a deity with whom man can hold communion. He felt the need, old as death, of hope of a spirit-world where nothing loving or beloved is lost. Because he gave expression to man's passionate determination not to let God go, and not to surrender the blest anticipation of reunion with those who have passed beyond the veil, he will live as long as there are men who have souls to aspire or hearts to grieve. . . . . . .

"Tennyson owed his ascendency in part to the exquisite music of his verse, in part to the representative character of his thought, in part to the sensibility of his emotion. There have been few more perfect masters of English prosody, few whose diction is more unfailingly felicitous, few whose standard of technical excellence is so high. One searches his work in vain for a false quantity or a defective assonance, and the only imperfect rime that occurs to the memory of the present writer is the 'hundred' in the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' which is unequally yoked with 'blundered,' 'thundered,' 'sundered,' and 'wondered.' As a writer of blank verse none, save Milton only, can compare with him. Many of his phrases impress themselves ineffaceably upon the mind, and constantly recur to the consciousness like the strains of haunting melody—such phrases as the splendid onomatopœic lines:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

But splendor of phraseology alone would not have given Tennyson his primacy. . . . It was the content of his poems, as well as their form, that appealed to the cultivated public. Tennyson more than any other writer of his day interpreted the Victorian age to itself."



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CREST,

Whose motto must go into the scrap-heap along with the family name of Wettin, and other objectionable things German.

TO DEGERMANIZE THE WALES MOTTO

A PHILOLOGICAL PROBLEM has thrust itself upon the British royal family over the question of the motto worn by the Prince of Wales. Since King George discarded his family name of Wettin for the English cognomen of Windsor, newspaper letter-writers have been restive over the "*Ich Dien*" of the Prince's crest. One of these, W. Llewelyn Williams, asks "whether the heir to the proudest throne in the world should still use a German motto, or whether it would not be more consonant with our national dignity to substitute one more racy of the soil." Some writers have slipt in the explanation that the Prince's motto is really Welsh, only its form, "*eich dyn*," got somehow Germanized. Mr. Williams says in the London *Times* that such a suggestion was "jocularly made for the first time by Lewis Morris (the great-grandfather of the poet) in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was never meant to be taken seriously." Welshmen, at least, now seem to be taking the question itself seriously, for Mr. J. Gwenogvryn Evans interjects in the same paper:

"SIR—May I be allowed to raise an emphatic protest against the mistaken ardor of certain Welshmen to have '*eich dyn*' inscribed on the plumes of the Prince of Wales? I do so for two reasons: (1) '*Eich*' is not a Welsh form, tho now in common use in Welsh newspapers. This word was invented and introduced by William Salesbury in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but it did not get into general use till a couple of centuries later. And even now it is never heard among those who speak Welsh naturally. The true form is *ẏch*, older *ich*. (2) In the 'Brut of the Princes' the word '*dyn*' is not used in connection with any Prince of Wales or in Wales, but means always an ordinary individual of the commonalty. Every prince was a *vir*, *gwr*, hero. Granting that King Edward presented his eldest son to Welshmen at Carnarvon Castle, it is certain that he could not have used '*eich dyn*'—it was an impossible form at that time."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

LAYING UP RICHES IN WAR-TIME

HEAPING UP TREASURES upon earth is one of the phases of the times that affects the world in general unfavorably. In Germany, Russia, France, the United States, and Canada, says *The Christian Guardian* (Toronto), the same undesirable phenomenon occurs, and "wherever it occurs it gives rise to deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction." Other countries, such as those that have remained neutral, tho unnamed here, readily occur as within the same sphere of condemnation, for to this fact is charged the distressing plight in which they now find themselves. "Every instinct of patriotism, every striving of humanity, every teaching of the Christian law of service," continues this critic, "unite to condemn the amassing of wealth at such a time as this," for it is felt that "it is nothing less than indecent for a small fraction of the people to heap up wealth while the rank and file of the nation are sacrificing home and financial prospects, health and efficiency, and even life itself, for the cause of freedom and the defense of country." This is how *The Guardian* looks at those who get rich in war-times:

THIMBLES AND OLD SILVER FOR WAR.

Contributions to the "thimble fund" of Cincinnati to aid soldiers blinded in war.

"Nero fiddling while Rome burned was a far less odious figure than the man of to-day who, while the whole civilized world is threatened with destruction, looks on with internal delight that this great world-conflagration is helping to swell his already swollen fortune. And while our lads are facing the deadly gas, the whistling bullet, and the shrieking shell, and our casualty lists run into the thousands every month, this man, untouched by it all, unctuously rubs his hands and thanks God for the profit which it means to him. If this be patriotism, God save us from it. Better far to come out of the war maimed or blind in body, or with fortune clean spent in the heroic effort to free the world, than to come through it with a whole skin and a fortune greatly increased.

"Stories have come to us again and again of men who have made hundreds of thousands and even millions of dollars out of the war, but they have come from men who told them in sorrow and shame that Canadians and Englishmen should sink so low. . . . . . .

"And more than that, even the worldly wisdom which foresees the danger of any struggle between wealth and massed and ballot-holding poverty can not but deplore the fact that at such a time in the world's history wealth should be found wanting in patriotism. The very existence of great fortunes depends upon social solidarity, and if the rift between the classes and the masses widens sufficiently it is certain to swallow up many privileges which wealth has hitherto regarded as sacred. If wealth ceases to be patriotic it ceases to have any reason for its existence. If it has a right to exist at all it has a right to exist that it may serve the state, and the right to exist for its own sake will receive scant recognition in these days.

"And there is a feeling abroad in the world that not a little of its wealth is of the predatory type, which lives not to serve the people, but to prey upon them. In this belief lies revolution, and yet any one familiar with the sentiment of the people knows that the belief is wide-spread, and the alarming increase in the cost of the necessaries of life has intensified it beyond any point ever before reached."

The average man has only hazy ideas how to remedy the evils from which he suffers, it is pointed out, but he has very strong convictions that there is a remedy somewhere. For one thing, it should be emphasized that there is growing up "an amazing mass of corporate opinion that the public can not afford to entrust the control of the necessities of life to private management, and the plea that private management is more economical than public management will fail in the presence of undeniable exploitation of the public in times like this." *The Guardian* concludes:

"The only way to permanent wealth lies in the Christian highway of service, and when private greed forgets the other fellow it signs its own death-warrant. The world's resources must be used for the many, not for the few, and the only civilization which can be permanent must recognize this fact. Civilization rests upon brotherhood."

CINCINNATI'S "THIMBLE FUND"—An auction sale was once held by an unsentimental couple to dispose of their useless and superfluous wedding-presents. This was before the war. They would find a suggestion now in the example of Cincinnati women who have begun to collect precious metals which, when melted down, will be sold for the benefit of a fund to aid soldiers of the Allies who have become blind. Silverware already donated by jewelers has netted nearly $2,000. A chest of silver, the gift of one individual, is expected to realize several hundred. The experience of Cincinnati, detailed in the daily press, may contain a suggestion for many other places:

"In this collection may be found silver thimbles, from which the fund takes its name, tableware, vases, watches, rings, spectacles, opera-glasses, and other metallic articles valuable for the metal they contain.

"Among the hundreds of pieces of metal are several pounds of small flat pieces of lead. 'Lead is a very valuable metal,' says a member of the committee. 'When we asked the women for lead, the response was surprizing. We did not know where all of these pieces of lead were coming from until one woman told us. They were taking the weights from the tails of coats they had discarded.'

"The collection, which demonstrates the patriotism of women in a unique way, will be sent to a refiner to be melted and sold. If a refiner can not be found in Cincinnati who is patriotic enough to do the work for nothing, the work will be done in Washington by the Government free of charge.

"No money is being asked for for this fund, but old metals of all kinds, which may be converted into cash, are desired."

RELIGIOUS INDORSEMENTS OF OUR WAR

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BURDENS are doubtless such that any spontaneous expression of sympathy and support must tend to lighten them by the "cheer and assurance" such messages convey. It was with such an expression that the President replied to Cardinal Gibbons, who had written him of his efforts to "persuade all Americans that they can do the greatest good to themselves and their country by a cheerful and generous performance of their duty, as it is pointed out to them by lawfully constituted authority." The day after this letter was made public, another one was reported from Peking, prepared by Abu Bekr, the leading Mohammedan priest of North China, assuring President Wilson of the loyalty of the Chinese Mohammedans to the cause of the Allies, and denouncing the action of the German Emperor, the Sultan of Turkey, and other leaders. In behalf of China, the Mohammedan priest asks President Wilson's "wise guidance in its weakness" to enable it to "settle its domestic difficulties and bring harmony and comfort to the masses." His respects, as the press prints the dispatch, are paid to the leaders of the enemy nations in such way as this:

> "The German Emperor became great in his pride for conquest, and in the possession of a great army and navy, until he looked upon other rulers with the eye of envy and hatred, and he did not scruple to add new horrors to war, altho the use of submarines was forbidden by international law.
>
> "If he should, however, cease this sort of warfare and make peace with other nations, God might still preserve his Government and others might then look upon him with favor and ask God to grant him mercy. In this prayer Moslems, Jews, and Christians might join. Now is the time when he should repent. Now is the fitting opportunity for expressing his regret.
>
> "But as for the Sultan of Turkey, in inverse proportion as he has wisdom, and knowledge, and power, he has not shown the least judgment in the direction of the affairs of his kingdom. The present crisis of affairs in the great world, altho it might strike fear among those who love deceit and continue to use flattery with him, should not have dismayed him. His flatterers were not sincere toward God. If he would drive away these evil counselors, welcoming those who were sincere, the true lovers and patriots of religion, then, perchance, his kingdom would be restored to peace."

The Mohammedan priest is confident that the entrance of America into war will "result in nothing else than the destruction of the pride of Germany." He continues:

> "Since Mohammed the Prophet (upon him be peace!) has declared, 'Tread upon the proud until he forget his pride,' therefore we continue the war until they repent. But, alas! Some think the war will last a long time, which may God prevent! Surely, if the war continues this will not be in accordance with your noble principles of humanity. Alas! Our Chinese Republic has already been compelled to do what your honorable Government has done, but we are persuaded that our country is weak in its condition, and disturbed internally by matters which occupy its attention.
>
> "Now, such conditions are not in accordance with the will of the Creator. Very frequently our Chinese Republic is glad to follow the example of your noble Government, just as the members of the body do its head. So if you will give the word, we will follow. If you are patient, we will continue to be patient. We do not ask anything from you save the favor of using your influence to quench the fires of war in the world, and so you will secure everlasting remembrance. As God says in the Koran, 'Is the reward of good anything else than lasting good?' He also says: 'Verily the mercy of God is near to those that are good.'
>
> "We, therefore, turn to you and hope that you will arrange and give us good advice for the future affairs of our Republic, in order that prosperity and safety and peace may come to us speedily."

In the letter of the Catholic prelate is exprest the "unwavering determination of loyal citizens" to stand by the President in "his every effort to bring success to our arms and to achieve those ideals of justice and humanity which compelled our entrance into the war." Further:

> "Guided as we are by the sublime teachings of Christianity, we have no other course open to us but that of obedience and devotion to our country. Our Divine Lord tells us: 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's'; and St. Paul, following the steps of his Master, says: 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no authority but from God, and those that are, are ordained by God. Therefore, he who resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they who resist purchase to themselves condemnation.'
>
> "We wish our people to see, and we are striving to help them to realize, that they owe unswerving loyalty to the rulers whom they have elected to office, and that in doing so they are not acting in a slavish manner, for obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man, but an act of homage we pay to God.
>
> "We are working to the end that our countrymen may see the folly and grave disobedience of unjust and ill-tempered criticism of national policies. We are bending our efforts to point out to our fellow men that they in all probability see the present situation from only one angle, whereas the Government sees it from every view-point, and is therefore alone in the position to judge of the expediency of national affairs."

CLERICAL EXEMPTION "AN INSULT OR A CHALLENGE"

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS, as we showed last week, are not slackers. Even tho exempted from the draft, along with ministers, yet they have not claimed the privilege. To ministers, according to Dr. Shailer Mathews, the exemption is either "an insult or a challenge." It is an insult, he declares in *The Biblical World* (Chicago), "if such exemption implies that ministers are not as ready to serve their country as any other citizens, that they are slackers, or that they are so effeminate that they would not make good soldiers." On the other hand, he points out, "it is a challenge if it means that ministers are engaged in a work so important that the Government is not warranted in calling them from it even for the defense of the nation. The interpretation to be put upon this exemption will be determined by ministers themselves." And Dr. Mathews puts it squarely up to them:

> "If in the present crisis they go about their work with no increase of labor or the spirit of sacrifice, making an excuse out of a holy calling, they accept the exemption as an insult to their calling.
>
> "No minister has a right to be a religious slacker.
>
> "A Church in a time of war should show a sacrificial loyalty to man and God as great as does a nation in war. For a church-member to economize on the Church is to brand himself not only a disloyal Christian, but a disloyal citizen. By the very action of the Government itself, in exempting the Church's leaders, the Church in the time of war is called upon to render special service to its community.
>
> "And what is this special service?
>
> "Incidentally, of course, a Church can assist in the conservation campaigns, Red-Cross service at home and abroad, the protection of the boys in camp from evil surroundings, maintenance of Christian work in the camps and on the battle-field. It can contribute to the increasing needs of those families who will have suffered the death of some member. Any minister who does not attempt to further this mobilization of the nation's resources is unworthy of his calling.
>
> "But there is still a greater service which the Church can render—a service peculiarly its own. It is spiritual. We shall know sad days when the casualty-lists are cabled across the sea. We shall need religion then.

> "We may see our sense of national mission and our indignation against the brutalities of our enemy developing into hatred of individuals. We shall need religion then.
>
> "We shall have moments of hesitation, doubt, it may be despair, as we think of our sons and brothers trained to kill other people, and see them actually engaged in the work. We shall need religion then.
>
> "We may have moments when we wonder whether God is really at work in his world, and whether the forces of evil have not got the better hand of him. We shall need religion then.
>
> "There will come a time when the world will have to be readjusted and peace be reestablished—a time when our social problems will come to us in unaccustomed struggles and the giving of social justice demand unaccustomed sacrifices. We shall need religion then.

French official photograph.

DECORATED FOR BRAVERY.

A priest attached to the Foreign Legion in France gets a military award amid evident approval.

> "And we need religion now, when our new epoch and our new trials and testings are beginning to shape themselves."

Has the ministry any message for to-day and to-morrow? he asks, questioning if our ministers are "to be leaders or mere markers of time":

> "If the latter, it were a thousand times better that every able-bodied man of them should be drafted and sent to the front in defense of ideals which demand a spiritual basis and enthusiasm to which they have refused to devote themselves.
>
> "It may be urged that such a call to increased labor and sacrifice will lead ministers to work too hard, endanger their health, induce nervous prostration.
>
> "Very well. So be it.
>
> "Only a coward refuses to face tasks that involve death.
>
> "Exemption from military service means a draft into spiritual service, and a real man will be as ready to die from overwork as from an enemy's bullet."

MORE CHAPLAINS NEEDED—Regarded as a spiritual flock, the enlarged army-regiments are seen to be in need of more shepherding. Formerly our regiments of 1,200 men were given the ministrations of one chaplain each; but now that the size of the regiment is changed to 3,600 men, there is seen a need of new legislation to increase the number of chaplains. Steps to this end have already been taken, as *The Christian Century* (Chicago) shows:

> "The Federal Council and the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church have united in a petition to the Government to increase the number of chaplains to the regiment so that one man may not be compelled to exercise spiritual care over more than 1,200 men, which is the limit for any effective service.
>
> "Those who have followed the war-reports from Europe know that the chaplain in Europe is held in the very highest esteem. Some of the finest Christian men are engaged in this service, and they share all the hazards of the private soldier. They are in the trenches helping the wounded and giving consolation to the dying. The service of these men has much to do with the morals and the morale of the Army.
>
> "The new plan would require three chaplains to the regiment. This would work out well, for in round numbers there will be one Catholic chaplain to each two Protestant chaplains, and the men could be divided up in this way and every regiment have spiritual care for the men, according to their religious preferences. Under the old system, many Catholics had no service from a priest and many Protestants might not worship except by attending mass.
>
> "Congress may be led to adopt a short-sighted program of economy with regard to this matter, and ministerial associations all over the country and individuals are urged to bring this matter to the attention of their Congressmen so that at the earliest possible moment there shall be enabling legislation which will provide for the spiritual needs of the enlisted men."

A SALVATION ARMY SKETCH OF RUSSIA'S SOUL—That we know Russia only in a general way and have only a vague understanding of her intimate self will be readily admitted by most American observers; but one notes with surprize that France, Russia's ally, is getting information on the Russian soul from the leader of the Salvation Army. The present informant of the Paris *Journal des Débats* is Mr. Booth Tucker, whom the London *Times* interviewed on his return from Petrograd. He describes the Russians as a charming people and capable of great things, if they only can be guided by leaders of sound morality. The source of all the present trouble is to be traced to the handful of anarchists who were permitted to cross the Eastern frontier when the Imperial Government was overthrown. At once they began to spread broadcast their mad ideas of liberty and absolute license, and Mr. Booth Tucker adds:

> "The Salvation Army Children's Home at Petrograd was besieged by women propagandists who advised and urged the children to pay obedience to no one, neither to their mothers nor to their teachers, and, above all, not to the Salvation Army officers. College students insisted on their right to choose their faculty and to discharge members of it as they pleased. And yet, in spite of all anarchistic propaganda, the good and wholesome natural disposition of the people declared itself in many ways. At a Salvation Army meeting the regular question was asked: 'Who among you desires to begin a new life?' For reply half the number of persons gathered together stood up and walked forward to the place reserved for converts, where they knelt with the simple piety of children."

On another occasion the meeting was made up of members of the Women's Battalion of Death, of which about 1,200 were encamped on the outskirts of the city. The behavior and demeanor of these women, Mr. Booth-Tucker tells us, is beyond reproach. Some of these "handsome and vigorous" amazons are young girls who have run away from home, and he noticed that during the sermon not a few of them wept copiously. On the whole, however, Mr. Booth-Tucker confesses to amazement at the Russian soul which is so easily impelled to one extreme or the other, and says:

> "Incapable of self-government, it needs to be governed. Like the plebeians in Shakespeare's play, who yell at *Brutus* after he has killed *Julius Cæsar* in the cause of liberty: 'Let him be Cæsar!' so the Russians cry at their improvised dictator: 'Let Kerensky be Czar!'"

WAR-TIME RELIGION IN CANADA

NO REVIVAL OF RELIGION is noticeable in Canada as a result of the war. The church services are scarcely better attended than usual, says Dr. William T. Ellis, who has begun with Canada in a tour to observe the results of war upon the spiritual life of the nations engaged. Recruits are not hunting up ministers in order to talk about their souls; and so far as Dr. Ellis was able to learn from conversation with clergymen and church-workers, "there is no special interest in the problem of immortality among the soldiers." They are described as "a debonair lot, and not wearing their hearts upon their sleeves." The effect of war is, however, mainly observable, so Dr. Ellis writes in the Boston *Transcript*, among the left-behinds, especially among the kinsfolk of the dead. We read:

> "The casualty list seems to be the tie that is binding Canada anew to God. For the losses of the war have reached into every community and into every circle. Over and over again I was told that Canada did not catch the real significance of the war until the toll of the dead began to appear in the papers, and to be announced from the pulpits.
>
> "While I was in Winnipeg the National Council of Women was in session. On Sunday afternoon they held a service of intercession in a theater, and I attended it. The occasion was electric. There were no addresses. A program of printed prayers had been provided—prayers for the soldiers and sailors; for the prisoners and wounded and those who care for them; for victory and for a righteous peace; for the harvest and for the women at home. The hymns sung were all prayers. These women were of Canada's best and most progressive. They stood for club life, and for the modern conception of their sex's mission. Yet here they were, fashionably gowned (not a few in mourning garb), engaged in woman's old, old function of praying for the men whom they had sent forth to battle. After witnessing that service, no superficial observer could make me believe that the war has not sent Canada's women and parents to their knees. So I was not surprized to learn of the frequency of special services for intercession in private homes and in local churches.
>
> "When Lady Aikins closed that solemn session of Canada's leading women, she simply said, 'Now we shall pray for our gracious King and for our splendid men.' The crowd arose, the pianist struck a chord, and the first stanza of the national anthem swelled forth. Then there followed, with a fervor that put many handkerchiefs to eyes, another stanza, written since the war began, and now sung all over Canada:
>
> God save our splendid men,
> Send them safe home again;
>   God save our men!
> Keep them victorious, patient, and chivalrous,
> They are so dear to us,
>   God save our men!
>
> "That amendment to 'God Save the King' is one of the most significant side-lights upon the war. It reveals the new and democratic mood of the people who are giving of their best to the great cause. As a commentary upon President Wilson's address of April 2, it needs no words. In all the long years and generations that Britishers have been singing 'God Save the King,' it never occurred to anybody to add a prayer for the men who serve the King. Now it is done instinctively and fervently, with no thought of disloyalty to his Majesty, but only in the natural assumption that the welfare of the soldiers ranks equal with that of the King. All religious services in Canada, at least in the Protestant churches, include the singing of the national anthem; and all, except where the strain is too great upon the mothers, include 'God save our splendid men.' Who can trace all the wonderful ways in which democracy is doing its work in these changeful days?"

In a letter to the New York *Times* Lord Aberdeen suggests the adoption among us of the stanza quoted above as an addition to "America." His version of the Canadian stanza has some variations from the foregoing. Thus:

God bless our splendid men,
Send them safe home again:
    God save our men!
Happy and glorious, dauntless and chivalrous,
Winners of freedom.
    God save our men!'

The new note that has been put into the churches of Canada by the war is described by Dr. Ellis as the "life-and-death interest in the front line of battle in France":

> "The particular occasion I cite was in St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, whose pastor is 'Ralph Connor,' the novelist, now Maj. Charles W. Gordon, chaplain on service. The associate pastor, Rev. Dr. Charles P. Paterson, was officiating. The congregation was large, with an almost total lack of young men.
>
> "Small wonder. For on the 'roll of honor' in front of the pulpit —and every Canadian church now displays such a flag-draped 'roll of honor'—were the names of 264 men of the church who up to the end of the year had enlisted. A revised list would increase the number, as well as the toll of those killed, wounded, and in prison. In front of this particular honor-roll is a picture of a soldier dying on the battle-field, with the crucified Christ beside him in benediction—and that in a Presbyterian Church, with a predominantly Scotch membership!
>
> "One reason why the proportion of enlisted men from the churches is unusually high in Canada is that churchgoing young men, aside from all question of ideals, can not withstand the pressure that comes upon them in these weekly services. I know of one young man, rejected from the Canadian Army because of varicose veins, who refuses to attend church; he can not stand either the appeal of the service or the looks of the congregation, since to them he seems fit for enlistment. No man, be he never so craven, could continue in the fellowship of a Canadian church and in regular attendance without offering himself to the colors."

All sorts of unexpected side-lights upon the intensity and sacredness of the spirit of patriotism, we are told, are to be met with now in Canada:

> "Authorities told me that there are now no volunteers for foreign mission work, because as one mission board secretary put it, 'young men who were volunteers for the missionary war are now where they ought to be, engaged in that other missionary enterprise to which the Allies are devoted.' It was another missionary secretary in Toronto who told me that fourteen of the missionaries in China of his board have left their work in the Orient to don his Majesty's uniform. Most of them act as officers of the detachments of Chinese artizans and laborers who have been brought over for labor behind the lines in France. As men speaking the Chinese language, and acquainted with the ways of the natives, this service is simply invaluable. Other missionaries, and sons of missionaries, have gone directly into the military service.
>
> "Despite the tremendous drain upon the resources of the Canadian churches made by the war, missionary contributions either remain as great as formerly or else have been increased. Evidently the stay-at-home women and older men have deep convictions about the importance of Christian work and institutions in this time of universal change. Likewise, the departure of tens of thousands of church-workers for the front has greatly depleted the ranks of officers and teachers in the local congregations. This, too, is met by an excess of devotion and activity on the part of those left behind. Even the enlistment of many clergymen as chaplains and officers meets with nothing but approval from the people.
>
> "While I found no signs of what is conventionally called a revival in the Canadian churches, there is undoubtedly manifest such a spirit of deep purpose and loyalty that it is a new vitalizing force in the religious life of the Empire. The war is a spiritual experience for Canada. Whether the organized Christian Church is equal to the unprecedented task of capitalizing this fervor and exaltation and resolute purpose, after the soldiers return, only time can tell. For one thing is sure, neither the nation nor the Church will ever again be the same after this transforming experience."

CURRENT - POETRY

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's war-poems have not been especially convincing, and in most of his numerous long narrative poems the influence of Masefield has been rather too apparent. But occasionally we find in his work a refreshing good-naturedness and a fantastic humor. These qualities in "Mabel" justify our quotation of it from his "Collected Poems" (Macmillan).

MABEL

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

When Nigger Dick and Hell-for-Women slouched
Into the tap-room of the "Duck and De'il,"
The three Dalmatian pups slunk in at heel
And down among the slushy sawdust crouched;
But Mabel would not leave the windy street
For any gaudy tavern's reek and heat—
Not she! for Mabel was no spotted dog
To crawl among the steaming muddy feet
Beneath a bench, and slumber like a log.

And so she set her hoofs, and stayed outside,
Tho Hell-for-Women pushed the swing-door wide,
And "Mabel, darling! Mabel, darling!" cried,
And Nigger Dick thrust out his head and curst
Until his tongue burned with so hot a thirst,
He turned and swore that he'd not split his throat
To save the soul of any giddy goat.

And then they left her, stubborn, wild, and white,
Snuffing the wet air of the windy night;
And as she stood beneath a cold blue star
That pierced the narrow strip of midnight sky
Between the sleeping houses black and high,
The glare and glitter of the reeking bar,
And all the filth and squalor of the street,
Were blotted out . . .
And she was lost between
The beetling crags of some deep, dark ravine,
In Andalusian solitudes of stone,
A trembling, young, bewildered nanny-goat
Within the cold blue heart of night alone . . .
Until her ears pricked, tingling to a bleat,
As, far above her, on a naked scar,
The dews of morning dripping from his beard,
Rejoicing in his strength the herd-king reared,
Shaking the darkness from his shaggy coat.

Here, by way of contrast, is a poem glowing with that spirituality which is often found in association with the war's tragedies. We find it in "The Heavenly Tavern, and Other Poems" (London, Erskine Macdonald). It is irresistibly convincing; no reader can doubt that the poet speaks from his heart.

THE LAST EUCHARIST

By Harold Hastings

Here, in the No Man's Land and in the dark,
By evil chance hard hit, dying alone,
I lie, and the pain shifts from limb to limb.
Pain o' the body, durable enough; . . .
But now that pain merges itself at last
In one great longing for some human voice
'Mid this inhuman din of warfare loud;
Some human voice, symbol of lasting bond
That joins me close to every human soul,
And drives this loneliness away from me. . . .
Now through the darkness and the pain a Voice—
"Ye are My Body closely joined to Me
And to each other; and in yonder world
Banished be loneliness and dreadful fear
Of solitude. Feed on My presence now."
And at the word I stretch my wounded hand
Unthinkingly, it seems; and there beneath
My fingers feel the three short blades of grass. . . .
May this Thy Body be, and this Thy Blood. . . .
There on my tongue my sacrament lies safe.
So, God, thy presence comes; and, tho I die,
I do not die alone. Rushingly comes
The sound of myriad voices in mine ear
Like falling water; and my place awaits
Me there. So as I chew the blades of grass
I know that all is well, and my small soul
Goes, companied with many greater souls,
To where, as at some heavenly tavern fair,
I greet my friends. . . .
I thank Thee for Thy blades of grass!
My Eucharist to me in loneliness.

Here is a poem that deals with a highly important and little-sung phase of the soldier's life—duty—which is behind obedience and courage and the other military virtues. We quote the London *Poetry Review*.

DUTY

By Sir Ronald Ross

But not what now befalls
For us to ask or say;
The Iron Angel calls
And we must but obey.

Not now to judge, the time—
Not now to lay the blame;
Be whosesoe'er the crime,
But not for us, the shame.

For in that clarion call,
A new faith rings out clear—
We have no rights at all,
But only duty here.

Lo, high in heav'n the brands
Break through the cloudy bars;
The Iron Angel stands
Among the flying stars;

The Angel Duty blows
His iron trump in heaven;
Like flakes of flying snows,
The fleeing stars are driven.

Then silence, and the sound
As when a world in pain
Is whelm'd in death and drown'd,
And only stars remain.

But, guiltless of the sin,
Not we who dread to die.
We have no fear, for in
Our heart there is no lie.

Our wives and children fade,
Our homes fall far away;
The little gods we made
Are broken in a day;

Under the granite arch
Of Duty, spann'd above,
Out of ourself we march,
Away from life and love.

. . . .

Spirit, perchance who dwellest
Beyond the mists of thought,
With one dread hand Thou quellest
The joy the other brought.

Press out as from a sponge
From every heart its hope,
Lest we should shrink the plunge
That shrieks beneath the slope.

Under the arch of doom
We go with stedfast breath—
Down through the gates of gloom
Into the caverns of death.

Mr. Witter Bynner's "Grenstone Poems" (The Macmillan Company) is a delight from cover to cover; it is a volume overflowing with lyric beauty. Pure and strong passion, a keen sense of melody, epigrammatic deftness of phrase—these are among Mr. Bynner's gifts. Here is a sample of his exquisite art.

A SHEPHERD OF STARS

By Witter Bynner

Yesterday
I could say—

Stars are my sheep. Nobody clips
Gain of my shepherding.
The air comes cool upon my lips
Like water from a spring,
And out I stretch my finger-tips
And count my flock and sing:

"Come graze beside me on my hill,
You little starry sheep—
Gather and eat your silver fill
And call me out of sleep
To trace you by your silver trill,
To fold you in my keep."

Except myself, nobody cares
How many I shall bring—
Save Celia. And no other dares
To steal them while I sing . . .
Yet toward a world of common wares
The wind is beckoning:

"O, come and leave your silly sheep
That wander up and down,
That can not even earn their keep,
O, come to town, to town!
A countryman is counted cheap,
A shepherd is a clown!"

Stars are my sheep. Nobody knows
How often in the fold
I enter with them when it snows
And can not feel the cold—
And yet it seems a wise man goes
Where wool and meat are sold.

And to-day
I must say—

"O starry sheep, good-by, good-by—
Your shepherd goes to town!
But never one of you shall die
To clothe and feed the clown—
For you shall keep my hill, while I
Shall wander up and down."

And here is a lovely little study of homesickness and man's mutability. A. E. Housman is in our time the only other poet so masterfully simple.

A GRENSTONE ELM

By Witter Bynner

When I watched an elm, a Grenstone tree,
Curtain a star to bed,
I thought of the swinging stars at sea—
Wished I were there instead.

But now when I watch the open dome
Of the big and lonely sea,
And think of the Grenstone elm at home,
Home's the place for me!

The Most Wonderful Shoe-Sole In the World—Neōlin

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE children skipped into the room and their mother followed. There was no thumping though you could hear the soft patter of the little foot-steps. Their father looked up enquiringly while mother laughed.

"Our new shoe soles," she announced. Father was interested.

"Some new kind of leather?" he asked. Mother shook her head.

"Rubber then?" Mother shook again. "Different from leather, different from rubber—and with qualities possessed by neither," quoted she triumphantly.

Father looked more perplexed than ever.

"They are Neōlin Soles," mother proclaimed. She was full of the subject now. She lifted a sole on her pretty new shoes. It resembled leather. Then she flexed her foot. "Comfortable—and pliant as the human sole itself," she smilingly announced.

Father became enquiring.

"But how do they wear?" he asked suspiciously—for he'd worn leather soles for a lifetime, and habit is strong.

"Twice as long as ordinary leather," mother smiled—"And waterproof into the bargain."

* * *

That was the introduction of Neōlin Soles into this little family. What is the end of that story? Just what it is in millions of similar homes.

Here are a father and mother, striving against pitilessly rising prices, with an income that does not grow.

And then on some one, ever-memorable shopping day—Neōlin Soles! Where they'd paid more for quickly-wearing shoes, they now paid less for longer-wearing shoes. As for what waterproof Neōlin saved them all in colds and doctors' bills, it would be difficult to say!

This is the end of our little story.

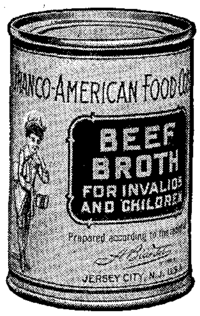
* * *

Mark that mark; stamp it on your memory: **Neōlin**—
the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Neōlin Soles

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better than Leather



First aides to the physician

Help the doctor!

Give him the most efficient co-operation. When he orders meat broths for the patient, see to it that they are exactly what is required. The one sure way is to give Franco-American Broths, for their purity and quality are absolutely uniform.

Franco-American Broths
(*Sterilized*)
for Invalids and Children

Meat broths made at home vary in quality, in strength, in seasoning. Frequently they are made from inferior meats and are not cooked scientifically to obtain the maximum strength. Franco-American Broths are made from the choicest lean meats, slowly cooked to extract the full benefit of the nutritive juices, clarified to a beautiful purity. They are appetizing, stimulating to a weakened digestive system, splendidly convenient.

Beef Chicken Mutton

May be taken hot or cold
Require no preparation
Sold by leading grocers

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HEALTH IN PURE SOUP

Makers of
FRANCO-AMERICAN SOUPS

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. *Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addrest to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

CHINA'S GREATEST MODERN MAN

Bland, J. O. P. Li Hung Chang. Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Basil Williams. Pp. 327. New York; Henry Holt & Company. 1917. $2 net. Postage, 12 cents.

The outstanding figure in China, for almost forty years, was Li Hung Chang. His biography is properly included among "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." His character, as here portrayed, was progressive, puzzling, paradoxical. Given early and clear vision that his country's traditions must be overcome by the new developments of civilization and science, he held loyally by the spirit of those traditions, and with unbroken zeal supported the throne which by those traditions was upheld. Possest of high moral courage, he grew rich through low standards in civic and commercial relations. Honored by his Imperial Government as no other mandarin ever was, he was also degraded by it, and in frequent peril of execution. Always jealous of the foreigner, he often surrounded himself with "outside barbarians"—best known of these being "Chinese Gordon"—and at seventy-three years of age made a tour of Europe and America more spectacular than was ever before undertaken, with a large retinue and a magnificent coffin to challenge the world's comment. An American, Hon. John W. Foster, became his chief adviser throughout one prolonged set of treaty negotiations. Mr. Foster's opinion is thus recorded:

> "Li Hung Chang was not only the greatest man the Chinese race has produced in modern times, but, in combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world. He was distinguished as a man of letters; as a soldier in important campaigns he rendered valuable services to his country; as a statesman for thirty years he maintained a recognized preeminence over his countrymen in the oldest and most populous nation of the earth; and as a diplomat his achievements entitle him to a front rank in the international relations of all history."

But after quoting this opinion, from certain "Memoirs" published in 1913, with the Imperial Government's consent, Mr. Bland gives another quotation from the editor of those "Memoirs," which is not so complimentary, tho contradictory. Admitting his great power, it says that Li Hung Chang "was wanting in the Christian or Confucian standard of morality, yet he preserved a certain rugged integrity of purpose. Again, "he was a conservative and adhered to the customs and superstitions of antiquity, yet a progressive, introducing enlightenment and reform." He profest to see the danger of the opium curse, but "was still one of the greatest poppy-growers in the land." He "united the traits of cordial philanthropy and heartless cruelty, of truthfulness and mendacity."

Li Hung Chang was born in 1823, was a brilliant student, and passed a notable examination at school, being third among 4,000 metropolitan graduates when twenty-four years old. "He could recite whole volumes of the classics, backward or forward," curiously says this biographer, "and indite endless essays, in prose and verse, on any and every subject." Soon, however, he substituted the sword for the pen. It was in the Taiping Rebellion that he found his great opportunity. From the Hanlin, or college of preeminent scholars, he became a defender of the dynasty and a leader of those who fought against its enemies. In 1862, while engaged in efforts to suppress this rebellion, he was made Governor of Kiangsu, two years later the rebellion ended; and six years afterward Li Hung Chang was made Viceroy of Chihli, which high place he held from 1870 until 1894. "For forty years," Mr. Bland tells us, covering all this viceroyalty and more,

> "He labored with untiring energy to provide a *modus vivendi* between China and the outside world, boldly declaring to unwilling hearers the causes and results of China's defenseless state; but never, during all these years, did he attempt, either by precept or example, to stem the chief source of her weakness, the deep-rooted dishonesty of the mandarin class."

In 1894 war came between China and Japan; the Imperial forces were defeated; and Li Hung Chang lost his yellow jacket, the purple bridle, and other honors, as a result. Even then he did not lose his power, altho removed from the viceroyalty. The year after he negotiated the important treaty of Shimonoseki; and in 1896 he was made envoy to the Czar's coronation, from which he visited European capitals and the United States. Later he served as viceroy at Canton; and when came the Boxer rising her Majesty Tzu Hsi, still true to her early faith in him, recalled him to his old post as Viceroy of Chihli, "there being urgent need of a diplomat versed in foreign affairs." "Li was an old man, and tired," we are told; "he was suffering severely from the illness which ended his life in the following year. Yet never for a moment did it occur to him to decline the dangerous and disagreeable task assigned to him." He was still loyal to the Throne. He remained so until he died. in November, 1901,

> "Bearing the brunt of his country's affliction and mistakes—a pathetic but very dignified figure, manfully striving to save something from the wreck of Tzu Hsi's fortunes, to abate something of the vengeful demands of the Powers. He died as he had lived, in the forefront of the battle, wearing his heavy harness with indomitable courage. . . . Even on his death-bed he fought on, resisting Russia's claims that he should pay her price of 'friendship' by signing away the Manchurian provinces. Finally, having made an honorable peace for her Majesty and prepared the way for her return to Peking and power, he died, regretting only that he could not live to see the old Buddha once again."

LABOR CONDITIONS IN OUR INDUSTRIES

Lauck, W. Jett and Sydenstricker, Edgar. Conditions of Labor in American Industries. Pp. 403. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.75 net. Postage, 15 cents.

Wages, and their adequacy or inadequacy; working hours, and how these affect the work done; sanitary appointments, and how the product of labor is affected thereby; irregularity of employment, unemployment, and how these conditions bear upon the economies of business—these and other matters are treated in extensive detail in this volume, with no purpose to put forth a propaganda, but for the information of employers and the employed.

Messrs. Lauck and Sydenstricker have been close students of industrial figures and facts. The former was coauthor with Jeremiah W. Jenks of "The Immigration Problem." The latter has done much similar work as an expert investigator for the Federal Commission and the Commission on Federal Relations. They have produced here a compact collection of the results of many investigations and studies of those conditions under which the American wage-earner and his family must live. These results are stated, so far as possible, in comparable terms, but conclusions have been rather suggested than declared. Perhaps the most positive conclusion reached is that which closes the book's last paragraph, as follows:

> "To state it conservatively, the effect of the increased cost of living has been to nullify, in large measure, the advantages gained by wage-increases and by sacrifices made by the wives and children of workingmen in entering industrial employment."

An immense array of facts is presented in these pages with regard to labor and wages, laborers and their earnings, etc. No reflective business man, no thoughtful workingman, no social worker, no trade-unionist, no student of industrial problems, can study the situation here revealed without realizing how fundamental to our national life these facts must be, and how thoroughly they deserve consideration. Their influence is felt along all lines of human activity, in every community where labor serves and must be fed, in every calling which engages the effort of workers.

There is much food for comfort and encouragement in the facts here shown, despite the grave concern that they may cause. Employers and employed have come to a better understanding of each other; the health of laborers is better conserved than formerly; welfare work increases in extent and effect. Scientific management makes for the specialization of service; and efficiency has become a common watchword of business, to insure which there must be greater regard for the surroundings of labor and for the laborer's own conservation. Such a compilation of figures and facts as this volume provides can not fail to help on the general good of society, if it be widely consulted and considered.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Putnam, George R. Lighthouses and Lightships of the United States. Illustrated. Pp. 310. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2. Postage, 14 cents.

Necessarily this book is full of technical details and statistics, but it is a comprehensive and interesting account of one of the most necessary departments of the Government—the humanitarian work of the nation—affording safety and protection to our own and visiting navigators.

It was in 1852 that a board was appointed which administered the lighthouse work for fifty-eight years; then July 1, 1910, there was substituted a simple bureau form of organization with its different divisions, and the service divided into nineteen lighthouse districts, each in charge of an inspector.

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Denver, 450-456 Gas and Electric building

Detroit, 400 Majestic building
Fall River, 29 Bedford street
Hartford, 64 Pearl street
Houston, 708 Main Street
Indianapolis, Fletcher American Bank building
Kansas City, 215 Ozark building
Milwaukee, 620 Caswell block
Minneapolis, 428 Second avenue, South
New Orleans, 512 Camp street
Pittsburgh, 637-639 Oliver building

Providence, 79 Westminster street
Richmond, 1219 Mutual building
St. Louis, 618-621 Boatmen's Bank building
St. Paul, 116 Endicott arcade
Scranton, 408 Connell building
Springfield, Whitney building
Syracuse, 405 Dillaye building
Toledo, 551 Spitzer building
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Material gifts cost *labor* and *goods.*

Every Thrift Bond sold this Christmas means $10 worth of goods and labor *saved.*

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lighthouses and other aids to navigation is engrossing and edifying, a department calling for the best efforts of engineers, of naval construction, of thorough inspection, and perfect clerical supervision; and the maintenance cost of the entire service is close to $5,000,000.

Pictures and complete descriptions are given of famous and less-known lights, the changes made, and the dramatic episodes connected with the keepers' lives. The reader will be astonished at the scope of the department and the various devices used in the work, which includes coast-line, harbors, rivers, and lakes, and also at the small salaries paid. In 1916 there were 92 persons over 70 years old employed and 24 who had served over 40 years.

"Nothing indicates the liberality, prosperity, or intelligence of a nation more clearly than the facilities which it affords for the safe approach of the mariners to its shores," and we are proud that America assumes that expense without levying on visitors.

D'Olivet, Fabre. The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. Explained and translated into French and preceded by a discourse upon the Essence and Form of Poetry among the Principal Peoples of the Earth. Done into English by Nayán Louise Redfield. 8vo, vii-278 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net. Postage, 16 cents.

D'Olivet, member of the Neo-Pythagorean order of mystics or theosophists, lived between the years 1768 and 1825. The translation and examination of the "Golden Verses" appeared first in 1813, while the "Essence and Form of Poetry" is a noted essay in which the author set forth the style he used in translating the verses which formed his basis and theme, reviewing at the same time the history of poetry among the nations. Seventy-one lines of Greek poetry, called the "Golden Verses" (*i.e.*, verses without defect or blemish), were ascribed to Pythagoras much in the same way as the Pentateuch is to Moses, but were written really by Lysis, a pupil of Pythagoras. The object of their composition was to formulate for the Pythagoreans "the master's basis of morals and principal rules of conduct of life in the persecution which assailed his disciples." The Pythagoreans were expected to read or recite the Verses morning and evening. The Examination constitutes an exegetical commentary on the Verses, and from this shows the "metaphysical correlation of Providence, Destiny, and the Will of Man." In the present volume the translator has given first the essay on poetry; then the Greek text of the Verses, the French translation of them, and a worthy rendering into English, and, finally, the Examination or Explanation. While there is much (especially in the essay and to a less degree in the comment) that is now antiquated, those who are interested in the Pythagorean mysteries, and in the early formulation of rules of conduct, which (like these) attained a high standard of excellence, will find here worthy material. The work of Miss Redfield in translating bears all the marks of a labor of love.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare. From the Quarto of 1609, with variorum readings and commentary. Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden. Cloth, pp. xix-542. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6 net. Postage, 18 cents.

"Scorn not the Sonnet," wrote Wordsworth, "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." Such is the estimate of one poet of another's mystery. Yet critics, tho scorning not, hesitate somewhat to grant that it is Shakespeare himself that is revealed in these many lines, now passionate, now gentle, now firm and somber, now fanciful and smiling. The critical art has so developed that wielding a line seized here, a phrase snatched there, school belabors school in behalf of its pet theory of the identity of the "sole begetter of these sonnets," the beloved youth, the "Dark Lady," the rival poet, and the actual facts of the *amours* of "W. S." The virtue of Mr. R. M. Alden, the editor of this splendid variorum edition of the Sonnets, is that he has been convinced by no school of critics and, while holding that the weight of evidence and debate point to the "great body of them as having to do with real friends and experiences of the poet," finds that the criticism of the years offers no satisfactory results in the way of biographic identifications. He is thus able the more freely and impartially to set before us the comments of students and lovers of Shakespeare. In appearance, form, content, and quality his volume does for the Sonnets what the "New Variorum" did for the plays. With it the serious student of the Sonnets should begin. The text of 1609 is used as the basis, collated with all the later editions in which editorial suggestion seemed fresh and significant. In the fascinating commentary will be found almost the entire body of interpretative comment fully represented with perhaps a just discrimination against the mystical type. The capacious appendix has a generous section of general criticism followed by more technical discussion of the texts, arrangement, and date of composition, of sources and analogs, of the identification of persons, and a list of musical settings. A complete bibliography and three indexes conclude the book. Is any gem worth so elaborate a setting? Assuredly. For Wordsworth was indeed right. Shakespeare's heart is here.

Warne, Frank Julian (A.M., Ph.D.). The Tide of Immigration. Pp. 388. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net. Postage, 12 cents.

On the very last page of this work, preceding its twenty-six pages of Index, appears a quotation which may fairly stand as embodying the book's motive—"The introduction of a vast number of aliens tends to prevent our progress toward real democracy." This quotation is from a speech in Congress by William Kent, of California, debating the Immigration Bill before the House of Representatives. Other quotations could be made, in Mr. Warne's own words, indicating how the flood of aliens into this country may militate against national welfare, and why the "traditional policy of unrestricted immigration" should be changed. "Our problem to-day," he says, "is not a question of consistency in following out a traditional national policy in regard to immigration, but one of application of intelligence to the same economic phenomenon operating under entirely different conditions."

Early chapters are devoted to showing how immense has become the immigration into our land, and what are the moving influences back of it. "Sentimentalism," urges this author, "must not be permitted to blind us to the economics of the problem." On an earlier page he declares: "Neither the desire for freedom of conscience in religious matters, nor the longing for civil and political liberty, nor the ambition to secure educational

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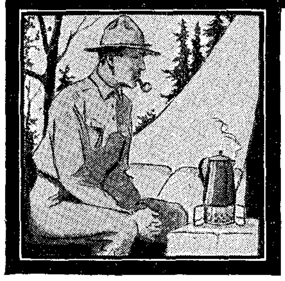
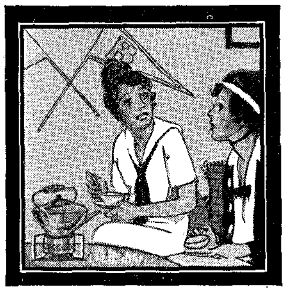
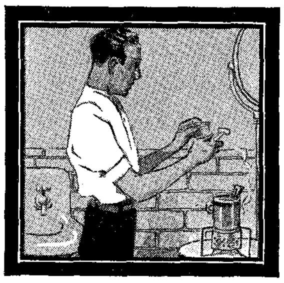
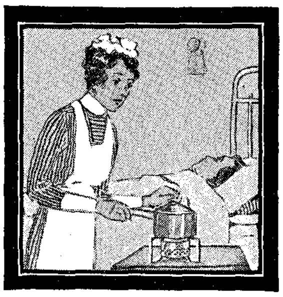

1 Cube: tea or coffee; heats can of soup, beans, etc.


2 Cubes: Welsh rarebit; chafing-dish cooking; coffee percolator


½ Cube heats shaving water; curling-iron (without soot).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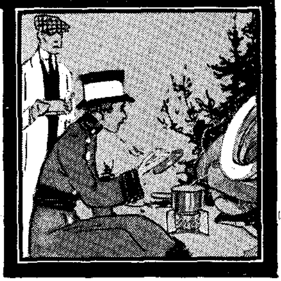
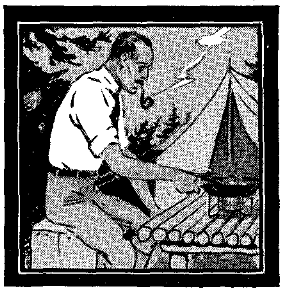
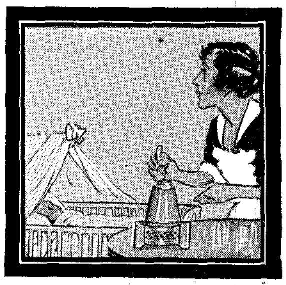

2 Cubes cook the roadside lunch; creamed chicken; fried steak.


2 Cubes will fry ham and eggs; make pancakes; fry fish.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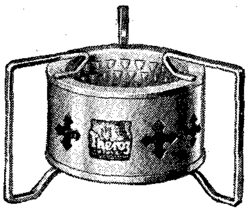
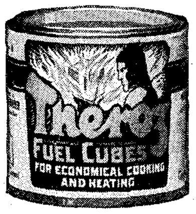

Theroz Blue Flame Stove, 25c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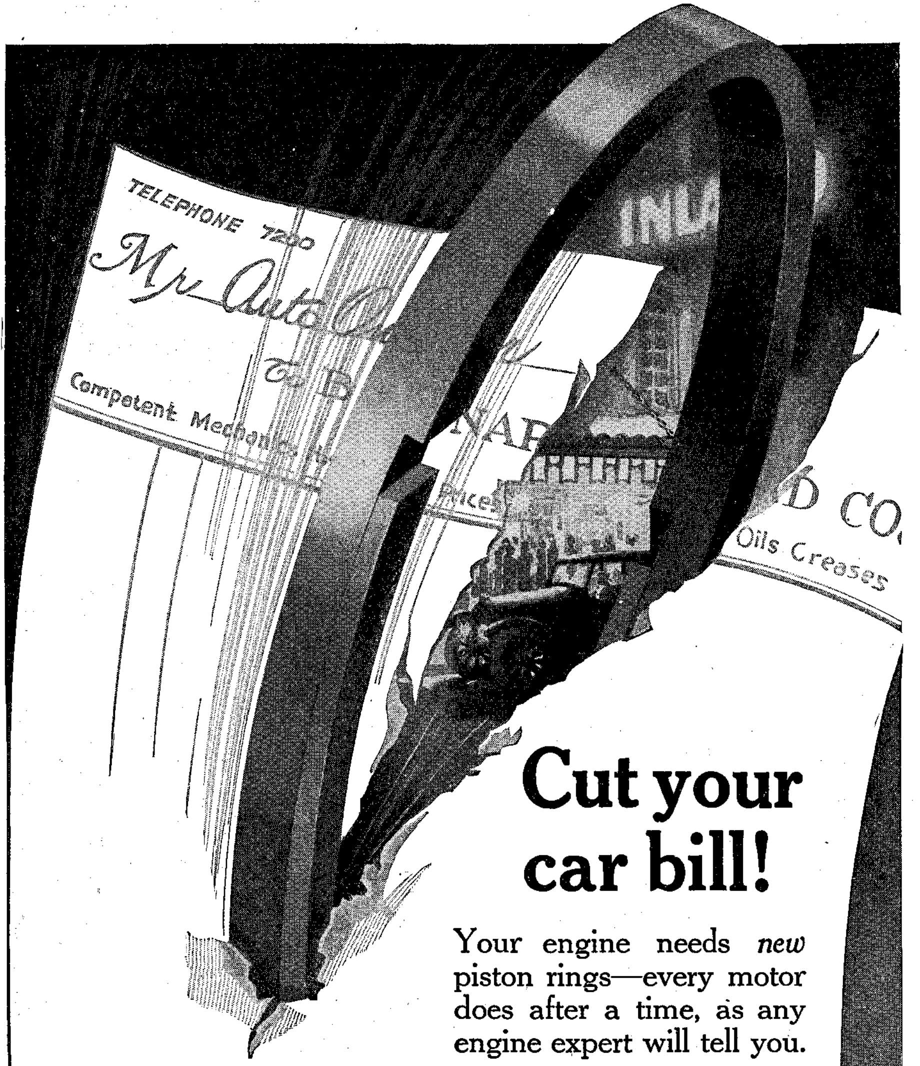

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Waste is probably going on in *your* engine without your realizing it. Every stroke of your motor likely costs you *money* now from which you get *no returns* in power or mileage—because of leaky piston rings.

Inlands in your engine will *stop all* piston ring leakage and give you much more power and mileage on less fuel. The Inland is absolutely gas-tight because the Spiral Cut eliminates the gap that is in ordinary rings. The spiral also causes the ring to expand in a perfect circle, making continuous contact against the cylinder wall. This Spiral principle is *patented*—neither its construction nor its *advantages* can be duplicated in *any* other rings. It produces a gas-tight ring in one piece—which makes it low priced, saving $5 to $10 per set over any other type of gas-tight ring. It means equal width and thickness all around—therefore greatest strength and durability.

A small investment in Inlands will revolutionize the running of your motor. See your garage man about this today. Write for free booklet.

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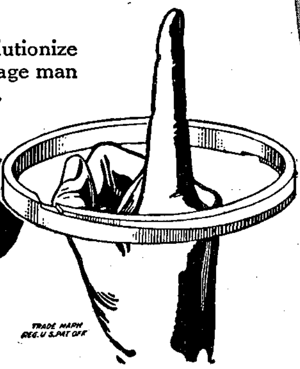
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advantages—none of these are uppermost as primary causes giving to us the great body of immigrants of the present day." This body, large enough, now, to form six cities the size of Chicago, came here chiefly for selfish advantage, or the gain of steamship companies and immigration agents. In Mr. Warne's view it is mainly responsible for the lowering of labor's wages through a leveling down of the standard of living. Out of alien selfishness and commercial greed, as he argues, has grown a condition which he believes must be changed for our national good if not for national safety.

Many other works on the subject are freely quoted from to substantiate the conclusions here given, among these "The Problem of Immigration," by Messrs. Jenks and Lauck, rather carelessly entitled "The Immigrant Problem." By these and other authors Mr. Warne is well backed in his statement "that the volume of immigration alone has become a menace in recent years and has fast outstript our assimilative powers." Will "the Hyphen" element in the late Presidential campaign serve to fix the attention of country and Congress upon this question and compel greater attention to limitations and a literacy test?

Carr, J. Comyns. The Ideals of Painting. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2. Postage, 16 cents.

The purpose of the author of this volume is to assist students who desire to obtain a general view of painting from the time of Giotto to the present day, to compare and contrast spiritual ideals that have been pursued and perfected in the work of separate schools, laboring under the dominating impulse supplied by individual genius. No attempt has been made to examine or to discuss the purely technical problems of the painter's craft, except in so far as distinctive qualities of style are to be regarded as direct outcomes of the imaginative conception which the artist has sought to embody in his work.

Green, Mary. Better Meals for Less Money. Pp. 295. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net. Postage, 12 cents.

Not intended as a complete guide to cookery, this new book, so admirable in form and contents, presupposes an elementary knowledge of the care and preparation of food, and imparts much knowledge that is not elementary. A good proportion of its 701 recipes are intended to aid economy in the use of meat, butter, and eggs, and to make easy a variety of diet curtailing cost and satisfying physical demands. Tables of temperature, of caloric values, of normal weights for men and women, and a list of Government publications on foods and cooking precede a complete Index. It is a good book for any home at any time, and good for every home at this time.

Mundy, Talbot. King of the Khyber Rifles. A Romance of Adventure. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.35 net. Postage, 12 cents.

The beginning of the war with Turkey and a *jahad* looming up; unrest in "the hills" north of the Khaibar Pass; a Roman warrior and a Greek maid, dead but perfectly preserved, of surpassing beauty, lying for two thousand years in a mountain up the pass that is honeycombed with caves and passages; a mysterious Indian princess who might be, and perhaps thinks she is, the Greek maid reincarnated; a British army-officer who duplicates the Roman in appearance but is in the Indian secret service, with whom the princess falls in love, and a gazing crystal to fire the imagination or induce suggestion; here stage, fittings, and *personæ dramatis* supply ample material for a rousing story. Add to this a mad mollah bent on a *jahad* for personal ends; thousands of restless, crime-steeped Afghans; the chief of India's secret service with a knowledge of India's danger; aptness for intrigue in the princess with designs on the whole Indian Empire, and determination of the secret-service officer to foil the intrigue—surely no novelist need ask more with which to weave a charm to banish sleep till the tale was finished. Readers who know "Kim" and liked the portrayal of the secret-service work there will at once take kindly to this new novel. Those whose taste runs to tales of the Orient will find their appetite whetted and keen to the end. It is a stirring story, without a dull page. One who knows and loves the East and its quality of inscrutability will find that the narrative transcends little that there is probable and nothing that is possible. The illustrations, by Joseph Clement Coll, admirably fit the story in atmosphere, mystery, and elusiveness.

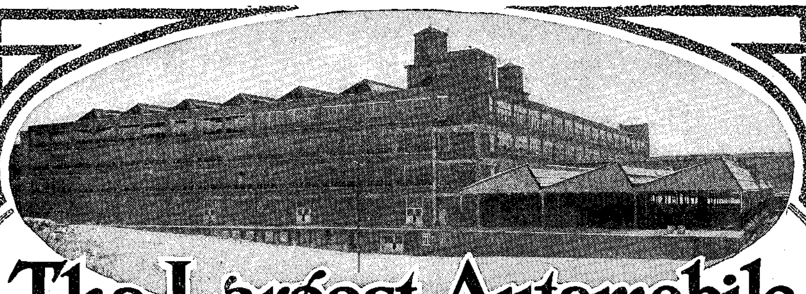
Sears, Charles Hatch Edward Judson, Interpreter of God. Illustrated. Cloth, pp. 150. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. $1 net. Postage, 12 cents.

The remembrance of Edward Judson those who were so fortunate as to know the charm of his personality will not willingly let die. One of that large company of his friends, the Rev. Charles H. Sears, has sketched *con amore* the events and the motives of Dr. Judson's public life. Against the background of his childhood in Burma, his orphaned boyhood in America, and his life as student and teacher and pastor of a prosperous suburban church, stands out his heroic venture in founding an institutional church in down-town New York. Like his great father, Adoniram Judson, he had the spirit of the pioneer, and his was one of the first expressions of the social ministry of the modern city church for all sorts and conditions of men. In it he set an ideal for hundreds of young ministers, who while they are seeking to follow his method and spirit in their own lines of service will find added inspiration in reading Dr. Sears's sympathetic portrayal of his unselfish life.

Wägner, W. (Dr.) Osgard and the Gods. The Tales and Traditions of Our Northern Ancestors. Forming a Complete Manual of Norse Mythology. Adapted from Dr. Wägner's work by M. W. Macdowall and edited by W. S. Anson. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. xvi-326. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net. Postage, 14 cents.

Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages. (By the same hands and publishers.) Pp. 488. $2 net. Postage, 14 cents.

No more interesting body of mythology exists than that of the Norse peoples. And the literature which embodies this mythology has an attractiveness quite rare in ethnic folk-lore and legend. The arrangement given in this volume is not new—the present is a reprint of the edition first published in 1880 and again in 1882. But the digest of Dr. Wägner's original work is so excellent that for the new generation there is probably nothing better. Chantepie de la Saussaye's volume in the "History of Religions" series is perhaps more scientific—it certainly is less attractive in literary form. But scientific relationships in linguistics and ethnology were not neglected by Dr. Wägner. The recent renascence (in literature at the hands of Nietzsche, and in conception and action by the war party in Germany) of the idea



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Overland building 45. Mills, Rhines, Bellman & Nordhoff, Architects. Pond Continuous Sash in sawtooth. Lupton Counterbalanced Sash in windows.

With a site already surrounded by other buildings, and land values rising, expansion upward seemed more practical to the Willys-Overland Company than relocation.

Yet air and light were essential everywhere for the intensive and accurate workmanship required. With a floor area exceeding 100 acres and a capacity of more than 1,000 cars a day, no means of securing them could be overlooked.

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These methods are described and illustrated, with many from other famous factories, in our booklet, "Air, Light, and Efficiency," sent free on request.

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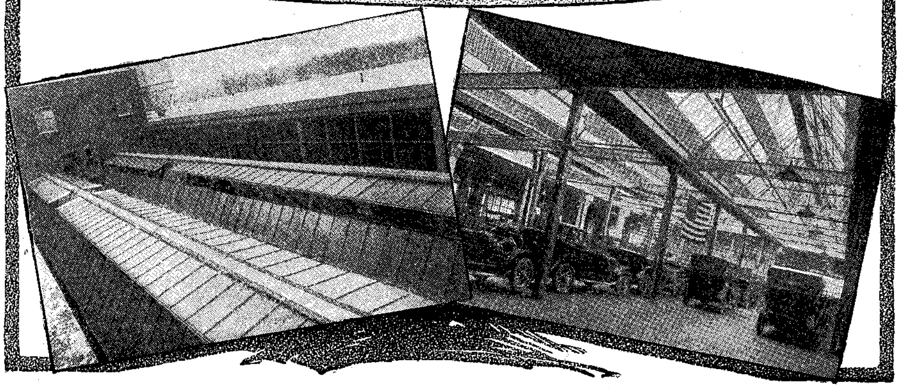

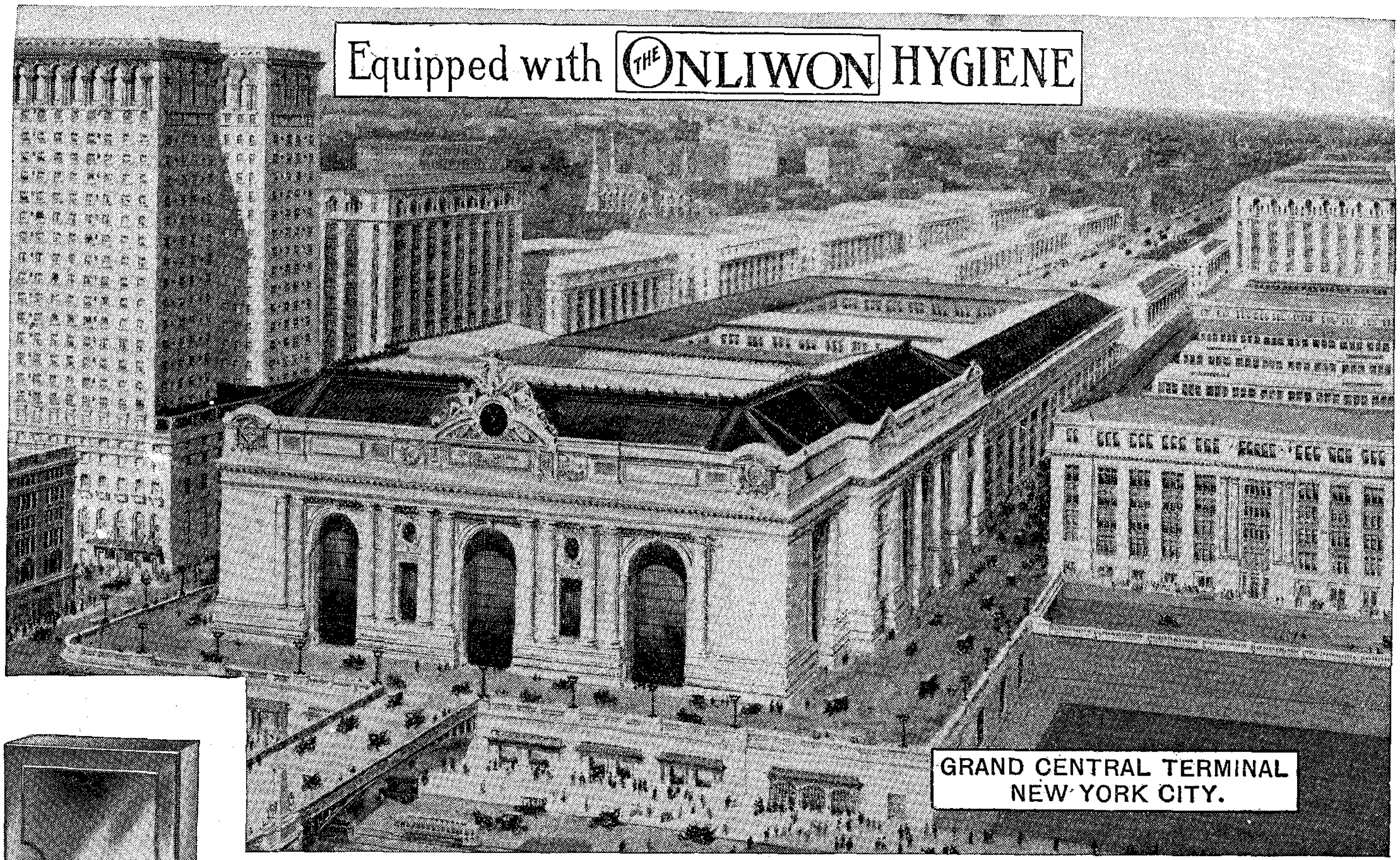

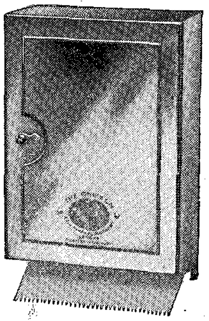

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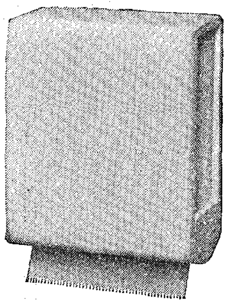

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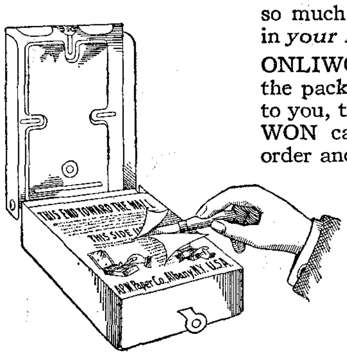

THIS END TOWARD THE WALL
THIS SIDE UP
A.P.W. Paper Co. Albany N.Y. U.S.A.

INSERTING PACKAGE

A. P. W. PAPER COMPANY
Dept. 12, Albany, N. Y.
Makers of ONLIWON Paper Towels and ONLIWON Towel Cabinets

of Odin the war-god makes the present issue peculiarly timely. The seeker after the background of many superstitions yet current, the speaker who would draw illustrations of virtues and vices and their rewards and penalties, as well as the investigator of Teuton frenzy, will find here much to their liking. The reproduction is welcome.

The other volume is necessarily more varied. It digests (Part I) the Langobardian Legends, the Story of the Amelungs, and of Dietrich of Bern; (Part II) The Nibelung Hero and Woe, the Hegeling Legend and Beowulf; and (Part III) the Carolingian Legends, the Arthurian and Grail cycles, and Tannhäuser. These, however, even when the origin is foreign to the Teutons, are given rather in the Teutonic form. So that both volumes here named the Simon-pure Teutonic cast. Indeed the Wagner form is followed, so far as his operas permit, and not the folk-lore cast of the story. German ideas have for two generations so permeated the thought of western literature that a claim to education almost necessitates knowledge of the subjects here treated. Those who can lay aside the now almost instinctive repugnance to things Teutonic will find in these two volumes handy manuals and books of reference. It is a pity that the paper is so unprepossessing. One may speak of this as about the only blemish.

Merton, Holmes W. How to Choose the Right Vocation. Vocational Self-Measurement Based Upon Natural Abilities. Pp. 302. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.50 net. Postage, 12 cents.

Here, certainly, is an unusual book. It is based upon a common idea—that every person can do best the thing for which he or she is best adapted, naturally. But the question always has been—How can such fitness be determined? The old haphazard way of drifting into one's place will not achieve satisfaction in many cases, and may lead often to failure when success could have been otherwise assured. The demand for efficiency can be met only by some better method.

More than 1,400 vocations are named in this volume, which presents an extended analysis of the abilities required especially in each of these; and self-measurement suggestions are made which enable any one to choose rationally the line of effort that may with greatest promise be pursued. Abilities are classified as dominant, essential, and supporting, and these are fairly illustrated, for instance, in the work of a painter, who must have "color" not only as the dominant ability, but "Form" as the essential, and "Imagination" as the supporting. A writer of fiction, on the other hand, would require "Language" as his dominant ability, and "Imagination" as the essential, with "Memory" perhaps as the supporting ability.

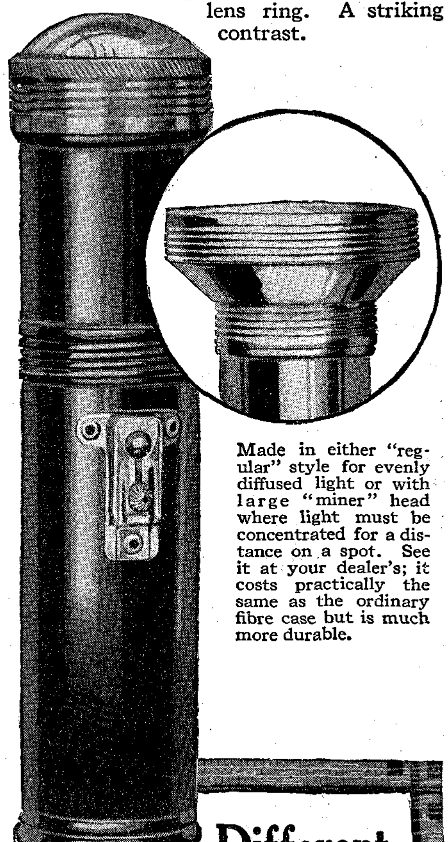
Deterrents and deficiencies are pointed out, also, and the chapters on "Personal Characteristics" can not fail to benefit every reader with their broad suggestiveness. Many of the questions in these chapters are searching, and likely to lay bare tendencies which need correction; and yet the purpose of the book is not to reform, but to form,—to help in starting the reader along the right road to easiest achievement and the highest. It is an educational volume of the self-educational kind, sure to profit one if studied in a receptive mood, with the wish to avoid all possibility of being a misfit in life.

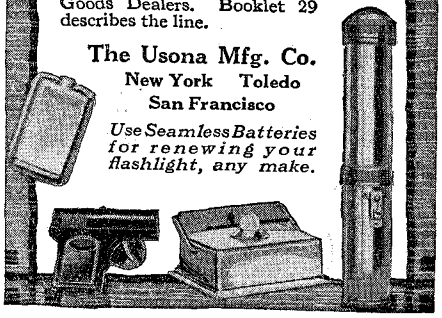
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

PRACTISE SPIN IN A "TIN FISH"

IT may lack thrill to go through the motions of an attack on an enemy ship in a submarine when the enemy ship is one of your own fleet and the torpedo is a soft-nosed missile — which is picked up and returned to you after the shot; but it is an interesting experience to one who does not make a regular business of submarine warfare. Mordaunt Hall, in the New York *Herald*, describes such a trip which he made in the North Sea on one of these "tin fish," as the British term their under-sea craft. Even a practise trip is not without its deadly danger, for some green or careless hand may neglect one of the thousand precautions necessary for safety, and there is just a chance that a German *U*-boat may come along which is not out for practise! Mr. Hall begins:

> Slowly, and with the utmost care, the submarine slipt her hawsers and left her berth. I felt the frost in the air and my fingers grasping the conning-tower shield were benumbed.
>
> Three men stood in line on the aft hatch, getting their last good lungful of fresh sea air. They were garbed in their oldest sea clothes. Four other sailors, with equally disreputable gear, were for'ard. At the conning-tower were the commander, a young lieutenant, and a helmsman. Now and again another officer popped his head up through the conning-tower well, and that opening to the boat's bowels seemed only just large enough to permit his broad shoulders to come through. The nose of the sharklike craft cleaved her way through the sea as steadily as if it were calm.
>
> "Hands for'ard, sir," announced the junior lieutenant, whose job, I learned, was the boss of the torpedoes.
>
> The commander mumbled an answer, the men were ordered to close the for'ard hatches, and soon the iron slabs were fastened down. The gas-engines spat out black smoke into the curdling wake of the vessel's twin propellers, and as we surged along into the uninteresting, grim sea the skipper sang out to have the aft hatches shut, an order instantly obeyed by the well-disciplined bluejackets.
>
> The skipper was an agile man, about five feet seven inches tall, who gave all his attention to his vessel. His sleeves were streaked with oil and dirt and the two gold bands on his cuffs had been decidedly dulled with wear. I might not have been there for all the attention he paid to me, for there was always something which needed a look from his tired eyes. We were then traveling so fast that my eyes were closed at times; there was little protection on that conning-tower, which is not built for sightseeing.
>
> In the distance, astern, was the port whence we had emerged, and we were now really getting out to sea in war-time, to a zone where Fritz loves to "lay his eggs" when he gets the chance, as the naval officers term laying mines. Two miles off our port bow was a slim gray war-vessel, to which our skipper gave his attention for a while. She was a British destroyer cutting through the water. The sun was by that time screened by a bank of clouds,





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but streaks of blue still remained in the sky. The commander shot a look aft, then to starboard and for'ard. Altho we were heading straight out to sea the skipper was ever on the alert, and from this alertness one sensed the dangers of being abroad in the North Sea in war-time. We continued our plunge on away from England, and by the time the coast-line had disappeared the commander asked:

"Motors ready?"

"Motors ready, sir," answered the sub-lieutenant, wringing his cold fingers. The gas-engines were stopt and the way on the submersible was permitted to carry her some distance. Before us were only the wind-blown waters and the British destroyer. A sailor, expert in the use of his arms as semaphores, signaled to the war-ship, and an answer soon was received by our skipper.

On the engine-room telegraph of a submarine is a word which does not figure on the apparatus of other types of war-ships, it is "Dive." The commander told me that we were going down very soon. The destroyer, which had closed in on us for the purpose of exchanging signals, now was speeding out farther to sea. The submersible was almost at a stop and I was ordered to get into the conning-tower well and be far enough down to give the skipper room to descend. Immediately after the order to submerge has been rung in the engine-room the hatch is closed, and the commander has no time to lose when the craft is diving. It takes forty-five seconds to submerge an undersea craft, and, if necessary, it can be accomplished in thirty seconds.

Bewilderment seized the writer when he reached the bottom of the ladder and the maze of machinery was revealed as he glanced around him. There were engines everywhere, and they were so intricate that he wondered how one young man could master it all. They were "going down," but the motion was barely perceptible. He says:

No sooner had the engine-room received the order to submerge than the skipper hastened down the ladder, losing not a second in getting to his periscope. Two men sitting side by side were looking at bubbles in a glass and turning wheels. One of these men controlled the hydroplanes of the craft, to keep it level, while the other saw to it that the submarine stayed at the depth ordered by the commander—then twenty-five feet below the surface.

The skipper's face was partly concealed behind the black canvas wings of the reflector, his hands on the projecting bars of the periscope. He turned the eye of his vessel to sweep a part of the horizon. I then noticed a door in the stern of the craft—perhaps a little aft of amidships—an opening close in the face of danger. There were four or five men, ignoring whether they were under water or on the surface concentrated on their labors. One mistake and the submarine and crew are lost. Hence there's no such thing as inattention to duty. Finally this door was closed.

Until the craft has been submerged for several hours the air below does not change much. Only when she has been under for some time are the "bottles" or air-tanks brought into play.

In the bows of the submarine a giant torpedo was greased and ready to be locked in its air-tight holder. Then the tube was made ready for a victim. But lured as you may be to gaze at other parts of the craft your attention is certain to return to the captain, always at the periscope, hands on the brass bars, and eyes glued to the reflector.

"Lower periscope!" ordered the captain.

The order was given distinctly, as no command must be misunderstood when twenty-five or thirty feet under the water. A man in the corner, near the hand who has charge of the gyroscopic compass, turned a handle and the greased steel cylinder slowly was sunk, until the captain, who had been stretched with toes tipped, was with bended knees, his hands extended to halt the periscope - wheel operator. The skipper turned the "eye" around the horizon. At the right of the skipper, when the latter is facing the bows, is another officer with his hand on the trigger of what resembles an upward pointed pistol of brass and steel. This officer awaits the command to send off the torpedo.

"Lower foremost periscope into the well!" ordered the commander. This duplicate eye of the boat had not been in use—in fact, had not appeared above the surface since we submerged.

"Take a look at that destroyer," said the captain. "We're going to send a soft-nosed torpedo at her for practise. She will pick up the missile and return it when we get back home."

And then came the discharge of the torpedo. The commander consulted a card, decided what speed the boat was making, and ordered the periscope raised. Silence fell in the submarine. Nothing could be heard but the swish and buzz of the engines. Then,

"Light to starboard," came from the commander.

"Light to starboard," repeated the helmsman at the compass.

"Tube ready?" asked the commander.

"Tube ready, sir."

The officer at the trigger stood like a starter in a race, his finger on the tongue that was to release the torpedo. In fact, it was just as it is in the real moment of moments, when an enemy is the target. The men at the wheels watched their dials and bubbles and the helmsman had his nose on the needle. The war-ship was there, and we were under the water, and one could imagine the tiny periscope just above the surface. The situation was tense, even if it was practise.

"Fire!" ordered the commander.

It was no order for men to go "over the top," no battle-cry, but the word under water is the order for the deadly destroyer to be released and sped on its way to the unsuspecting craft. Tho the effect is heightened when an enemy vessel is the target the moment is dramatic in practise. With a shot at the enemy there is of course the explosion to dread if one is rather near, for if the submarine is too close the explosion may extinguish all lights aboard the submersible, and oil-lamps have to be used from then on.

There was a tiger-like growl, or "g-r-rh" of anger, as the tube shot out the greased steel complicated missile, and one could picture outside the white wake that streaked in the direction of the war-ship. It was not visible from the periscope, which a second after the signal to fire had been lowered below the surface. The com-

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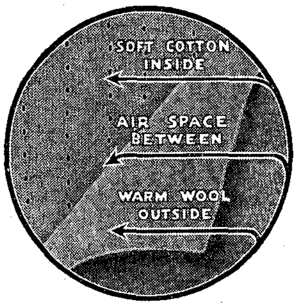

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Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, New York and London

"I count my knowledge of Socialism as my most priceless intellectual treasure."—Upton Sinclair.

parative stillness was gone and the submarine seemed to have awakened from a doze, and there was bustle and hustle around me. The captain looked at the gyroscopic compass and gave orders for the motors to go ahead. For half an hour the submersible pushed on under the sea.

The periscope was then raised and on the distant horizon I made out the destroyer—a tiny thing even in the glass of the magnifying-lens of the under-sea boat's "eye."

These torpedoes cost now $5,000, and in an engagement they are all set to sink if they fail to strike the target; set to sink because they might be picked up by the enemy or endanger our own craft.

When we submerged it had been a chilly day, with a peep of sun now and again. Now it was snowing! This change in the weather had taken place while the captain had been fulfilling one of Jules Verne's dreams!

UNCLE SAM, CIPHER WIZARD

THE detective work accomplished by the United States Government since its entry into the war has been worthy of a Sherlock Holmes, and yet few persons, reading only the results of this remarkably developed system, have realized that a Government heretofore finding it unnecessary to match wits with foreign spy bureaus has suddenly taken a high rank in this unpleasant but absolutely essential branch of war-making—as it has in all others. The public read of the intercepted dispatches from the Argentine to Germany by way of Sweden, and of the Bernstorff messages, but without a realization of the problem that a cipher dispatch presents to one who has not the key. And probably the average reader is unaware that, in both the Army and Navy, experts have been trained to decipher code messages, with the result that both the making and the reading of such dispatches have been reduced to an almost mathematical science. The Philadelphia *Press*, in outlining the instruction given in this important work at the Army Service schools, says:

> What is taught the military will furnish an idea of the task of the code experts in the State Department, and of the basis of the science that has unmasked the German plans with respect to vessels to be *spurlos versenkt* and of legislators to be influenced through the power of German gold.
>
> "It may as well be stated," says Capt. Parker Hitt—that is, he was a captain of infantry when he said it—"that no practicable military cipher is mathematically indecipherable if intercepted; the most that can be expected is to delay for a longer or a shorter time the deciphering of the message by the interceptor."
>
> The young officer is warned that one doesn't have to rely in these times upon capturing messengers as they speed by horse from post to post. All radio messages may be picked up by every operator within the zone, and the interesting information is given that if one can run a fine wire within 100 feet of a buzzer-line or within thirty feet of a telegraph-line,

whatever tidings may be going over these mediums may be copied by induction.

In order that the student may not lose heart, it is pointed out in the beginning that many European Powers use ciphers that vary from extreme simplicity to "a complexity which is more apparent than real." And as to amateurs, who make up ciphers for some special purpose, it's dollars to doughnuts that their messages will be read just as easily as tho they had printed them in box-car letters.

At every headquarters of an army the Intelligence Department of the General Staff stands ready to play checkers with any formidable-looking document that comes along in cipher, and there is mighty little matter in code that stands a ghost of a chance of getting by.

The scientific dissection of ciphers starts with the examination of the general system of language communication, which, with everybody excepting friend Chinaman, is an alphabet composed of letters that appear in conventional order.

It was early found by the keen-eyed gentlemen who analyzed ciphers that if one took ten thousand words of any language and counted the letters in them the number of times that any one letter would recur would be found practically identical with their recurrence in any other ten thousand words. From this discovery the experts made frequency tables, which show just how many times one may expect to find a letter *e* or any other letter in a given number of words or letters. These tables were made for 10,000 letters and for 200 letters so that one might get an idea how often to expect to find given letters in both long and short messages or documents.

Thus we find the following result:

	Letters			*Letters*	
	10000	200		10000	200
A......	778	16	N......	686	14
B......	141	3	O......	807	16
C......	296	6	P......	223	4
D......	402	8	Q......	8	..
E......	1277	26	R......	651	13
F......	197	4	S......	622	12
G......	174	3	T......	855	17
H......	595	12	U......	308	6
I......	667	13	V......	112	2
J......	51	1	W......	176	3
K......	74	2	X......	27	..
L......	372	7	Y......	196	4
M......	288	6	Z......	17	..

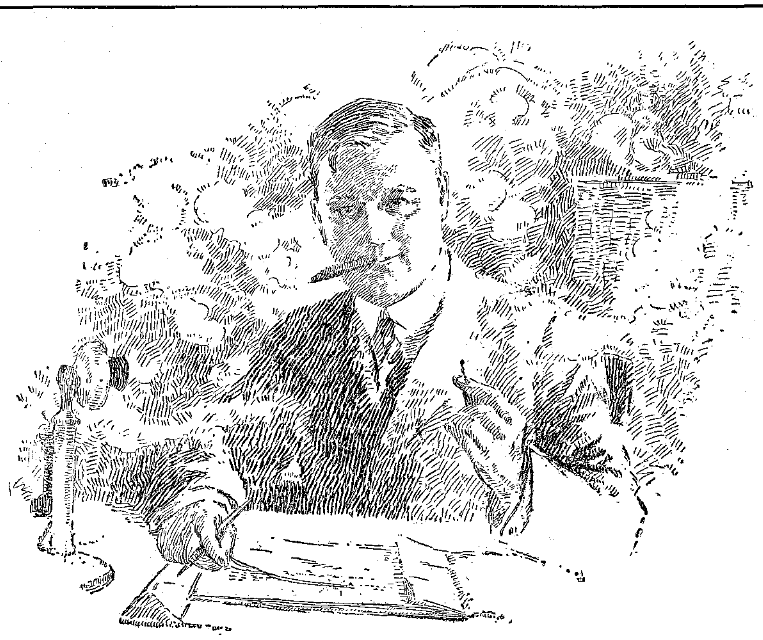
It is found that in any text the vowels A E I O U represent 38.37 per cent.; the consonants L N R S T represent 31.86 per cent., and the consonants J K Q X Z stand for only 1.77 per cent. One doesn't want to shy away from these figures as being dry and dull, because they form part of a story as interesting as any detective narrative that was ever penned by a Conan Doyle.

For the usual purposes of figuring a cipher the first group is given the value of 40 per cent., the second 30 per cent., and the last 2 per cent. And then one is introduced to the order of frequency in which letters appear in ordinary text. It is:

E T O A N I R S H D L U C M P F Y W G B V K J X Z Q.

Tables are then made for kinds of matter that is not ordinary, taken from various kinds of telegraphic and other documents, which will alter only slightly the percentage values of the letters as shown in a table from ordinary English.

Having gone along thus far, the expert figures how many times he can expect to



The efficiency smoker talks

Let others chew the ragged ends of black, robustious autocrats. I'm through!

No more, for me, the hot-box kind of smoke. No more the sheer black strength that eats up energy and hears the watch-tick through hours better spent in sleep.

Give *me*, good friends, the mellow mildness of my ROBERT BURNS.

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* * * * *

You doubt that smoking standards are advancing along with other standards of the time? Try mild ROBERT BURNS—today!

The open secrets of his smoke efficiency lie in *blend* and *curing*.

His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Combining *true mildness* with *true flavor*, canny ROBERT BURNS goes forward on his way—a better, more agreeable cigar, today, than ever.

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Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

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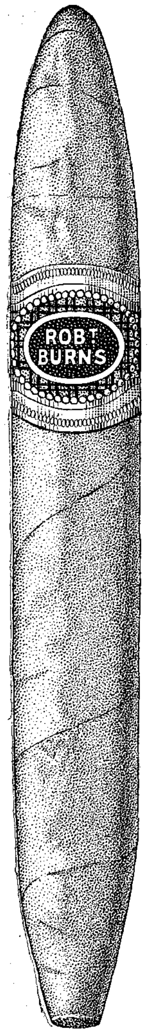

ROBT BURNS
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find two letters occurring together. These are called digraphs, and one learns that AH will show up once in a thousand letters, while HA will be found twenty-six times. These double-letter combinations form a separate table all of their own, and the common ones are set aside, as TH, ER, ON, OR, etc., so they can be readily guessed or mathematically figured against any text.

Tables of frequency are figured out for the various languages—particularly German—and the ciphers are divided into two chief classes, substitution and transposition. The writer in *The Press* says:

Now you will remember those percentages of vowels and consonants. Here is where they come in. When a message is picked up the army expert counts the times that the vowels recur, and if they do not check with the 40 per cent. for the common vowels, with the consonant figures tallying within 5 per cent. of the key, he knows that he is up against a substitution cipher. The transposition kind will check to a gnat's heel.

When the expert knows exactly what he is up against he is ready to apply the figures and patiently unravel the story. It may take him hours, and maybe days, but sooner or later he will get it to a certainty.

If he has picked up a transposition fellow he proceeds to examine it geometrically, placing the letters so that they form all sorts of squares and rectangles that come under the heads of simple horizontals, simple verticals, alternate horizontals, alternate verticals, simple diagonals, alternate diagonals, spirals reading clockwise and spirals reading counterclockwise. Once one gets the arrangement of the letters the reading is simple.

For instance, ILVGIOIAEITSRNMANHMNG comes along the wire. It doesn't figure for a substitution cipher and you try the transposition plan. There are twenty-one letters in it, and the number at once suggests seven columns of three letters each. Try it on your piano:

I	L	V	G	I	O	I
A	E	I	T	S	R	N
M	A	N	H	M	N	G

And reading down each column in succession you get "I am leaving this morning."

After passing over several simple ciphers as not "classy" enough to engage the reader's attention, the writer takes up one of a much more complicated nature which, however, did not get by Uncle Sam's code wizards. Follow the deciphering of this example by Captain Hitt:

He began with an advertisement which appeared in a London newspaper, which read as follows:

"M. B. Will deposit £27 14*s.* 5*d.* to-morrow."

The next day this advertisement in cipher appeared:

"M. B. CT OSB UHGI TP IPEWF H CEWIL NSTTLE FJNVX XTYLS FWKKHI BJLSI SQ VOI BKSM XMKUL SK NVPONPN GSW OL IEAG NPSI HYJISFZ CYY NPUXQG TPRJA VXMXI AP EHVPPR TH WPPNEL. UVZUA MMYVSF KNTS ZSZ UAJPQ DLMMJXL JR RA PORTELOGJ CSULTWNI XMKUHW XGLN ELCPOWY OL. ULJTL BVJ TLBWTPZ XLD K ZISZNK OSY DL RYJUAJSSGK. TLFNS UVD VV FQGCYL FJHVSI YJL NEXV PO WTOL PYYYHSH GQBOH AGZTIQ EYFAX YPMP SQA CI XEYVXNPPAII UV TLFTWMC FU WBWXGUHIWU. AIIWG HSI YJVTI BJV XMQN SFX DQB LRTY TZ QTXLNISVZ. GIFT AII UQSJGJ OHZ XFOWFV BKAI CTWY DSWTLTTTPKFRHG IVX QCAFV TP DIIS JBF ESF JSC MCCF HNGK ESBP DJPQ NLU CTW ROSB CSM."

Now just off-hand, the average man would shy away from this combination as a bit of news that he really did not care to read. But to the cipher fiend it was a thing of joy, and it illustrates one of the many cases that they are called upon to read, and the methods by which they work.

As a starting-point the cipher-man assumed that the text was in English because he got it out of an English newspaper, but he did not stop there. He checked it from a negative view-point by finding the letter *w* in it, which does not occur in the Latin languages, and by finding that the last fifteen words of the message had from two to four letters each, which would have been impossible in German.

Then he proceeds to analyze. The message has 108 groups that are presumably words, and there are 473 letters in it. This makes an average of 4.4 letters to the group, whereas one versed in the art normally expects about five. There are ninety vowels of the AEIOU group and seventy-eight letters JKQXZ. Harking back to that first statement of percentages, it is certain that this is a substitution cipher because the percentage does not check with the transposition averages.

The canny man with the sharp pencil then looks for recurring groups and similar groups in his message and he finds that they are:

AIIWG AII BKSM BKAI CT CTWY CTW DLMMJXL DL ESF ESBP FJNVX FJHVSI NPSI NPUXQG OSB OSY ROSB OL OL PORTELOGJ PO SQ SQA TP TP TLBWTPZ TLFNS TLFTWMC UVZUA UVD UV SMKUL XMKUHW YJL YJVTI.

Passing along by the elimination route he refers to his frequency tables to see how often the same letters occur, and he finds that they are all out of proportion, and he can proceed to hunt the key for several alphabets.

He factors the recurring groups like a small boy doing a sum in arithmetic when he wants to find out how many numbers multiplied by each other will produce a larger one. The number of letters between recurring groups and words is counted and dissected in this wise:

AII...........AII	45, which equals 3x3x5
BK.............BK	345, which equals 23x3x5
CT.............CT	403, no factors
CTW.........CTW	60, which equals 2x2x2x5
DL.............DL	75, which equals 3x5x5
ES..............ES	14, which equals 2x7
FJ..............FJ	187, no factors
NP.............NP	14, which equals 2x7
OL.............OL	120, which equals 2x2x2x3x5
OS.............OS	220, which equals 11x2x2x5
OSB..........OSB	465, which equals 31x3x5
PO.............PO	105, which equals 7x3x5
SQ.............SQ	250, which equals 2x5x5x5
TLF.........TLF	80, which equals 2x2x2x2x5
TP.............TP	405, which equals 3x3x3x3x5
UV.............UV	115, which equals 23x5
XMKU....XMKU	120, which equals 2x2x2x3x5
UV.............UV	73, no factors
YJ.............YJ	85, which equals 17x5

Now the man who is doing the studying takes a squint at this result and he sees that the dominant factor all through the case is the figure 5, so he is reasonably sure

Your Office is Comfortably Heated—But What About Your Home?

While you sit in comfort in your office, are your wife and family *un*comfortable in a house with a poor heating system?

Big-Building heating has gone away ahead of *home* heating. Until recently it was better and cheaper in every way.

But now comes the Dunham Home Heating System—as perfect for the *home* as the nationally-known Dunham Vacuum System is for hotels and office-buildings.

The Dunham System for the *home* will keep your family as warm and comfortable as you are in your *office*, and do it on the smallest possible amount of coal.

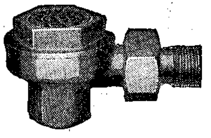
The Dunham System of Heating controls the dampers automatically—it never lets the fire burn more than is necessary. Overheating as well as underheating is prevented.

The Dunham System is absolutely quiet in its operation. No radiator will hiss or pound, drip or spurt. That wonderful little guardian of the coal pile—the Dunham Radiator Trap—will prevent this waste of heat-units.

The Dunham Home Heating System will not only save your money on your coal bill, but will enable you to render a real service to the Government. The war has made, and will continue to make, severe drains upon the Nation's coal resources. Not a ton must be wasted. The national supply must be conserved and equitably distributed. The Dunham Home Heating System will help you help your country. The coal the Dunham System saves you will release that much coal for war needs.

Free Booklet. Property owners, tenants, real estate men, heating contractors, architects and builders should read our latest book, "Dunham Heating for the Home." Send for your copy.

The DUNHAM SYSTEM OF HEATING



The DUNHAM Radiator Trap

This device is one of the fundamentals of the Dunham Home Heating System. It is known the world over to heating engineers as the device that revolutionized Vacuum steam heating. Leading architects everywhere use it. It makes impossible the presence of water in radiators, it prevents their pounding and knocking, reduces fuel consumption, causes the radiator to heat evenly and quickly, eliminates the hissing air valve and spurting water.

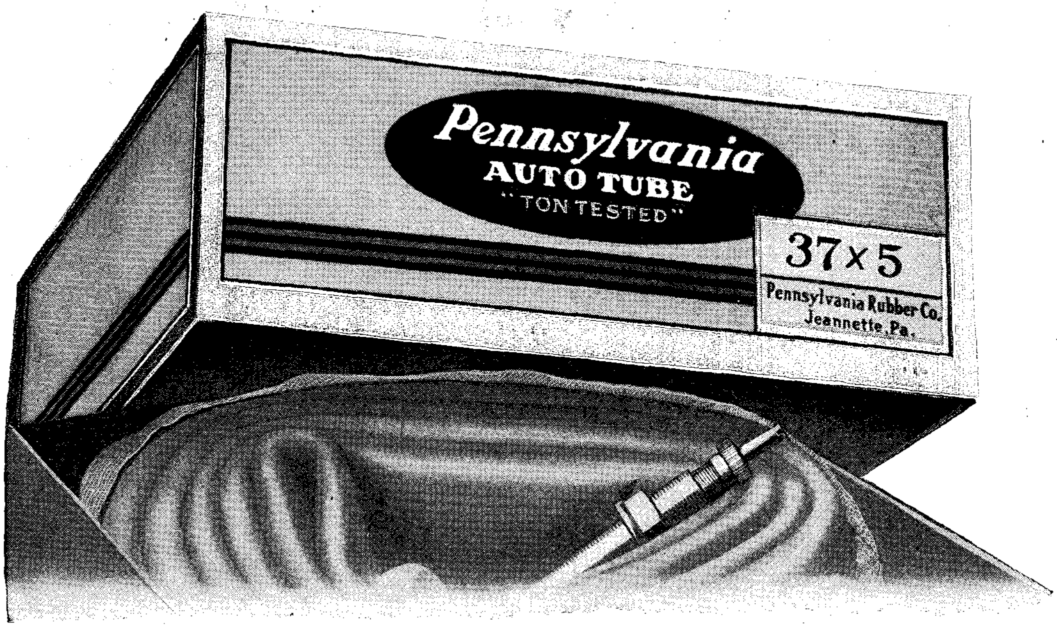
Responsible Heating Contractors everywhere install the Dunham Home Heating System

C. A. DUNHAM COMPANY
Marshalltown, Iowa

Division Sales Offices:
Chicago New York San Francisco

C. A. DUNHAM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Also Branches in 34 Cities in United States and Canada

Inner Tube Truths
In Relation to the
Pennsylvania
AUTO TUBE
"TON TESTED"



TUBE quality is as vitally essential to protection and comfort as casing quality.

Yet thousands of casings which otherwise would give good service are put out of commission by the use of inferior tubes.

A large percentage of blowouts, caused by laceration of casing, would be eliminated if quality tubes were always used.

The poor quality tube immediately succumbs to the least abrasion on the inside of the casing. It not only causes blowouts, but usually tears beyond saving.

The Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested" not only *resists* the ordinary causes of blowouts but, even if seriously injured, *will not tear* beyond the immediate location of the cut, owing to its remarkable tensile strength and wear-resisting quality.

THE "Ton Tested" Tube sets absolutely a new standard in inner tube service.

The result of actually *new* processes, it introduces service qualities heretofore unknown.

Its *guaranteed* tensile strength—1½ *tons per square inch*—attests the tremendous toughness of its stock.

This toughness enables it indefinitely to resist the wear, tear, and friction of service in the casing.

Its stock does not deteriorate from heating up and cooling down, however long continued.

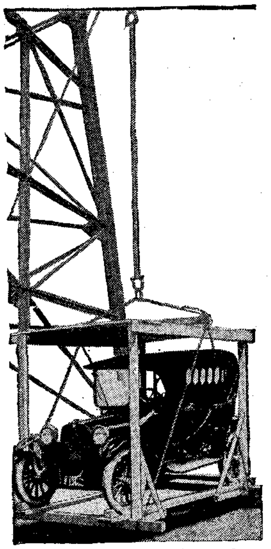
Collapsed as a spare, it can be carried indefinitely without crazing, checking, cracking, or weakening at the folds or corners. It shows no deterioration from indefinite exposure to light or air.

In spite of all these new qualities, enormously adding to service values, the Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested" is sold at the price of ordinary tubes.

The Makers of Vacuum Cup Tires

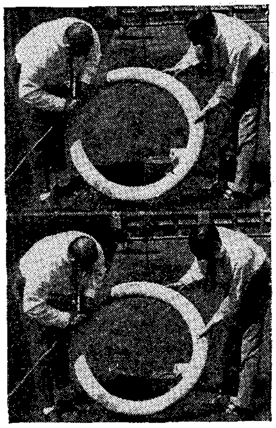
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, - - JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada

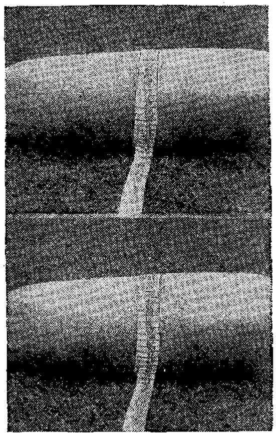


Photograph showing Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested" holding crated touring car in complete suspension, weight 2990 lbs., without the slightest injury or loss of resiliency.

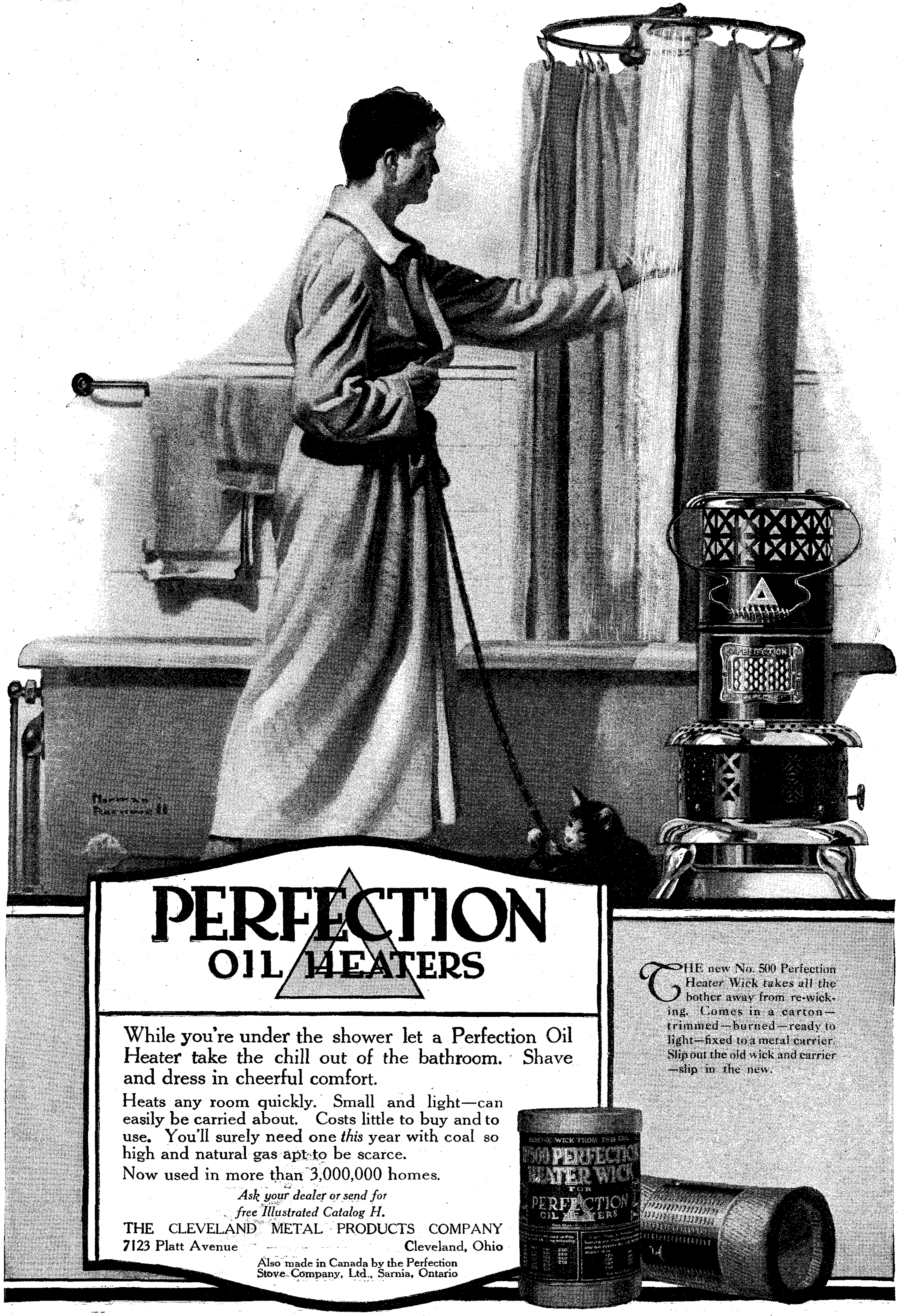
Tube ready for inflation test.



Tube inflated to normal shape.



In the above moving picture inflation test The Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested" expanded to a circumference of 5 feet without bursting.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PERFECTION
REMOVE WICK FROM THIS CAN
500 PERFECTION HEATER WICK
FOR
PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

While you're under the shower let a Perfection Oil Heater take the chill out of the bathroom. Shave and dress in cheerful comfort.

Heats any room quickly. Small and light—can easily be carried about. Costs little to buy and to use. You'll surely need one *this* year with coal so high and natural gas apt to be scarce.

Now used in more than 3,000,000 homes.

Ask your dealer or send for free Illustrated Catalog H.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7123 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Company, Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

THE new No. 500 Perfection Heater Wick takes all the bother away from re-wicking. Comes in a carton—trimmed—burned—ready to light—fixed to a metal carrier. Slip out the old wick and carrier—slip in the new.

that five alphabets were used, and that the key-word had, therefore, five letters, so he writes the message in lines of five letters each and makes a frequency table for each one of the five columns he has formed, and he gets the following result:

Col. 1	Col. 2.	Col. 3.	Col. 4.	Col. 5.
A 2	A 9	A 1	A 1	A 2
B—	B 3	B 3	B—	B 7
C 7	C 1	C 3	C 4	C—
D 2	D 2	D 1	D—	D 3
E 4	E—	E 2	E 7	E—
F 3	F—	F 9	F 3	F 5
G 9	G—	G 3	G 2	G 2
H 3	H 5	H 3	H 3	H 2
I 2	I 2	I 7	I 17	I 2
J 5	J 1	J 6	J—	J 9
K 6	K 5	K—	K 1	K 1
L—	L 19	L 2	L 5	L 1
M—	M—	M 7	M 4	M 3
N 7	N 3	N 4	N—	N 5
O 5	O—	O 9	O 1	O—
P 7	P 7	P 8	P 4	P—
Q 5	Q—	Q—	Q 2	Q 6
R—	R 1	R 1	R 6	R 1
S—	S 8	S 6	S 12	S 7
T 7	T 3	T 5	T 1	T 14
U 7	U 3	U 6	U—	U 1
V 5	V—	V 2	V 5	V—
W 3	W 4	W—	W 5	W 7
X 2	X—	X 4	X 8	X 6
Y 4	Y 5	Y—	Y 3	Y 7
Z—	Z 5	Z 3	Z—	Z 3

Now having erected these five enigmatical columns, Captain Hitt juggles them until he uncovers the hidden message, thus:

"In the table for column 1 the letter G occurs 9 times," he says with an air of a man having found something that is perfectly plain. "Let us consider it tentatively as E.

"Then, if the cipher alphabet runs regularly and in the direction of the regular alphabet, C (7 times) is equal to A, and the cipher alphabet bears a close resemblance to the regular frequency table. Note that TUV (equal to RST) occurring respectively 7, 7, and 5 times and the non-occurrence of B, L, M, R, S, Z (equal to Z, J, K, P, Q, and X respectively).

"In the next table L occurs 19 times, and taking it for E with the alphabet running the same way, A is equal to H. The first word of our message, CT, thus becomes AM when deciphered with these two alphabets, and the first two letters of the key are CH.

"Similarly in the third table we may take either F or O for E, but a casual examination shows that the former is correct and A is equal to B.

"In the fourth table I is clearly E and A is equal to E.

"The fifth table shows that T is equal to 14 and J is equal to 9. If we take J as equal to E then T is equal to O, and in view of the many Es already accounted for in the other columns this may be all right. It checks as correct if we apply the last three alphabets to the second word of our message, OSB, which deciphers NOW. Using these alphabets to decipher the whole message we find it to read:

"'M. B. Am now safe on board a barge moored below Tower Bridge, where no one will think of looking for me. Have good friends but little money owing to action of police. Trust, little girl, you still believe in my innocence altho things seem against me. There are reasons why I should not be questioned. Shall try to embark before the mast in some outward-bound vessel. Crews will not be scrutinized as sharply as passengers. There are those who will let you know my movements. Fear the police may tamper with your correspondence, but later on, when hue and cry have died down, will let you know all.' "

It all seems simple to the man who follows the idea closely, but Captain Hitt proceeds to make further revelations of the art. He adds:

"The key to this message is CHBEF, which is not intelligible as a word, but if put into figures, indicating that the 2d, 7th, 1st, 4th, and 5th letter beyond the corresponding letter of the message has been used as a key it becomes 27145, and we connect it with the personal which appeared in the same paper the day before reading:

"'M. B. Will deposit £27 14*s*. 5*d*. to-morrow.' "

This is only one of the many methods for getting under the hide of a coded message that our bright men of the Army and their cousins of the State and Navy departments have worked out through years of study and application.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN'S GETHSEMANE

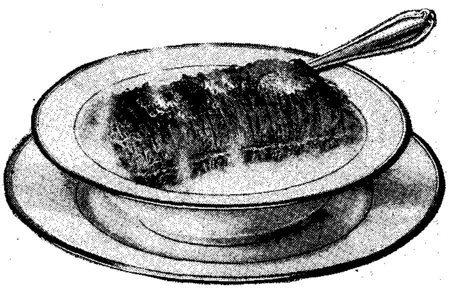
ALONE in his Garden of Gethsemane a German-American wrestled in a torturing struggle to lay off the old man and put on the new. At last he won, and stood forth—stript of prefix and hyphen—an American!

The story of this battle between his conscience and his inborn loyalty to the land of his birth is a living lesson to those subjects of the Kaiser who have sought a home in America and enjoyed the privilege of freedom and the pursuit of happiness under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Tho a citizen of the United States when the war broke out, his sympathies were with his native country. But as the great struggle progressed and he read of Germany's constant violations of the laws of war and humanity, he fought out his own great fight, and when the time came and the United States entered the war he was prepared to give full and free expression of his loyalty to the country of his adoption.

Of his wrestle he tells in a letter to a near friend, who sends it to THE DIGEST, saying:

"I am enclosing an excerpt from a letter received from a relative by marriage which seems to me to deserve a wider publicity than I can give it. This man is a resident of ——, which, as you know, has a very large German population, many of whom are still strong German sympathizers. He is a teacher at a large salary, having taught there successfully for many years. He has many relatives in Germany in the portion near the Russian border which has been run over by both armies. Considering his antecedents, and his surroundings, you can understand how hard it has been for him to take the stand that he has. The letter was written from the heart without thought of its going further than those for whom it was intended, but it so well expresses the troublous thoughts that must now be in the minds of so many of our German-American citizens, and so beautifully and gloriously describes his

For Your
"Meatless Days"



Of course you will want to help the Government in the work of conserving food supplies by having one or two meatless days each week. For your meatless meals you will want food that supplies as much nutriment as meat at a lower cost—food that is ready-to-eat and easily digested.

Shredded
Wheat Biscuit

contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. The whole wheat contains every element needed for building healthy bodies and for furnishing energy for the day's work. It contains more real, body-building nutriment than meat, eggs or potatoes and costs much less.

Two or three of these crisp, brown little loaves of cooked whole wheat with milk or cream make a nourishing, satisfying meal for any time of day at a cost of a few cents. Delicious with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples or other fruits.

Made only by
THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

PARSIFAL. The story and analysis of Wagner's great opera, by H. R. HAWEIS. Small 12mo, cloth, 86 pages, 40c. (Hour-Glass Series.) Funk & Wagnalls Company, Pubs., New York.

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THE BEST
MACARONI
MY SIGNATURE
Paul F. Skinner
ON EVERY PACKAGE
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FLOOR VARNISH

THE high cost of labor makes it more important than ever to select varnishes or enamels of known quality for interior finishing.

Labor is the chief item of expense and it costs no more to apply Finishes that wear indefinitely than the kinds that wear out or go shabby the first year. The difference in the price per gallon is a mere trifle.

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Write for a copy of our illustrated book giving helpful hints on interior finishing.

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World's Largest Varnish Makers
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Likewise the Ambitious Bible Scholar who aspires to become an Active Worker in the Sunday School and Church Societies

Many Sunday School Officers, Teachers and other Workers have not had the benefit of a technical education in Bible study, and yet desire and appreciate all that Biblical scholarship can give them of its results. What more natural and helpful than to refer the many vexing problems arising in the preparation of Sunday School lessons, Bible talks and discussions, etc., to the ***Standard Bible Dictionary*** for explanation and light?

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Rev. F. N. Peloubet, author of "Peloubet's Notes (on the International S. S. Lessons)" writes (in part): "The Standard possesses some very great advantages over other Bible Dictionaries—460 unusually good explanatory illustrations—colored maps, a real help—*pronunciations* of proper Biblical names—labor-saving thumb-index—clear print," etc. Prepared under the editorial direction of Melancthon W. Jacobus, Andrew C. Zenos and Edward E. Nourse. 920 large pages. Handsome cloth binding, price $5 including index, carriage prepaid; ½ morocco $8. Full morocco $10.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, New York and London

final stand for liberty and justice, that I hope you may find a place for it in your columns that others who are now going through the same Slough of Despond may be benefited thereby."

Here is the letter:

I was thunderstruck when I read your letter: B. in France! Oh, I am sorry for all concerned! It is a proud thought for his father to have his boy do his share for his country, but I am sure we all pray with him, that he may be spared and come home to him as he went. We surely pay hard in blood and treasure, in suffering, for the birth of a new time; the making of a new world—this generation, which God seems to have singled out as the handmaiden of his plans.

I have fought my way through, step by step, by hard thinking, reasoning, putting myself in the other man's place, till I stand firm where to-day I hope every American stands—that we must win this war, since we are in it; and the stronger we go into it, the shorter it will be. If we are only half-heartedly in it—do not fully, earnestly, and cheerfully support the Government—we are prolonging it and the best blood of our land is shed in vain. There may be arguments about the necessity to fight for the happiness of other people, even if they do not want that certain kind or brand of happiness or government, which other people think they ought to have; these arguments should stop when our boys are face to face with grim realities, and no way out of them.

By ancestry way back a German, it has been my lot to make true Schiller's words, "that to be a German means to take everything hard in this life." I came to this country, and millions before me, as there will come millions after me—alone—with twenty-five dollars in my pocket; with youth and hope at my side; hardly any ambition but to make money and to go home a rich man; not knowing the language, the climate, in short, what I was up against and with no friends.

America in her generosity asked nothing; she gave me all I have to-day, and that is a great deal. Altho many will sneer at what I achieved, it was my fault if I missed opportunities time and again. We were all happy here, free as long as we obeyed the laws; this was all America asked of us. I would be an ingrate if I would not give her in turn all I have in the hour of her need—be it only loyalty and living up to the oath of allegiance I took when I became a citizen of the United States.

I can not close my eyes to the wide divergence, the gulf, between the German people and the Military Ruling Class; and as for William II., I reserve my judgment until we know the truth. History will write the story of this war, not we, and we can not even attempt to, and should not, anticipate her final judgment.

Think of Lincoln; what the South thought of him at the time of the Civil War could probably not be printed; and to-day history has put him up as a model of men, even in the South.

William II. must be a weak man—to-day in the hands of the war-party; to-morrow entirely in accord with the peace party. And meantime the world going to pieces, because he can not make up his mind; either to quit without Belgium annexed; or whether he should go on fighting and perhaps win more;

to be in a better position to make peace, while his people starve and die by the millions; until nothing is left of a proud, great nation.

The writer blames the German people for not seeing clearer, and says:

I do not understand why they do not compel the Government to make peace, when Wilson gives them a chance, shows them a way to get out of the war in the most honorable way. Double dealing! Saying something, thinking something else! Can not they wake up and think, "Is there not something wrong with us if four-fifths of the world are against us?" I do not condemn them, I simply do not understand them; it is a loyalty beyond my understanding.

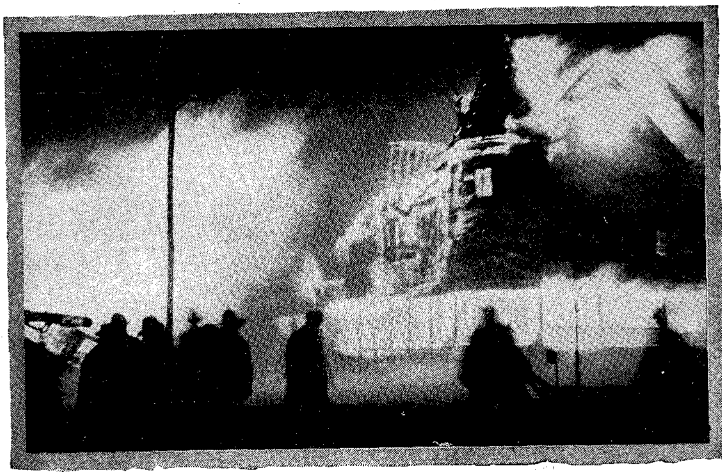
Now do not think I say, "My country right or wrong." Oh, no! Up to our entrance into this war, we were often wrong, very wrong. And again I say, history will write our part before our declaring war on Germany, and there, I am afraid, we will not stand in such a brilliant light of unselfishness as we stand to-day. We would not be freemen if we would not criticize our Government in times of peace. I think it is our duty.

I have gone through these three years of war with heartache, anguish, indescribable doubts, and battles with myself, with no help whatsoever from the outside, but bitterness on both sides. I have often thought I could stand it no longer; wanted to hide my face, because I felt keenly I was so disloyal to America and could not help it. I hope I will find peace now since my mind and heart is made up and on the only right side.

I do not know why I write you this. Do I expect you to understand me? At home I can not talk about it. Even if G. understands the tremendous strain I have been living under, she yet seems helpless and powerless to help me bear the burden. In almost everything I have lived my life and gone my way alone. G.'s nature is full of the ideal, the beautiful, the lofty; she does not want to know the ugly, the nasty, the life as it really is, and as it comes to everybody who goes out into it. I live in a lower sphere than is her's. O. shuts his eyes entirely; is not conscious of the fact that he witnesses the greatest history in the making—since perhaps the Flood; and dear little L. sinks in his play, every day, ten or twenty German submarines.

I try to get away from the war as much as possible; but it seems it is not possible. It is the sole topic; in the cars; on the street; wherever Greek meets Greek. I go with G. to a picture-show; I think I will be safe there. No! Up pops between the acts an orator, some big business man, and tells you in eight minutes "why we are in the war." It permeates the air, creates an atmosphere, highly nervous, explosive. Dr. M. took us out riding this P.M. We went out to the new speedway. Lo and behold! There were one thousand soldiers encamped, who gave an exhibition of their military knowledge, lasting two hours, including a regular battle in the trenches, with gas-shells, shrapnel, liquid fire, bombs, ambulances, dead, and wounded. And the people applauded! It looked like play—yet the grim reaper was in their midst!

We go to church. Not a word about the war, yet we sing every Sunday the beautiful hymn asking for protection on the high seas.



Photograph of the great Asbury Park Fire
© Cole & Co.

My Home is Gone!

WILL you ever have to say that? Will you ever have to look back on the home it took you so long to create—swept away in an hour by the fire peril that comes when you expect it least? And what about the children? *Did they get out in time?*

Face that grim question now—before it is too late. On just such simple decisions rest a lifetime's happiness. Do those whom you have brought into the world mean so little to you that you can afford to leave them in danger?

Build throughout of NATCO HOLLOW TILE.

While it costs more than criminally dangerous wood construction, with Natco you buy safety—everlasting safety for a sum so low that in a few years you get it back in lower coal bills and lower maintenance cost.

Natco is the modern building material that made the skyscraper possible. Do your children deserve less safety than you get in your own office? Natco means lower coal bills—warmer in winter—cooler in summer, thanks to the blankets of dead air contained in the tile. Natco is damp proof; vermin proof; trouble proof—permanent, and everlastingly safe.

Made from clay—baked by fire—it cannot be destroyed by fire.

When you buy, ask "Is it Natco?" When you build, say "I must have Natco." Be safe. Fire comes when you expect it least.

Send today for the interesting free 32-page book "Fireproof Houses." It contains photographs and descriptions of beautiful Natco residences designed by leading architects. And remember—it may save your life and the lives of those you love.

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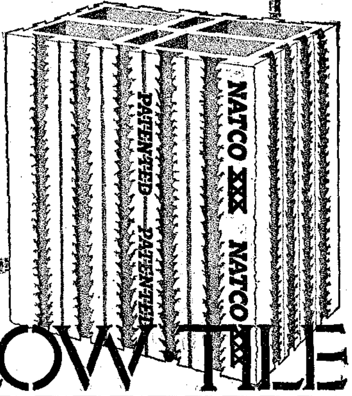

NATCO·HOLLOW TILE

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LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

"LAST *evening* we went out into a field, and read Jane Austen's 'Emma' out loud."

Do you get the picture? Can you see the fading glory of the sunset sky, and hear the soft breeze, sweetly laden with the scent of new-mown hay, as it murmurs through the gently rustling leaves—a real autumn scene of rural peace and quiet?

Yes? Well, you are quite mistaken. That is an extract from a letter written by an ambulance-driver on the French front. And so you see that war is not all horror.

Emerson Low, the son of Alfred M. Low, of Detroit, went to France with a group of college boys last April. He joined the American Field Ambulance Service, and is now in the thick of the fighting in the Champagne district. The Detroit *Free Press* prints some extracts from his letters to his family. In one he tells of his trip to the posts:

> Day before yesterday several of us started out for the posts. I carried the *médecin divisionnaire* and went a little before the others. In spite of the fact that the fields are being recultivated and the searness of former battles is somewhat concealed, the road to the front is rather a grim affair, and you are startled when you pass through a town deserted and demolished. There is quite a large town between this one and the front. It is uninhabited except for a few soldiers and a yellow dog that slinks about in the doorways.
>
> I left the *médecin divisionnaire* at his *abri*, a little further along the road, a road hidden completely by strips of burlap tied to poles. The first post is in a little wood. There were two of us there, and we tossed a coin to see who would take the first call. I won and waited for an ambulance to come in from one of our three posts. These posts are along the front of the hill where the battle is taking place. They are all reached by going through and then beyond X (you remember the little destroyed town with the church which I spoke of during our first month). The first post was a smaller town than X, and is now razed completely to the ground. The second is about one-fourth of a mile to the right and the third—which can only be reached during the night and left before dawn—is a German *abri*, formerly a dugout of German officers. The German *saucises* are directly above the road, and any machine would be shelled in the daytime. The posts are close together and are reached by exposed roads.
>
> My call came about noon. I was given an orderly, and left for the first post. From the road we could see the shells breaking on the hill and in the fields about, where the French batteries were hidden. We reached the post, backed the machine into a wide trench, which hid it from view, and then went into the dugout. It was a new iron dugout, about 30 feet long and 10 or 12 feet broad, with bunks on either side. On top were heaped bags of sand and dirt.
>
> We read until about two o'clock, when several shells fell in the battery field a few meters behind us. Then a few shells fell in a field to the right, and in another moment we were in the midst of a bombardment. It lasted all afternoon. Two men trying to enter the dugout were hit, one in the throat

and one in the shoulder, but not badly. About six o'clock it grew so bad and so many shells fell on the roof of the dugout that we had to leave, cross through some trenches—a strange-looking procession, crouching and running along—and get into a deep cave about twenty feet under the ground, where we stayed until eight o'clock in the evening. Then the firing became intermittent, the shells hit further to the right and left, and we ran back into the dugout.

It was still light and an airplane soared above us, the noise of which is to me, for an unaccountable reason, one of the most reassuring sounds I have ever heard.

Quite jocularly he writes of supper, first having looked at his car which he found uninjured, altho covered with dirt from exploding shells. Continuing, he says:

There were about eight of us, the orderly and myself, the lieutenant-doctor in charge, and three or four old *brancardiers*, who, when they ate their soup made more noise than the shells. After every few spoonfuls, to avoid waste, they poked their mustaches in their mouths and sucked them loudly.

During the evening the firing became steady on both sides, the French battery pouring their shells, which whistled over our dugout. We went to bed, secure in this iron cylinder, whose great ribs stood like the fleshless carcass of a beast, which to destroy would be a worthless task. A stump of a candle burned to the socket on a table and we lay wrapt in our blankets in the bunks. It was rather comfortable, except that my bed was crossed at the top by a piece of iron just where my head lay.

All through the night there was a continuous commotion in the dugout, the *brancardiers* running around and talking in loud voices about things we were too sleepy to understand. We had no *blessés* during the night (an exceptional thing—this morning they had fifty from one post) and were relieved about half-past ten the next morning. I returned to the large town, where our cantonment had been changed to another quarter of the village.

This is an exceptionally fine cantonment and was recently occupied by the British Ambulance, whose place we have taken. I think it was originally an officers' barracks. Two low cement buildings, faced with red brick and roofed with red tile, stand on one side, and opposite these are the stables, used by the "Genies." In front of the houses are some trees and grass. Each house (one story in height) is divided into four parts, accessible by four doors.

Jim, Rogers, and I have one room to ourselves off the third hallway and in front. There are three other rooms accessible by the same hallway. It is almost like a separate house, as each division has its flight of steps before the door and there is a main sidewalk running under all the front windows. We have our three stretchers on the floor, two cupboards, a broken mirror, and two camp-stools. We keep our trunks, etc., right in the room and it saves transferring them every trip to the posts. There is a large French window with blue shutters. We certainly are comfortably located. There are no showers after all (we had expected two) except one that is broken, and we wash from our *bidons* (canteens) with a sponge, which is almost as good.

Jim and Rogers came back yesterday shortly before I did. They had both been

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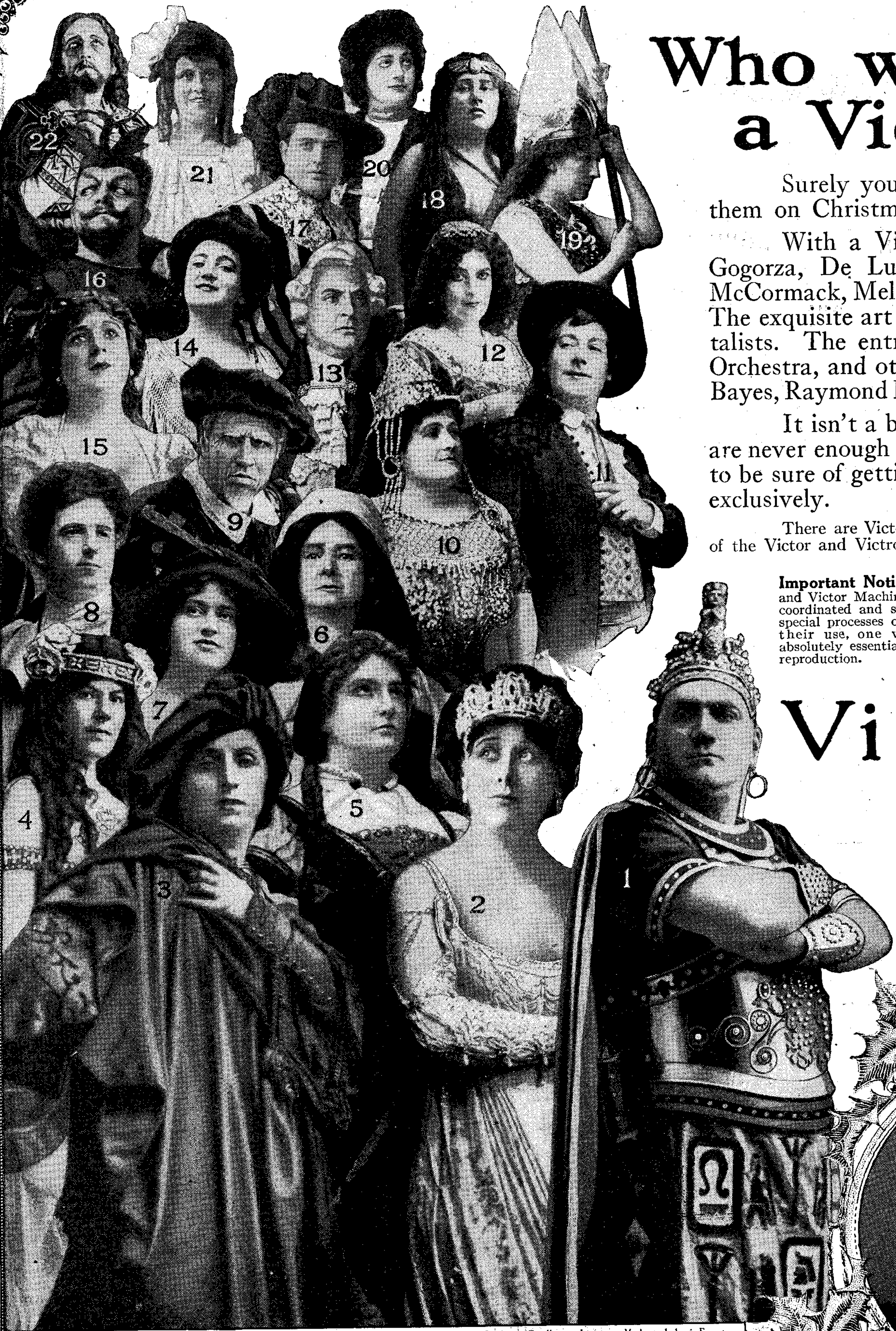

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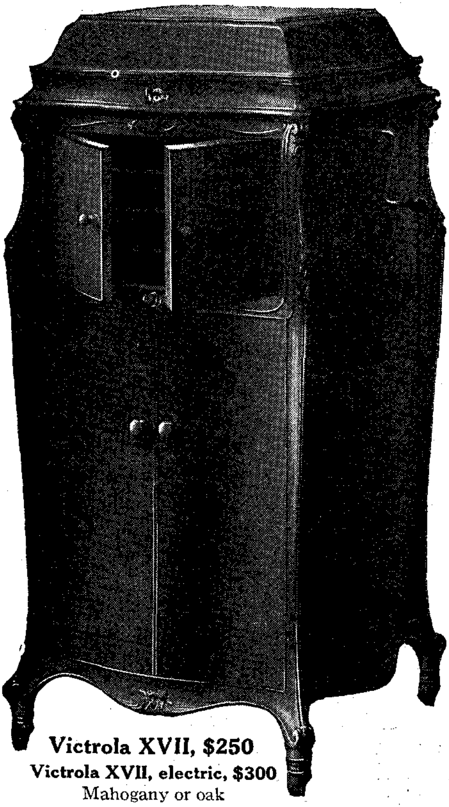

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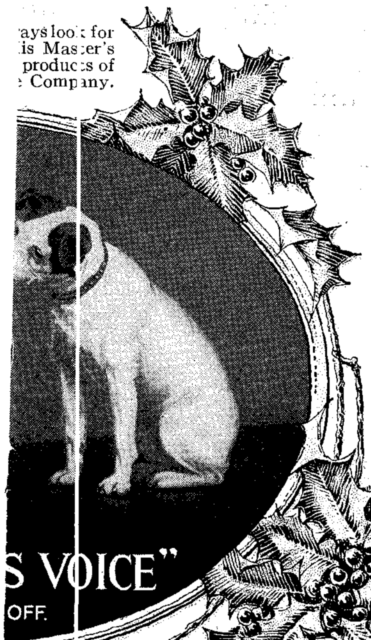

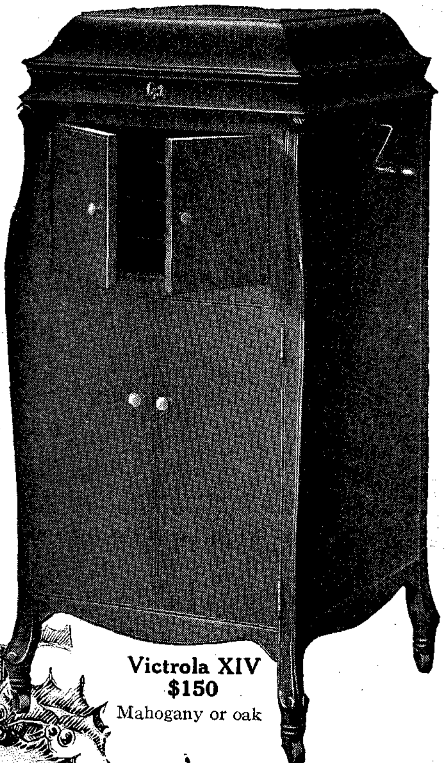

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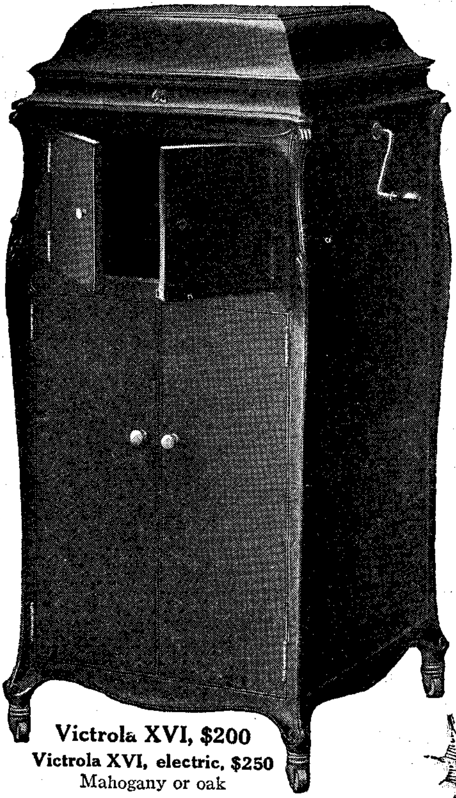

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> to the same post, the second one, and been caught in a gas-attack which lasted for an hour. They sat in the *abri* with their masks on (the masks are a greenish color, with two big round windows for the eyes) and, of course, with the helmets, the *abri* was crowded, and from their description they must have looked like so many big beetles crouching together. There is absolutely no danger with the masks, however, and we carry one always with us (even in town) and one fastened in the car.
>
> Last evening we went out into a field and read Jane Austen's "Emma" out loud. Jim and Rog left this morning for the posts and I go to-morrow.

Of the routine work of the ambulance-driver he writes:

> On account of the night driving we have lately put two men on each car, a driver and an orderly who just goes back and forth between the posts. Five cars are out every day and eight drivers. Three cars begin at the posts and two wait in the woods. As a car comes in from a post, another is sent out from the woods and this driver takes with him the orderly who has just come in, as only one man is necessary to make the trip from the woods to the hospital. From the hospital the latter returns to the woods, and thus a relay is formed. The day before yesterday I was at post 1; yesterday (beginning at noon), I was *en repos* for the day; to-day I am *en remplacement*, that is practically the same as repose, but if any extra cars are wanted in case of an attack, etc., we have to be within call. I am fourth in the list and don't expect to go out. To-morrow I go in my own car, next day repose, next day as orderly to post 3, next day repose, etc. The work is as interesting as ever.

In another letter which *The Free Press* prints Mr. Low tells of a battle between airplanes directly over his head. The engagement ended with the winging of both machines. The letter reads:

> The German machine fell between the lines, the French plane near one of our posts. There was a terrific fight, which we could hardly see, as it was very high in the air. The French plane caught on fire and began to fall. After some meters it was entirely enveloped in smoke and the three aviators had to jump, which was a quicker death. When they were found, parts of their bodies had been burned away.
>
> Just before this the first German shell fell in our cantonment. It was about half-past seven in the morning and we were all asleep when we heard the rush and explosion of an *obus*. It struck about two meters from the barracks and made a large hole in the road. Three shells usually fall in one place, but no other followed.
>
> For a day of repose it certainly was disturbing.
>
> Yesterday I had a hot shower at the hospital near here. It certainly seemed good, after bathing for two months out of a small reserved water-can.
>
> This morning we are at the second post. Before the war there were really enough houses to call it a small town, but it has been so completely destroyed that only stumps of the buildings remain. Batteries have been planted all about it, and at present they are receiving a heavy shelling from the Germans.

Mr. Low seems to possess an excellent nervous organization and a dependable imagination which he finds quite useful. He says:

> We are kept in the dugout, which, provided with chairs and a table, is very comfortable. It is rather pleasant to be securely seated here with books and listening to the "rush" of the shells overhead. It is like being before a grate fire and listening to a winter's storm outside. As long as no *blessés* are brought in we can sit here and warm our feet until the storm is over. Our beds are all made on the stretchers (placed high enough to keep out the rats), and we intend to spend a pleasant afternoon reading. I have Rog's Shakespeare, and I am reading "Cymbeline."
>
> We have just had lunch—hot meat, lentils, *camembert*, and the *inevitable* Pinard. The bombardment has nearly died away, so we can sit out a while and enjoy a very delightful August day. This post is reached by an old Roman road, which is rather badly torn up. They have just put up a screen of burlap to conceal it from the *saucisses;* that is, to hide the traffic on it, for the German gunners know where every road lies.
>
> (Later) A young fellow of about nineteen was just carried in. He was at the battery post a few meters behind us and became half-crazed by the shells during the bombardment. It is quite a common occurrence, especially with the men in the trenches. The French call it *commotion*, and the mind becomes so stunned that often they lose their speech or become totally stupid. The lieutenant said that this was a bad case and that if another shell fell near the man he would go mad. He asked us to take the fellow back to the hospital as soon as possible, and I had to ride in the back of the ambulance with him all the way to keep him quiet. Fortunately no shells came near the car.
>
> After supper we sat near the edge of the road and watched two or three battalions pass by on their way to the trenches. The road filled with carts and supply-wagons as soon as the *saucisses* descended. These vehicles travel between towns in the rear to a communication trench a little beyond our post, a point which is a terminus for all traffic. From there the ammunition and supplies are carried to the trenches by hand.
>
> There is a little railroad running from that point, beyond our post; horses pulling small flat cars loaded with wood, barbed wire, etc., for the trenches. A young *poilu*, standing up and waving his arms, came spinning down the hill in an empty car. He nearly caused a collision and I never saw a man so yelled and screamed at as this one was by his sergeant. The officer scolded him for a quarter of an hour and shouted himself hoarse: "*Quelle bêtise!*"
>
> About nine we went down into the *abri*, lighted a candle on the table, and read until about ten, when a man burst through the door, shouting:
>
> "*Gaz! Gaz! M. Médecin!*" and dashed out again. The *médecin* went outside, and, returning, told us to have our masks ready, that gas was coming over the hill and blowing in our direction. We waited about ten minutes and heard the alarm-bell ring—a signal to warn that a gas attack is near. We sat waiting with our masks at our elbows, but the wind carried the gas in another direction and we did not have to use them.
>
> These attacks are frequent, but not dangerous, as at every hour of the day a man stands in the first-line trench (with a bell at his side) to give warning of gas. The masks that we always carry at our belts are positive guards against any sort of gas.
>
> We read until twelve and then went to bed, lucky in having only one trip through the day.

YANKEE WOMEN IN BRITISH WAR-WORK

AMERICAN women are doing their "bit" in England.

In Brighton, once England's most fashionable watering-place, every second man now either wears the service uniform or the hospital blue, and they are all talking about the cheery activities of American women.

"Go where you like, and you will find American women to the fore doing helpful and kindly stunts," writes Hayden Church in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat.* He says:

> At Brighton there is a big hospital exclusively for men who have lost limbs, and the sight of these poor fellows, some minus an arm, some with but one leg, and a few with both nether limbs gone, sitting on the benches along the front, hobbling on crutches, or being conveyed about in bath-chairs either by nurses, relatives, or more able-bodied comrades, is one of the most pathetic that I, for one, have ever seen.
>
> Not that these fine fellows are, in their own phrase, "down-hearted"; not a bit of it. To quote themselves again, they are wonderfully "merry and bright." To find a glum face among them is exceptional. Sometimes one thinks that what one reads in the papers about the cheerfulness of the wounded is exaggerated, but a walk along the front at Brighton will convince the most complete skeptic that the case, if anything, is understated.
>
> These maimed men, in their blue suits and neckties of socialistic red, bask happily in the sun, smoke endless "fags," as they term cigarets, "jolly" one another, shout compliments to pretty girls as they pass, and generally enjoy themselves. Some of them even do embroidery and other forms of needlework, and do it surprizingly well. Altogether, to repeat a current jest, there's nothing more cheerful than "hospital blues."
>
> Of course, one reason that all the British wounded are so good-tempered is that every conceivable thing is done for their comfort and entertainment, and that brings us, somewhat belatedly, back to our subject. On the evening of the day I was at Brighton a concert was to be given at the biggest of the local military hospitals, the one for the maimed men, the home of which is Brighton's famous "Pavilion," the mammoth Moorish structure that was built in the time of George III., who was greatly devoted to Brighton, and that used to be utilized entirely for entertainments.

One of the American women who is popular with the "blues" is Mrs. Malley-Keyes. She is the daughter of the late Edward Malley, of New York, and the wife of Maj. Middleton Keyes, of the British Army. The correspondent of *The Globe Democrat* tells of a concert at which

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she was to sing, which fact, according to the Tommies, assured a "bumper" attendance:

> "She's all right, she is," was the verdict of the "blue" in the deck-chair next to mine on the promenade. "She's pretty and she's got a topping voice, and she sings the kind of songs we like—light, funny songs, with a good swing, and choruses that we can join in. Me, I'd as soon hear Mrs. Malley-Keyes as Margaret Cooper or Dorothy Varick (two popular professionals) and that's saying something, ain't it? Hear her sing '*Bonjour*, Marie!'—it's a bit of all right! A New York lady she is, I hear, married to a fine officer and with a lot of good-looking kiddies. Major Keyes got 'pipped' out at the front last summer, and now he's doing light duty down here. Sure, his wife sings to us often, and at other hospitals, too, and generally bucks the boys up. Wish they were all like she is. Concerts are all right and all the ladies and gentlemen what come and do their bit mean well, but some of them—blimme, not 'arf!"
>
> Which, translated, means that some of these amateur entertainers are pretty fierce and, from the soldiers' point of view, may be numbered among the minor horrors of war.
>
> Other talk that I heard at the smart Hotel Metropole and elsewhere in Brighton revealed that Mrs. Malley-Keyes really works like a Trojan arranging these entertainments for the men as well as taking part in them, and that she has worked in the kitchens of canteens and generally helped whenever possible. She is the best type of soldier's wife, in fact.
>
> Later I had a chat with the lady herself, and saw her little crowd of kiddies, fine children, who would delight the heart of Colonel Roosevelt. The race-suicide people certainly have nothing on Mrs. Malley-Keyes. The ages of her youngsters, two boys and three girls, make my point plain. The eldest, Hamilton, is six and one-half, the youngest, Neil, is one and one-half. The others are Rosemarie, Eugenie, and June.
>
> Major Keyes has a place in the West of Ireland, Ross House, County Mayo, and while at Brighton he and his attractive Yankee wife live in an up-to-date mansion in the fashionable Hove district. Mrs. Malley-Keyes is tall, slight, and graceful, and tho she has been married for over seven years and spent most of the intervening time in Ireland, no one would ever take her for anything but an American. She has shot big game in the Rockies, she told me, and is "keen" on salmon-fishing, and most other varieties of sport.
>
> "I can swim quite well, too," she declared, "and would rather do a high dive than almost anything else that I know of excepting sing to Tommies."

Then there is Lady Cheylesmore, who is one of the notable American women who have married Englishmen. Her husband, Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, is recovering from an illness that at one time threatened to cut short his promising career, and, says the writer:

> If he has one person to thank more than another that he is now alive it is probably his wife, who nursed him devotedly and refused to lose heart over the

many setbacks that punctuated the course of his illness.

General Lord Cheylesmore, who has been soldiering ever since he left Eton, is now camp commandant of the reserve of officers, and honorary colonel of the Ninth Battalion of the London Regiment. Among his duties during the past year or so has been that of presiding over many of the courts martial held in the London district.

Lady Cheylesmore was formerly Miss Elizabeth French, of New York. One of her sisters is Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Lady Cheylesmore has always been renowned for her philanthropy, and never more so than since the beginning of Armageddon. She and Lord Cheylesmore have had a Belgian convent school established on their estate at Cooper's Hill Park, near Windsor, since the early days of the war. The eighteen nuns in charge of it escaped from Antwerp. Lady Cheylesmore has taken the greatest interest in the school and frequently visits it.

It is no exaggeration to describe her and her renowned husband as one of the most interesting couples in England. The general himself is half-American, his mother, Baroness Cheylesmore, having been formerly Miss Charlotte Harman, of New Orleans.

Lord and Lady Cheylesmore's two sons, both of whom are in the Army, are, accordingly, actually three-quarters "Yankee." The eldest of them, Hon. Francis Ormonde Eaton, who is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, married last year a very pretty Tasmanian girl, Miss Norah Parker.

Lord Cheylesmore, who has been mayor of Westminster, and chairman of the London County Council, the body that really governs London, always has been an enthusiastic advocate of the cult of the rifle in England. He is chairman of the National Rifle Association.

Incidentally, Lord Cheylesmore possesses what is said to be the finest collection of war-medals in the world. These date from the earliest known examples—namely, those presented by good Queen Bess in recognition of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This wonderfully complete collection contains, among other treasures, no fewer than nine examples of the Victoria Cross. The medals are both naval and military, and form an interesting history of Britain's campaigns, from the sixteenth century down to the present day.

Lord Cheylesmore was in Paris during the *commune* and is said to have escaped being shot by offering his cigaret-case to some *communards* who had run short of tobacco. He was also in charge of Kilmainham Jail after the Phenix Park murders and in his official capacity had to attend the execution of Brady, the "Invincible."

When his father, who represented Coventry, the city of bicycles and Lady Godiva, was made a peer (he was a rich silk merchant), his son "stood" for the seat, but was beaten by sixteen votes.

When the first Baron Cheylesmore died, a curious situation arose regarding his will. His lordship, it proved, had been in the habit of carrying the document about with him everywhere, and shortly before his death a portion of his luggage was stolen by a professional portmanteau thief at a London railway-station.

Thus the will disappeared and was never recovered, but a draft remained in the hands of the lawyers who executed the document, and this, with the permission

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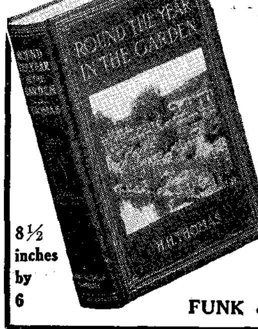

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Don't Clean Teeth

By Any Age-Old Method

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Old Ways Have Failed

Statistics show that tooth decay is constantly increasing. So is pyorrhea. Yet never was the tooth brush as widely used as now.

But most modern methods are almost like methods used many centuries ago.

It is clear that old methods are faulty. Teeth still discolor and decay despite the daily brushing. Tartar still accumulates. Every now and then a vigorous dental cleaning is essential. And pyorrhea, in some degree, attacks nine folks in ten.

The reason lies in a film—in that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. That film resists the tooth brush. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices and stays.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth — the cause of all tooth decay.

Germs breed there by the millions. And those germs, with tartar, form the chief cause of pyorrhea.

In pyorrhea, those germs invade the blood. Many serious diseases are due to them. So health depends, in very large measure, on sanitary teeth.

Must End the Film

Teeth are not safe, not clean, so long as that film remains.

This is to tell you that science has evolved a way to end it. It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. And the way is called Pepsodent.

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of the Probate Court, was taken to represent the wishes of the testator.

Those with a love for romance can find it in the marriage of Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, for it may be indirectly traced to a mutiny in the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards back in the 90's. *The Globe Democrat* says:

> Six of the ringleaders were sent to prison, the colonel commanding was put on half-pay, and the whole of the battalion was sent out, by way of punishment, to Bermuda, in charge of Col. Herbert Eaton, that being the style and title at that time of the present Lord Cheylesmore.
>
> For the Tommies, Bermuda proved, as the authorities had hoped, a dull place, but the officers found Hamilton was not without society. Many of the better-class Americans made of it a holiday resort, and it was here that Colonel Eaton met and wooed and won Miss Elizabeth French.
>
> Thus it came about that what his brother officers had regarded a stroke of the worst possible luck, for Colonel Eaton turned out to be one of those rare blessings which are not so effectually disguised as to be "unrecognizable."
>
> Lady Cheylesmore is tall, fair, handsome, and stately, with a serious face and dignified manners. The opera used to be her favorite amusement, and she is a better golfer than many men who pride themselves on their game. As mayoress of Westminster, one of the oldest and most historic of London's boroughs, she dispensed the hospitality of that dignified position with great tact, and she has always been popular in society.
>
> What she most enjoys, however, is doing good. When Lord Cheylesmore commanded the forces at Dublin, she took a keen interest in most of the philanthropic movements then existent, and she invented what is now known as the "rag-doll industry." This consists of fabricating dolls to resemble famous personages, and many poor women and children are, or were quite recently, engaged in it.
>
> Lord Cheylesmore's father took his title from the Coventry manor of that name, which the baron of to-day still owns. It is wonderfully interesting historically, having been held by Edward, the Black Prince, Warwick the Kingmaker, the most renowned of the dukes of Northumberland, and the Marquess of Hertford (one of whose predecessors was the original of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne"), from whom the first Lord Cheylesmore bought it. This peer, by the bye, had some marked personal characteristics, not the least of which was his habit of wearing an eye-glass screwed into the band of his hat.
>
> Treasured among his possessions at his London house, Lord Cheylesmore has a dream on canvas. He dreamed that he saw the St. Leger run, and saw a certain horse, not the favorite, pass the post victorious. A day or two later the race was run, and resulted as he had pictured it. The late Count Gleichen put the incident on canvas, and there it is to-day. The painting is in good company, for Lord Cheylesmore has what is supposed to be the finest private collection of mezzotints, and the best collection of war-medals known.

There is still another American woman who is active in war-work in Britain. She is the Viscountess Maidstone whose husband, recently awarded the *Croix de Guerre* by the French Government, is the heir to the Earldom of Winchilsea. She was Miss Margaretta Drexel, daughter of Mrs. Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia.

WHAT IS A RAILROAD ACCIDENT?

THE implication, when one talks about "railway accidents," is that the subject of conversation is something for which the railroads themselves are responsible. When one road reports twice as many accidents as another, it is believed that the latter must be more carefully operated. This fails to discriminate between death or injury that is the railroad's fault and that which is the victim's own fault. Many deaths now classed as "railroad accidents" might as well be labeled "involuntary suicide." Says an editorial writer in *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, August 31):

> In the study of railroad accidents and their causes there is a constant necessity of remembering the comprehensive nature of the term "accident." Not the least of the accidental features of such casualties is the accident of time and of place. In the butting collision of trolley-cars at North Branford, Conn., on August 13, seventeen persons were killed; and everybody who travels is justly indignant as he reads of the incredibly careless management which continues to use, with high-speed electric-cars, the same old methods of operation which prevailed in the days of horse-cars. But only seven days later, within twenty-five miles of North Branford (near Saybrook Junction), half as many persons lost their lives in a "railroad accident" for which the railroad management is in no sense responsible. Nine out of ten persons, riding in an automobile, were killed by a locomotive at a railroad crossing. A cynic might, very plausibly, ask why, if people will rush to their death voluntarily, at crossings, there should be so much outcry when they are killed in the cars!
>
> Neither of these "accidents" has any relation to the other, so far as the details of prevention are concerned. Yet being so nearly in juxtaposition may well call attention to the need of getting down to actual causes and of patient attention to the real issues in every case, uninfluenced by special interests or the clamor of short-sighted advocates. The fact that within a given territory, within a given time, a hundred people are killed on railroad premises by their own fault, when only a half or a tenth of that number are killed by the fault of the railroad or its employees does not, indeed, afford any excuse for the railroad, or justify any relaxation of efforts at improvement; but it does show that a good deal of the activities of press and legislature are misdirected, and that much of the time of the courts is wasted. The operation of twenty thousand miles of busy railroad—in Great Britain or America—for a year or longer, with not a passenger killed except by his own fault, is a great achievement. This is one side of the shield. A statement of all casualties, great and small, on the steam-railroads of the United States for a year—180,375 in the last report issued—shows the other side. Each figure has its own lessons; but each side of the shield is often shown in such a

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way as to lead the superficial observer to think that he is looking at the other side. If a clear distinction were always made between "railroad accidents" not due to the fault of either railways or their employees and railroad accidents actually due to them, it would be easier to secure intelligent regulation to reduce accidents.

WOMAN EXPLORER ARRESTED AS A SPY

THIS is the story of a woman who has wandered around Southwest Africa with only an escort of native bearers, and

- Been captured and held for ransom by native torturers;
- Passed the time of day with the savage Tuaregs of the Desert of Sahara;
- Crossed the Alps in a balloon;
- Made sixty or seventy flights in aeroplanes;
- Been imprisoned by the Apaches of Paris;
- Nursed in the hospitals of Europe;
- Assisted in rescue work in the London slums:

And along comes the war and spoils her contemplated visit to the unexplored great Desert of Arabia, which is called by the tribesmen who hang around its fringe "The Dwelling of the Void."

She is the Countess Molitor, widow of a Russian whose estates lie—or did lie previous to 1914—in the neighborhood of Moscow. Hayden Church, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, says of the Countess:

> The responsibility of putting the "across-Arabia" project into the Countess's head really lies at the door of Dr. Scott Keltie, tho, as soon as the famous secretary of the Royal Geographical Society found that the beautiful Russian woman not only was taking his suggestion seriously, but going his original proposition about one thousand times better, he hastily tried to pour cold water on the project. The Countess, who must, she declared to me, have a gipsy strain in her, came over to London from Paris in the autumn of 1913 and told Dr. Keltie that she wanted to do some exploring, and the latter, in mentioning Arabia, had in mind some comparatively short journey inland which a woman might conceivably accomplish without undue risk.
>
> But once Dr. Keltie, carried on by the geographer's enthusiasm, had spoken of the great Ruba-el-Khali Desert, some 600,000 square miles in extent, which it is considered doubtful if even any native has crossed, with its possible buried cities and probable mines of precious metals and fabled inhabitants, he kindled a flame which he could not subsequently extinguish.

Despite all attempts to dissuade her, the Countess resolved that a woman would succeed where others had failed, and set sail from Southampton in April, 1914, since which time the public has heard nothing of the intrepid woman. Mr. Church, however, has received several letters from her, and also has had an opportunity to examine her journal. He says:

> Had it not been for the war, it is extremely probable that the Countess would have accomplished her project, which would have pushed her into the front rank of successful explorers. She carried out, it seems, her original intention—a venturesome one, indeed, for a white woman—of joining a Bedouin tribe and traveling with them, and had covered over nine hundred miles of her journey when she was caught in the Turkish mobilization and arrested, on suspicion of being a Russian spy, by the Moslems, who, from the beginning, had frowned on her project and attempted to prevent it. Bitterly disappointed at being thus defeated just when the chance of success seemed rosiest, the Countess was brought back as a prisoner to Damascus. There she had the narrowest escape of being shot for supposed espionage, and it was only after months of surveillance and affronts that she finally was permitted to return to Europe.
>
> Tho she failed to get across the Arabian Desert, the Countess, previous to her arrest, had some of the strangest and most picturesque experiences that ever have befallen a white woman. Probably no other European woman has traveled, as she did, for weeks on end as the honored guest of a Bedouin Sultan (who insisted on believing her to be a sister of the Czar of Russia), living the nomadic life of the tribe and riding on camel-back, nor lived, as did the Countess, all by herself, in the heart of Old-World Damascus, an experiment that does not commend itself even to the foreign consuls. What she saw of the brutalities of the Turkish mobilization alone make as thrilling a tale as any that has been told since the war began.

But really it seems to be quite absurd for the Countess to go so far away, and to such a very dry place in search of adventure. She had quite a startling one right on the coast of Spain while bathing. The Countess had been staying at Cartagena after her return from Arabia, and the adventure came about through her desire to take a ride on a dolphin which was also in bathing. This is the Countess' story of what happened:

> "One day at Cartagena, while swimming some distance out at sea, I was followed and attacked by a big dolphin. Luckily an officer at the fortress had seen it, and he fired on the dolphin. But before killing him, one bullet went through my right arm! I must say in fairness to the dolphin that it really was not he who first attacked me. I saw him following me, and I thought I could have a little ride on his back, knowing that dolphins are good-natured, as a rule. But he misunderstood my intentions and turned on me, and, had not the second shot been fired an instant later, I should have been lost."

The writer in *The Public Ledger* tells of the start of the Countess for the Arabian desert:

> From Beirut the Countess went by train to Damascus (a day's journey), where she had planned to live for a time and improve her knowledge of Arabic, which is one of the six languages she speaks, before setting out for the desert. To begin with,

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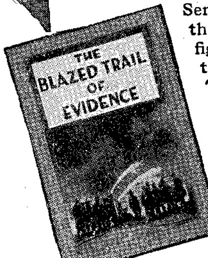

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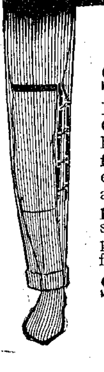

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al-lay′, 1 a-lē′; 2 ă-lā′, *vt.* [AL-LAYED′; AL-LAY′ING.] **1.** To calm the violence or reduce the intensity of; relieve; soothe. **2.** To lay to rest; pacify; calm. **3†.** To lay aside; put down; overthrow; annul. [< A-² + AS. *lecgan*, lay.]

Syn.: abate, alleviate, appease, assuage, calm, compose, lessen, lighten, mitigate, moderate, mollify, pacify, palliate, quiet, reduce, relieve, soften, soothe, still, tranquilize. To *allay* is to lay to rest, *quiet*, or *soothe* that which is excited. To *alleviate* is to lighten a burden. We *allay* suffering by using means to *soothe* and *tranquilize* the sufferer; we *alleviate* suffering by doing something toward removal of the cause, so that there is less to suffer; we *allay* rage or panic; we *alleviate* poverty, but do not *allay* it. *Pacify*, directly from the Latin, and *appease*, from the Latin through the French, signify to bring to peace; to *mollify* is to soften; to *mitigate* is to make mild; we *mollify* a harsh disposition or temper, *mitigate* rage or pain. To *calm*, *quiet*, or *tranquilize* is to make still; *compose*, to adjust to a calm and settled condition; to *soothe* (originally to assent to, humor) is to bring to pleased quietude. We *allay* excitement, *appease* a tumult, *calm* agitation, *compose* our feelings or countenance, *pacify* the quarrelsome, *quiet* the boisterous or clamorous, *soothe* grief or distress. Compare ALLEVIATE.—Ant.: agitate, arouse, excite, fan, kindle, provoke, rouse, stir, stir up.

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Note the Careful Treatment of Synonyms and Antonyms

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she put up at the only European hotel in this famous city of the East, and found its proprietor to be a strange character, indeed. Untidy of person and appallingly rude in manner, "he reigned there," writes the Countess, "with absolute despotism. This his monopoly of the European hotel business in Damascus enabled him to do, as the Arab hostelries are impossible for foreigners.

"Here is a little example of his delightful ways. One day an English visitor asked for a bath and, as answer, was told to get his luggage ready and leave the hotel in two hours' time, as his hotel had no room for people who were dirty enough to need a bath!"

Impulsive, almost reckless, as this remarkable Countess is, there is a strong admixture of almost Scottish shrewdness in her make-up, and her plans for the conquest of the Ruba-el-Khali Desert were so cleverly laid that it seems almost certain that she would have succeeded in her venturesome quest had she been permitted to carry them out. At the outset she was fortunate in getting acquainted with an old Arab sheik, Mahmoud Bassaam, who had previously traveled with the Arabian lady explorer, Miss Bell, and was known to be entirely trustworthy. He had spent virtually all his life with the Bedouin and, as a camel dealer, had accumulated what was regarded in the East as a large fortune, yet he consented to accompany the Countess and took charge of all the arrangements for her journey, including the buying of camels and outfit.

"My idea," the Countess wrote in her diary, "is to join the Roalla tribe at Palmyra and make friends with their Sultan, as they are one of the greatest and richest tribes in all Arabia. Once friends with the Roalla I intend to travel with them, move with them through the inner deserts southward and, arrived south, I hope to be able to interest the Sultan and induce him to cross the Ruba-el-Khali with me. Because I think this is only possible for a great tribe, with all their herds of camels and sheep. On my journey with him I shall try my utmost to fire his imagination and to rouse his enthusiasm for the exploration of the great desert. I reckon it will take us eight months to get southward, but then it will be the best time to start for the desert, being nearly spring, and in the spring camels can go about three weeks without water, which will naturally be of great importance."

As her dragoman, the Countess had an American university graduate, one Doctor Kahil, a Syrian, "well educated, serious, and clever."

On June 5 the Countess set out secretly, fearing that the Turkish authorities in Damascus might stop her if they knew her intentions. Giving the impression that she was going only for a horseback ride she met her dragoman outside the town. They rode to Adra, at the edge of the desert, where she found awaiting her Mahmoud Bassaam and her caravan, consisting of eight camels and camel men, an Arabian cook and a guide. Of the journey into the desert the writer in *The Public Ledger* says:

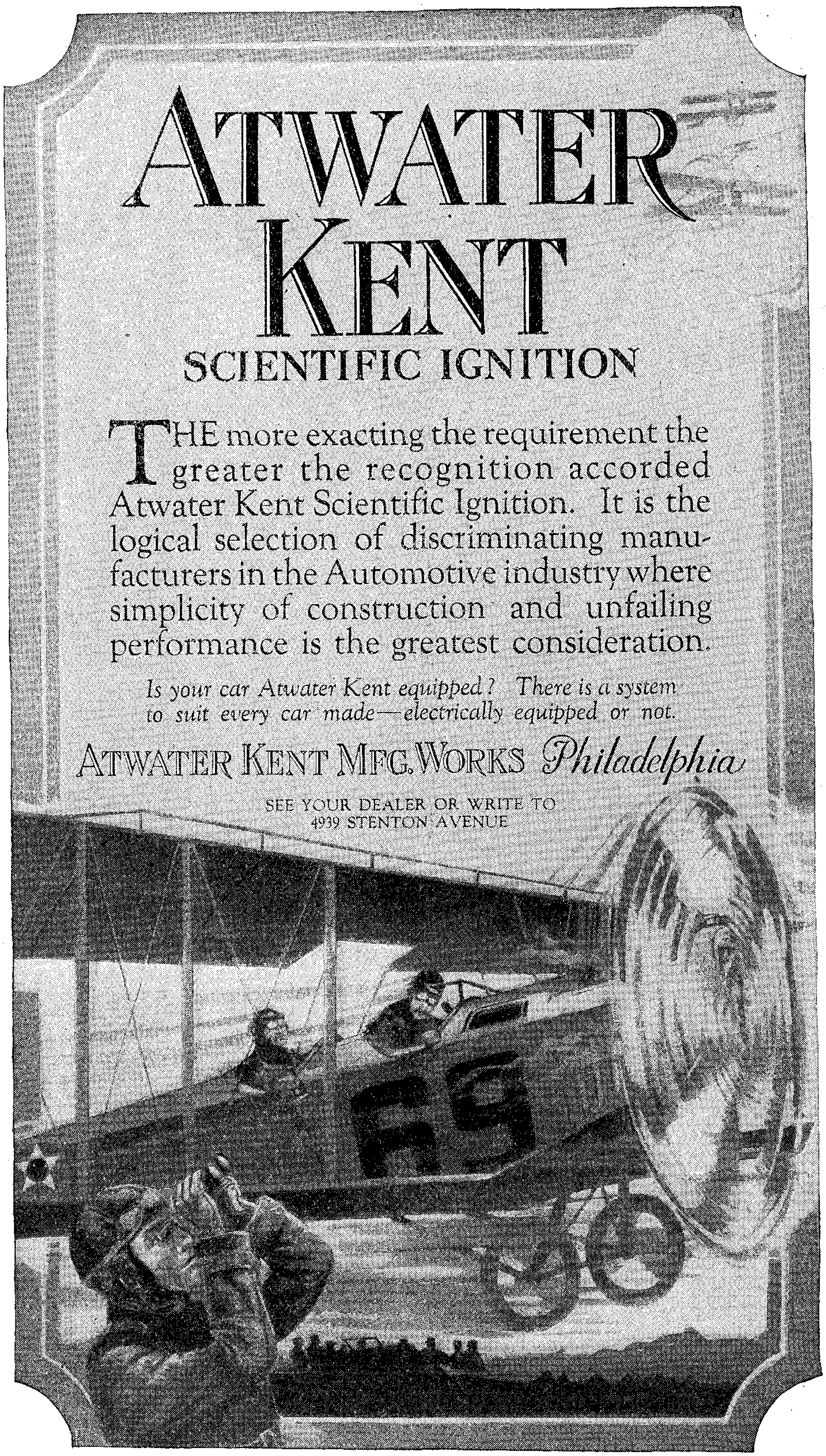
It was in September, after they had traveled for more than nine hundred miles through the desert in company with the Sultan Al Tayar and his followers, that the first echoes of the European War reached these travelers. In the meanwhile the Countess, who, from first to last, was treated as a guest of the highest distinction by the Sultan (to whom she had been presented by Mahmoud Bassaam) had become familiar with all the customs and observances of the Bedouins—she had even witnessed a pitched battle between her hosts and an enemy tribe—and had learned to eat with her fingers as they did without discomfort. By some means the impression that she was a sister of the Czar of Russia had become fixt in the minds of these tribesmen, and when the Countess wished to disabuse them of it the Sultan dissuaded her, hinting that it was all to the good.

It was while crossing the Dahma Desert and heading for the wells of Wadi-al-Mustarri that a small Arab tribe brought them the tidings that Turkish soldiers were scouting the country, and that at Hail great demonstrations and assemblies of Turks and Arabs had taken place. And, on arriving at Jilfia, a small trading town, a few days later they learned that a European war had broken out, tho between whom nobody knew.

At Jilfia the Countess was arrested, a paralyzing blow for her, considering that she had covered more than half the distance to the Ruba-el-Khali, and that another two months would have found her on its borders, and that she had succeeded in winning the Sultan to the venture of attempting to cross it. He and his chiefs, who first wished to resist, parted from their guest with keen sorrow, and the Sultan presented her, as his parting gift, with a magnificent emerald, of which, however, she was robbed while being brought back as a prisoner and ill with fever to Damascus. There the Turkish authorities greeted her with soft words, declaring that they had acted only for her safety, but, tho she was allowed to go free and to live in her own house, she was aware all the time that she was carefully watched.

The Countess tells of the Turkish mobilization, in which terrified boys from the villages were driven by soldiers to the enlistment points. Patriotism, she declares, meant nothing to them. They loathed the Government, and were frightened to death at the thought of war. Those who could escape fled to the mountains, where they existed on wild cucumbers, and fright and hunger rendered them dangerous to the traveler. When the German officers arrived in town things grew rapidly worse, and the Countess writes in her diary:

> The commandeering in town is rapidly bringing about the utter financial ruin of many families. To-day every house was ordered to provide a hundred blankets or to pay a sum equivalent to their value. Those who can not comply are thrown into prison. From the store at which I buy my provisions they have taken £500 worth of rice, sugar, and coffee, the poor man's entire stock, without paying him a penny or even giving him a receipt. He is ruined. From another store they have taken carpets and rugs valued at £800, which are, I am told, destined for the private households of the officers! The



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> same is, no doubt, the destination of £300 worth of ladies' silk stockings, linen, and dresses, which were also commandeered!
>
> A commission visited the manager of a firm handling automatic pistols and took away eight hundred without paying for them, leaving the rest. Two days later the manager was arrested, under the pretext that he had purposely hidden the arms which the commission had not taken. They put him into prison, and only after a week's incarceration, his family having paid £50 to the Government, was he released. Meanwhile he has not had a receipt for his guns.

The Countess finally managed to escape from Damascus, and made her way to Beirut, where she hoped to find a friend in the Governor, who had previously treated her with great consideration. But, says the writer in *The Public Ledger:*

> Acting upon instructions from Damascus, he kept her a virtual prisoner, and when later her trunks were examined and the photographs and notes she had made while on her expedition discovered she was in imminent danger of being shot as a Russian secret agent. The Russian consul, who was himself in danger and had made one fruitless effort to escape, was unable to assist her.
>
> She found her best friends, then, in the officers of the American men-of-war *North Carolina* and *Tennessee*, which were lying off the town. They gave her good counsel and helped to keep her spirits up. After some weeks of agonizing uncertainty it was decided that the Countess should merely be expelled from the country, and she was given an hour to get aboard of a vessel which was sailing for Egypt.

HAYAKAWA, JAPANESE SCREEN STAR

ONE of the most subtle screen stars is a Japanese. To him the oft-repeated theory that a great story can not be told without words is rank fallacy. And as for gestures, he says:

"If I want to show on the screen that I hate a man I do not shake my fist at him. I think down deep in my heart how I hate him, and try not to move a muscle of my face—just as I would in life."

And, indeed, it would seem that Sessue Hayakawa injects something of the mysticism of the East into the development of his work in motion-pictures. A writer in the Los Angeles *Times* says:

> No one knows exactly who he is. His fine patrician face gives a hint of a thousand years of aristocratic ancestry in the proud old Samurai of Japan. In his own country he was a naval officer, in America he is the most subtle motion-picture actor the screen has produced. Everything else about him is shrouded in mystery.
>
> We talked one night of ju-jutsu, the extraordinary system of athletics whereby a little shrimp of a Jap tosses giants around as tho they were sick kittens.
>
> "This ju-jutsu that you see on the stage in America—that is merely the rough training which precedes ju-jutsu," said Hayakawa. "It is difficult for me to explain the real thing. I dare not even if I had the words. It is a sworn secret of the Samurai class of Japan. After you have studied six years one secret is imparted to you. Three years more study and another secret, and so on.
>
> "With my knowledge of ju-jutsu I could kill you by pressing my thumb quickly against a certain nerve-center in your body that you know nothing about. I could press my finger against another part of your body and you would never be able to speak again.
>
> "But this is only the crude part. What comes after that is more difficult to explain. Perhaps you can get something more from this hint:
>
> "Sometimes you are walking down a dark street at night and see a dark form lurking in the shadow; or you go into your dark garage and hear a strange noise and you shake with fear. The next time you find yourself in such a condition, just contract the muscles of the lower part of your abdomen; hold in those muscles until they are hard. Then I defy you to be afraid of anything. Try it and see.
>
> "But of course that, again, belongs to the crudities of ju-jutsu. If you were to try to kill an old Samurai who had really studied ju-jutsu you would find out what I mean. You might point your revolver at him, but you could not fire. He would tell you to put the gun down, and something would make you put it down."
>
> I asked Hayakawa if his motion-picture acting was based upon this same mysterious force. He gave an oblique answer.

Billy Sunday's methods do not appeal to Hayakawa. He intimated—very delicately to be sure—that revival meetings indicated the weakness of our Western civilization. He said:

> "We are all trained from childhood never to betray emotion with our faces. Mr. Sunday certainly has a great power over his audiences, but he waves his arms and jumps up on his pulpit and screams out slang phrases. We had an actor in Japan named Danjuro who could sway an audience more powerfully than Sunday. He didn't fling his arms about. He didn't move a muscle. He stood in the center of the stage absolutely motionless, his face absolutely without expression. He stood there rigid until it seemed as if you must scream to relieve the tension."
>
> If you will notice the tense acting of Hayakawa on the screen, you will observe that his greatest effects are all accomplished in this same repress way.
>
> I asked him one day about this. I had expounded the somewhat trite theory that motion-pictures can never tell a great story because there are no words; that subtle, psychological effects can not be shown simply by gestures.
>
> "That is where you are wrong," said Hayakawa. "Words are the crude things. It is words that can not tell a subtle story."
>
> "But gestures?" I expostulated. "Can you tell the story of a man's soul-struggle by wriggling your hands?"
>
> "I do not wriggle my hands," said Hayakawa with dignity. "Neither do I make gestures. If I want to show on the screen that I hate a man I do not shake my fists at him. I think down in my heart how I hate him and try not to move a muscle of my face; just as I would in life."
>
> "How does the audience get it?" I asked.
>
> "That is one of the matters difficult of explanation," said Hayakawa. "But the audience gets it nevertheless. It gets the story with finer shades of meaning than words could possibly tell them. Words would, in fact, take away from the meaning and confuse it."

Discussing the customs and beliefs of his countrymen, Hayakawa said that to a Japanese death is nothing and is welcomed joyously, which is rather fortunate, since one of the habits of ancient Samurai gentlemen was to test the blade of a new sword by cutting off the head of some passing peasant. And it would seem that perhaps Hayakawa's estimate of the hilarity with which death is hailed is a little doubtful, since he declares that every Japanese, following an ancient custom, always makes a wide detour in turning a corner. Of the drama of Japan he says:

> "The ancient drama of Japan is all tragic and tells of death. Comedies were almost unknown among the elder Japanese. Shakespeare is popular in Japan, but the favored plays are 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' and 'The Merchant of Vencie.'
>
> "The favorite native Japanese plays are still full of sorrow and tears, but I am surprized to note that among the American screen players the most popular in Japan is Charlie Chaplin. A great vogue for Chaplin has come through the school-kids of Japan.
>
> "I don't know what that portends. American ideas are making great headway in Japan. Baseball has taken the Empire by storm. English is taught in all the schools and is compulsory in all courses. Japanese are fairly good linguists, too, by the way, especially as far as reading English is concerned. English is taught largely by native Japanese professors who have learned the language from books, and they give their pupils weird ideas of pronunciation.
>
> "Japan is not a nation that thinks lightly, the struggle to live is too severe. Fiction stories are rarely read. The Japanese boy is usually to be found devoting his time to hard study.
>
> "No, the conditions of life are not soft in Japan."
>
> Hayakawa smiled in reflection.
>
> "Yet," he said, "I think life is more pleasant there; the amenities of life are more harmonious. I will not hurt your feelings? Thank you. Then I will tell you. Not long ago I was on Santa Catalina Island, where we were making a picture. One night there came a wonderful moonlight. The whole earth and sea were flooded with silver light.
>
> "In Japan, on such a night, parties of young people would have been on the water. Their boats would have been lighted by just one soft-colored paper lantern hung in the bow of the boat. There would have been soft melancholy music made with a peculiar flute used very rarely on any other occasion. We save it for moonlight nights.
>
> "Well, when I was thus reflecting, a boat came by with a party of young Americans. One had a ukulele and they were all shrieking at the tops of their voices, 'Umpt tiddy umpt tump,' and so on through the silver moonlight.
>
> "Do you see what I mean?"

Speaking of the Great War, Hayakawa said that the Japanese are proud of the fact that theirs was the only commission that did not come to America with up-

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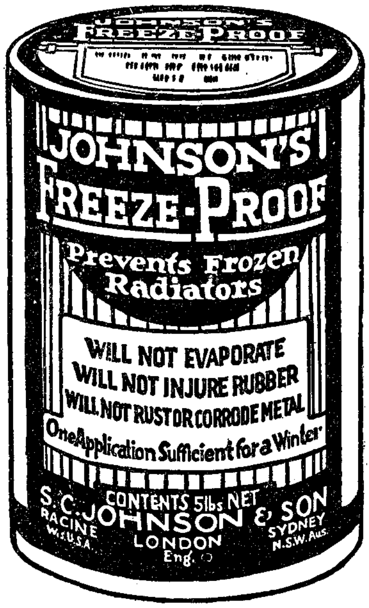
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turned palm asking for money. Of his country's share in the struggle he said:

"The Allies need not fear for Japan's part. Honor is a sacred thing in Japan, and we are bound in honor by our treaty with England. Japan is prepared to send millions of Japanese troops to Europe and to turn over her whole merchant marine. Japan is willing to take charge of transporting the American troops to Europe on either ocean and to furnish the war-ships to convoy the transports as well."

I asked him what would happen in Europe following this war. He gave me a peculiar reply.

"My studies of the classics of China and Japan as well as my observation of modern history have shown me this: That China's destiny moves onward in cycles of fifteen. From the earliest dawn of history you will find that China sinks for fifteen years, then rises for fifteen. She experiences misfortune for fifteen years, then her luck turns, as you might say.

"I think it would be well for all the great nations to take notice of the fact that China has been experiencing a period of what you would call slump for the last fifteen years. Her fifteen-year period is about over. Very soon she is due to begin the upward stroke. She will soon begin to rise. She has 300,000,000 people. Need I say more?"

WHEN "ACE" LUFBERY BAGGED NO. 13

LIEUT. GERVAIS RAOUL LUFBERY, an "Ace" of the Lafayette Escadrille, has brought down his thirteenth enemy airplane. His most recent exploit was reported on October 19. The German machine was first seen by Lufbery—who was scouting—several hundred yards above him. By making a wide detour and climbing at a sharp angle he maneuvered into a position above the enemy plane at an altitude of 5,000 yards and directly over the trenches. The German pilot was killed by Lufbery's first shot and the machine started to fall. The gunner in the German plane quickly returned the fire, even as he was falling to his death. One of his bullets punctured the radiator and lodged in the carburetor of Lufbery's plane, and he was forced to descend.

To a writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Lufbery describes the type of young man America will need for her air-fleet. He says:

"It will take the cream of the American youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six to man America's thousands of airplanes and the double cream of youth to qualify as chasers in the Republic's new aerial army.

"Intensive and scientific training must be given this cream of youth upon which America's welfare in the air must rest. Experience has shown that for best results the fighting aviator should not be over twenty-six years old or under eighteen. The youth under eighteen has shown himself to be bold, but he lacks judgment. Men over twenty-six are too cautious.

"The best air-fighters, especially a man handling a 'chaser,' must be of perfect physique. He must have the coolest nerve and be of a temperament that longs for a fight. He must have a sense of absolute duty and fearlessness, the keenest sense of action and perfect sight to gain the absolute 'feel' of his machine.

"He must be entirely familiar with aerial acrobatics. The latter frequently means life or death.

"Fighting 22,000 feet in the air produces a heavy strain on the heart. It is vital, therefore, that this organ show not the slightest evidence of weakness. Such weakness would decrease the aviator's fighting efficiency.

"The American boys who come over here for this work will be subject to rapid and frequent variations in altitude. It is a common occurrence to dive vertically from 6,000 to 10,000 feet with the motor pulling hard.

"Sharpness of vision is imperative. Otherwise the enemy may escape or the aviator himself will be surprized or mistake a friendly machine for a hostile craft. The differences are often merely insignificant colors and details.

"America's aviators must be men who will be absolute masters of themselves under fire, thinking out their attacks as their fight progresses.

"Experience has shown that the 'chaser' men should weigh under 180 pounds. Americans from the ranks of sport—youths who have played baseball, polo, football, or have shot and participated in other sports—will probably make the best chasers."

Lufbery is a daring aviator and has already been decorated with four military medals awarded for aerial bravery. His life has been full of adventure even before he thought of becoming an airman. *The Ledger* says:

Fifteen years ago the aviator, then seventeen years old, left his home in Wallingford, Conn., and set out to see the world. First he went to France, the land of his progenitors. He visited Paris, Marseilles, Bourges, and other cities. Then he went to Africa.

In Turkey he worked for some time in a restaurant. His plan was to visit a city, get a job that would keep him until he had seen what he desired, and then depart to a new field of adventure. In this manner he traveled through Europe, Africa, and South America. In 1906 he returned to his home in Connecticut. The following year he went to New Orleans, enlisted in the United States Army, and was sent to the Philippine Islands. Two years later, upon being mustered out, Lufbery visited Japan and China, exploring those countries thoroughly. Then he went to India and worked as a ticket-collector on a Bombay railroad. While engaged at this occupation he kicked out of the railway station one of the most prominent citizens of Bombay. The latter had insisted that Lufbery say "sir" to him. The aviator always did have a hot temper.

Lufbery's next occupation and the business to which he has remained attached ever since was had at Saigon, Cochin China, where he met Marc Pourpe, a young French aviator, who was giving flying exhibitions in Asia. He needed an assistant. Lufbery never had seen an airplane, but he applied for the job and got it.

The two men gave exhibitions over the French provinces in Indo-China. After one of these flights the King of Cambodia

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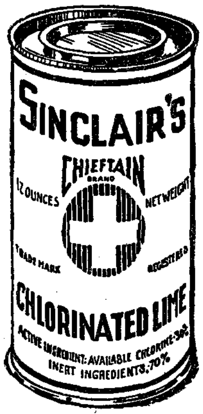

Chlorinated lime, your doctor will tell you on the authority of the U. S. Pharmacopœia, is the best and cheapest disinfectant known.

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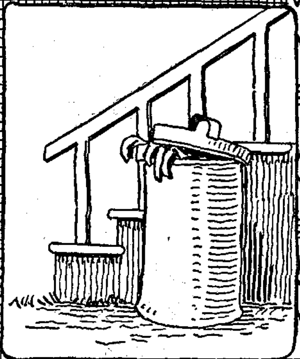

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was so pleased that he presented each aviator with a decoration that entitled him to a guard of honor on the streets of any town within the realm.

Lufbery and Pourpe, now inseparable comrades, went to Paris to get a new airplane. War was declared, and Pourpe volunteered as an aviator. Lufbery, who was anxious to be with his friend, tried also to enlist, but was told that he must enter the Foreign Legion as he was not a French citizen.

Pourpe was shot to death during one of his wonderful air feats; and wishing to avenge the death of his friend, Lufbery asked to be trained as an airplane pilot. His request was granted and in the summer of 1916 he went to the front as a member of the American Escadrille. It was on August 4 of that year that he brought down his third enemy plane, and soon afterward was decorated with the Military Medal and the French War-Cross with the following citation:

> LUFBERY, RAOUL, sergeant with the escadrille No. 124; a model of skill, *sang froid*, and courage. Has distinguished himself by numerous long-distance bombardments and by the daily combats which he delivers to enemy airplanes. On July 31 he attacked at short range a group of four German airplanes. He shot one of them down near our lines. On August 4, 1916, he succeeded in bringing down a second one.

Two or more combats a day in the air came to be a common occurrence with Lufbery, and many times he returned to the base with his machine full of holes and his clothing cut by German bullets.

When Lufbery heard of the death of Kiffin Rockwell he ordered his gasoline tank refilled and soared into the sky in the hope of avenging the death of his comrade. But no enemy machine was to be found. Of Lufbery's further exploits *The Ledger* says:

> During the bombardment of the Mauser factories on October 12, 1916, the intrepid aviator brought down a three-manned *aviatik*. This was counted as his fifth official victory and gained him additional honors. It was during this raid that Norman Prince was mortally wounded.
>
> After the escadrille had moved to the Somme battle-field, Lufbery, on November 9 and 10, brought down two more German planes. These, however, fell too far within their own lines to be placed to his official credit. On December 27, 1916, he nearly lost his life in bringing down his sixth flier of the enemy. Four bullets riddled the machine close to his body. For this victory he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.
>
> In March of this year he was officially credited with bringing down his seventh German aircraft. The others have been sent hurtling to the earth at different times since then.
>
> Lufbery is a quiet, level-headed man. His particular friend in the Lafayette Escadrille of American fliers is Sergeant Paul Pavelka, who also hails from Connecticut, and who has himself seen quite

a bit of the world. Lufbery has his own special methods of attacking enemy airplanes; he is cool, cautious, and brave, and an exceptionally fine shot. When he was a soldier in the United States Army he won and held the marksmanship medal of his regiment. He has been cited in army orders twice since August, 1916.

ORIENTAL EFFICIENCY

SULTANIC gratitude has its vagaries. When Bou Ahmed, Grand Vizier of Morocco, died in 1900, the youthful Sultan was quite overcome with grief. Did he not owe his very throne to Bou Ahmed? He wept. On foot, in stately wo, he followed the body of his great minister to the tomb. And then, when he was quite sure that the Vizier was safely put away underground, he hurried home, confiscated all Bou Ahmed's treasures, and scattered the many wives, children, and slaves of his erstwhile-feared minister to the four winds of heaven. But when the story is all told, the Sultan's conduct is not so paradoxical as it seems. Bou Ahmed, the son of a negro slave, had been Chamberlain to the boy Sultan's father, and when the latter had died in 1895, Bou Ahmed's chance came, and he was quick to take advantage of it. His daring and unscrupulous maneuvers read like a Scheherezade tale, according to the Morocco correspondent of the London *Times*, Mr. Walter B. Harris:

The Sultan's death occurred while he was on a military expedition against the dissident tribes of Tadla. Bou Ahmed, who, with a few confidential slaves, alone knew of Mulai Hassen's death—for he died in his tented enclosure in the Imperial camp, among his women—realized that the tragic event must be kept secret. Otherwise the tribes would fall upon the army, now lacking a chief, and the soldiers themselves would join in the pillage and murder and loot. So orders were given for the Court and the Army to continue their march toward the coast, and at dawn the day after the Sultan's death a start was made. Meanwhile Bou Ahmed's messengers were hurrying to Rabat to proclaim the late Sultan's youngest son, Mulai Abdul Aziz, a boy of twelve years of age. The critical moment was past; the Army was in a safe region, the dissident tribes were left far behind, and the accession was a *fait accompli*. It was Bou Ahmed's first card and he played it well.

But other things remained to be done. Bou Ahmed was only Chamberlain, and the more important posts of Grand Vizier and Minister of War were held by his rivals, two brothers of the powerful Jamaï family, who, aristocrats, despised the slave's son and his origin. The situation demanded that the young Sultan should proceed at once to Fez, the northern capital, for, until he had been accepted and received as Sultan there, his throne was not consolidated, and Fez was no safe place for Bou Ahmed.

He played his second card—an even bolder one than his first. While the Sultan was at Mekinez, only thirty miles from Fez, Bou Ahmed obtained his master's consent to the arrest of the Jamaï brothers. The pretext was treason. One morning the Grand Vizier, Haj Amaati, rode into the

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> palace square of Mekinez and passed into the young Sultan's presence between long rows of bowing officials. The sentries saluted, but, disdainful, the Vizier noticed no one. Bou Ahmed was with the Sultan. He accused the Vizier of treachery, of treason, of innumerable crimes, and asked the pale boy seated upon the throne to authorize his arrest. The Sultan nodded—and Haj Amaati was dragged by jeering soldiers to prison, smitten with blows and the object of a hundred jibes. His brother, the Minister of War, joined him in jail only a few minutes later. Bou Ahmed was now Grand Vizier.

With his rivals thus neatly pigeonholed, the new Vizier began to amuse himself with the building of a great palace at Marakesh, which he named "The Bahia," or "The Effulgence," and in which, Mr. Harris comments, modern Moorish architecture reached its zenith. No man before had attempted such a work, and no man in Morocco would ever be rich enough to surpass it. In strange contrast to the description of the beauty of the palace is the dubious chronicle of its building. Says Mr. Harris:

> With stone and mortar and the money and blood of men, by every exaction and cruelty, by murder and sudden death, he built it, raising court after court—grandiose and fantastic—to please his own pride or the fancies of some woman. Every favorite had her courtyard and her apartments, and little it mattered to her, or to the man who for a time cherished her, how many might die, how many might starve, that the ceilings of carved cedar-wood might be paid for, or the marble fountain basins be brought from Italy. The Vizier's revenues were prodigious, for every coin that came to the Moorish Government passed through his hands, and a few went on to the Imperial Treasury, but only a few. He was alone and omnipotent. A sort of superstitious romance encircled him and his wealth. His name was whispered in the streets and in the byways.
>
> He started largely. He took a whole quarter of the town and razed it to the ground. It covered many, many acres. No householder could resist his onslaught. Where necessity arose, he compensated, according to his own ideas, the owners of the houses he destroyed. In other cases he found it unnecessary to do so. Whole households were turned loose into the world. Beyond were gardens, great groves of olives and oranges. He became possest of them, tearing down the dividing walls and laying out the whole as a great park. He built a raised irrigating-tank as large as a lake, and encircled the whole property with immense walls. The energy of this small, dark, awkward, unsympathetic man was immense. He governed as he built, without a thought of human life or of the suffering he occasioned. He destroyed whole tribes and confiscated their wealth. It all served to build the "Bahia."
>
> On the ruins of the demolished quarter he raised his palace, encircled with walls—and what walls!—great windowless expanses of masonry 30 feet and 40 feet high, here and there pierced with gateways that led into vast open spaces, seemingly as objectless as the walls themselves—great, barren, dusty courtyards.

Against this somber background of cruelty and ugliness stands the brilliant picture of the palace itself:

> And then—passing through a small gate, a blaze of color—an immense court, paved in white marble and colored mosaics, surrounded by a colonnade roofed in brilliant green tiles supported upon wooden pillars, painted red and green and white and orange in strange designs. The ceilings under the colonnade are richly decorated and colored. In a line in the center of the court are three great marble fountains, splashing water—the whole a blaze of sunlight and color. The surrounding buildings are of one story only, but the height of the great apartments, with their gilded, painted, and domed ceilings, that open into the courtyard, renders this one story of very considerable altitude.
>
> In contrast with this great open sunlit space is a shady walled garden, full of flowering trees, from among which tall cypresses rise high above the walls and tree-tops. Here, too, there is water everywhere in marble fountains and marble basins, that fill the cool air with the music of their streams. In the surrounding walls are deep recesses, festooned with delicate arabesques in incised plaster, and roofed with carved and painted beams, cool retreats from the fitful sunlight that pierces the foliage of the trees. At either end of this delicious garden are vast apartments, the lofty ceilings of which, half hidden in the gloom, rise tier above tier of carved and painted domes. Colored mosaics from Fez, full of luster, line the lower part of the walls to a height of some six or seven feet, and the floors are of marble and similar mosaics. On the walls pass long bands of delicately fretted plaster, bearing geometric designs and Arabic inscriptions. All is still, cool, and mysterious, and veiled in the half light of the shade of the trees without.
>
> A small exit and tortuous narrow passage lead into other suites of apartments, each more gorgeous than the last. In one case the rooms open into a covered courtyard, its ceiling some 40 feet above the marble floor—great beams and painted and gilded surfaces of wood—rich in geometric designs. A row of little windows, just below the ceiling, and encircling the whole court, give light to this fine hall, with its marble floor and marble fountain, and in exquisite designs in mosaics of faience. On all sides are rooms, half-lit and mysterious, but rich in artistic decoration. The great carved and gilt doors stand open and a glimpse is obtained of the dim richness of the rooms within. Then long passages again—here straight, here turning sharply to right and left—and courts and more courts, and great rooms, and endless colonnades till the very vastness and complexity of the palace wearies. And then, suddenly, hidden away in the recesses of this labyrinth the gem of all—a wonderful little garden, surrounded by arched recesses and great rooms, the walls of the garden a mass of exquisite design in white incised plaster work; and above, a deep cornice, richly carved in little arches and columns, of cedar-wood, supporting overhanging eaves of the same beautiful wood, upheld by delicate beams. Above is a glimpse of rich green iridescent tiled roof. The paths, which bisect the little garden, raised a foot or so above the soil, are paved in marble and mosaic and edged with a low delicate design in iron work in a frame of wood. The marble basin is there too, with its cool plashing

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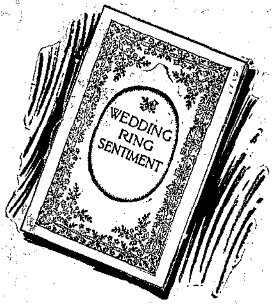

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water falling upon the mosaics of colored tiles. Beyond this garden lies another infinity of apartments, each series a house in itself.

In five years Bou Ahmed built it all, we are told, and then he died. When the Sultan's edict of confiscation became known, says the writer:

In the Bahia reigned confusion and lamentation. The great courts rang with the wailing and the shrieks of the women—and the palace, deprived of the iron hand of its master, became a pandemonium. Its inmates knew that a great crisis was at hand, and each strove to steal as much as he or she could in the few hours that yet remained. Safes were broken open, jewels were torn from their settings the more easily to be concealed, the doors of the treasure-rooms and the store-rooms were torn from their hinges. Wives, concubines, and slaves fought and looted—and it is said killed—for how many jealousies found their chance of revenge; and in the midst of it all came the Sultan's emissaries and the soldiers, to continue the loot and pillage in the name of the sovereign. For days caravans of mules passed through the streets bearing Bou Ahmed's treasures to the Sultan's palace. Then the women were driven forth—the older ones to hunger, and perhaps to death; the younger to live as best they might. The slaves fled, or were passed on to new masters.

And when all was accomplished, when not a hole or a corner had been left unsearched for treasure—and how few days it all took!—when no one was left, except a few in poverty and in exile to tell of its past glories, when even the children of the great Vizier were starving in the open country or hidden in the houses of a faithful few, and his wives and concubines had fallen a prey to others, then the Sultan closed the great palace and set his seal of state upon the doors of the man who had given him a throne.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED

"BROUGHT up by an English chauffeur, carried in by two Scotch stretcher-bearers, washed by an Australian sister, and got my breakfast this morning from an American girl."

This is an extract from a letter to the "home folks" written by a wounded man at a base hospital in France. The American girl, by the way, talks Gaelic, and she is apparently making a great hit with the Highlanders. A writer in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* tells this intimate story of the scenes as the wounded are brought in from the field hospitals:

The colonel and his attendant doctors have settled themselves at tables in the reception hut. Already they hear the sound of the first motor ambulances whirring up from the railway siding where the wounded have been taken off the Red-Cross hospital-train.

"Here they come," says the young lieutenant, as the orderlies quickly get the first stretcher case off the motor ambulances and put him down, stretcher and all before the table.

A swift examination—a look at the card from the casualty clearing station—regiment—length of service—religion—on his case card. The doctors consult together for a moment as to where there is most bed space available.

"Ward 6," the colonel announces, and the stretcher-bearers, again taking up the wounded man, march off with him to his new domicile.

Now a little body of men comes trooping in. They are the walking cases. The bathroom is their first haven. They need it. They are sent to it at once. There they chaff one another to their hearts' content as they tub and later slip into fresh, clean clothing. Then they come into the reception hut wearing the blue hospital suits, which now are so familiar at the "bases" and in practically all the British home towns. They are made of denim—which is called on American farms "overalling." One after another the walking cases are assigned to the wards where beds are being swiftly got ready for them; for once in hospital of course they cease at once to be "walking" cases.

"Copped a packet, Jock?" says an English gunner to a big Highlander as he looks at his bandaged arm. "How did you get him?"

"Tried to stop a whizbang," Jock replies. "And did. Stopt him fair and square, I did."

"Bones, or just a nice cushey one?"

"Bones, at the wrist."

"You lucky devil! That's a sure Blighty," laughs the Englishman.

"You blessed Scotch have all the luck. Mine's a mere flesh, no good for Blighty." (He really said, "No bon for Blighty." At the front French words are becoming English slang.)

"Look at 'im," joins in an Irishman. "It's a bullet in my arm, a bit of sharpnel in my leg, and they're both flesh wounds like yours. Bad cess to it! I know what it will be. It's the base for a week or two, then con camp (which means convalescent camp), and then buzzed up the line again. I'll swop you. How much will you take for that arm of yours, Jock?"

They progress toward the table as one or two more cases, having been examined, are passed out to the wards. Here a man shows an explosive bullet wound, there his neighbor compares notes over shrapnel, a third exchanges ideas on the effect of trench-mortars at close range. Two or three men limp in difficultly by themselves.

"Trench feet," says one doctor to the other as this last group come up.

"Still hanging on to that idea of yours that inoculation will do the trick for trench feet, captain?" queries the major.

"I would inoculate some people so that their minds might be open to new ideas," is the prompt but quite respectful reply of the captain, who refuses to be drawn into further discussion.

The colonel examines one case closely. "Tl" he says quickly to the stretcher-bearers, and they move off with their man to the block of wards where the worst cases are sent. These wards lie always opposite the operating theater, so that patients can be moved to and from them with the greatest expedition at any time.

"Better to operate to-night, if we are to give him a chance of saving that leg. Tell the matron to warn the theater sister for duty," he adds in an undertone. He turns to another case. "No wounds, my lad? What has been wrong?" Necessarily the greatest number of the cases are surgical, and these medical cases arrest attention.

"Trench fever. Special sealed note from

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These blades fit other razors, too.
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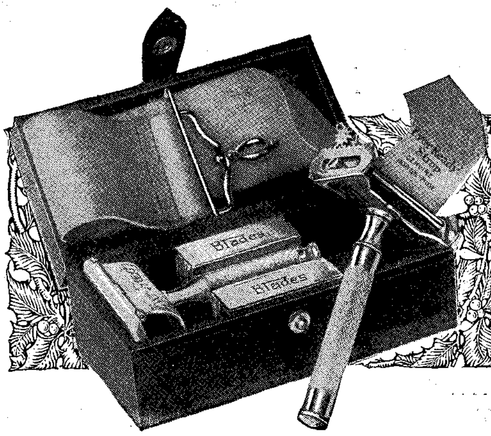
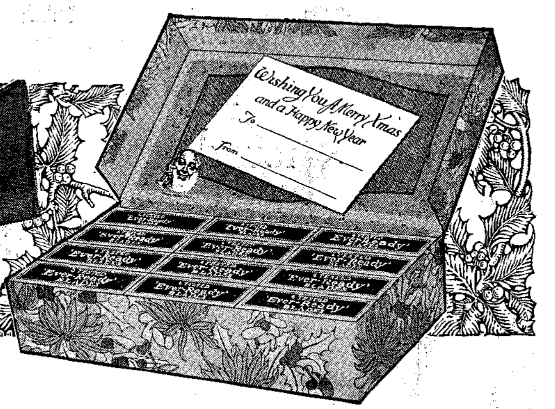


'Ever-Ready' Outfit No. 10



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Doesn't Hurt One Bit—Apply a Few Drops, then Lift Any Corn or Callus Right Off

HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns and calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

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doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

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the battalion doctor." So saying, the medical case passes over a paper to the colonel.

The O C opens it, glances at it, and passes it on without a word to the major, who reads:

"I suspect this man of being a carrier and send him on to you to deal with. Yours in great haste. J. M."

"All right, my lad," says the colonel, looking up. "Lieutenant, get a specimen of this man's blood; keep him under observation for a day or two and report."

Locating "carriers," who have the power of transmitting infectious diseases without themselves showing the symptoms, is one of the delicate pieces of medical work. *The Dispatch* says:

> The doctor, with the specimen of the blood, goes quickly around to the little hut, where in an improvised laboratory a skilled pathologist carries out his researches on all the puzzling cases occurring in an entire large hospital area. The guinea-pigs, rabbits, and mice in small cages squeak and squeal, scurrying away as the officer passes by.
>
> These same creatures are not much in the limelight, but they are surely doing their bit. They are inoculated with cultures from suspect cases, and many a man owes his limbs and even his life to the fact that little animals like them have played their part in the Great War.
>
> As the officer passes on his way back he looks in at one of the wards where the boys are settling down for the night.
>
> "Just send for the sergeant to sing me to sleep, will you?" one of the big Australians is saying to his cobber.
>
> "You settle down, sonny, or you'll get the sergeant-major. He'll put you to sleep all right. He'll soothe you and no error."
>
> "What?" rejoins the first Australian in a grieved tone. "You don't think he'll come and do a little thing like that for me, and me come all these weary miles from Australia? The sergeants do sing you to sleep in all the best hospitals. Then I'll have to sing on my own:
>
> "I am a little Anzac—
> Sidney is my home,
> If I once get back there,
> Never more I'll roam."
>
> The words contrast curiously with the powerful frame of the singer.
>
> The following morning the captain, as he censors the hospital letters, reads to the colonel this extract from one of the boy's epistles:
>
> "'Arrived at 23 last night—was brought up by an English chauffeur, carried in by two Scotch stretcher-bearers, washed by an Australian sister. Got my breakfast this morning from an American girl.'
>
> "By the way, that same American girl jollied a hard-hit Scotch boy, who at first would not speak to anybody. She spoke to him, if you please, in Gaelic, telling him that her father came from the Highlands and had taught her the Gaelic under protest. She had never found any use for it before.
>
> "Here for the first time in France it was coming in handy. The Maclean sat up and began to take notice at the Gaelic. Then she brings him an *x*-ray photo of his shrapnel wounds to show him where some bits of splinters are and points to several little dots. 'These,' she says, 'Jock, are little bits of Gaelic.' Believe me, this Gaelic's going to be half the cure for him.
>
> "So that is 23—some sister—some hospital.
>
> "And so say all of us. An American girl speaking Gaelic to a wounded Scotch boy in France is surely doing pretty well."

THE FIGHTS OF FITZ

IN ancient Greece Robert Fitzsimmons would have been crowned with laurel, and his statue would have graced the streets of Athens, to be later dug up, perhaps, and placed in the British Museum or the Louvre. In America his obituaries are left to the writers of the sporting page. Prize-fighting is not a noble occupation, but it requires the highest qualities, not alone of brawn and bone, but of eye, nerve, and, above all, of that sheer courage that many admire above all other human merit. It is the followers of pugilism that have brought it into disrepute, not the men who have the heart to stand up and take punishment almost or even unto death.

Fitzsimmons will be remembered as the man who punched the solar plexus out of its pathological obscurity into the limelight of fame. James J. Corbett supplied the solar plexus on this particular occasion, tho he did not realize it, or realize anything, in fact, for several minutes afterward. He is now devoting his talents to the drama. Fitzsimmons developed his wonderful strength at the blacksmith's forge, and to his strength was added a remarkable dexterity. During his career he fought his way through three classes, and had met the greatest heavyweight fighters in the history of the ring, all of whom admitted that he was supreme until age slackened his arm.

Tho not a showy boxer his willingness to take any punishment that was coming to him, and his unfailing cheerfulness, made him a popular idol among the sporting fraternity. His indomitable spirit was with him to the end. Almost his last words were:

"I'm not through until I am counted out. I never have quit, and I never will!"

It was shortly after this that the grim timekeeper marked ten—and Fighting Bob Fitzsimmons took the count.

Igoe in the New York *World* says:

> He whipt Jim Corbett for the heavyweight championship of the world when hardly more than a middleweight. Always it was his tremendous hitting-power that brought all men down to his size and weight.
>
> Strangely enough, the ring's famous hitters admired and copied Bob's style of shifting as closely as they could. Kid McCoy, deadly with either fist in his days, said last night:
>
> "Barring no one, Bob Fitzsimmons was the greatest fighter the world ever saw. He never had an equal as a hitter. I never fought him and I was never wild about doing it either. We were always the best of friends, and it was Fitzsimmons who

Flabby gums—the cause of loosened teeth

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USE IT AS A DENTIFRICE
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THE gums are the first line of defense for the teeth. Without firm gums teeth cannot be sound. And tender, inflamed or flabby gums become positive sources of vital danger.

The spongy gum surface invites the seepage of decay-food germs into the system.

This condition is known as Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people over forty have it. And many even under thirty.

Use Forhan's daily and have no fear of tender gums, the first stage of Pyorrhea. Nor of dangerous tooth loosening, which accompanies Pyorrhea. Nor yet of prematurely flattened lips, which are the certain result of Pyorrhea.

On the contrary, Forhan's will make your gums texture-firm and tooth-supporting. No tooth-base decay will form below the gum line.

Forhan's will also scientifically cleanse your teeth. They will feel particularly smooth after using Forhan's.

Forhan's is pleasant, cool and antiseptic. If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist for special treatment.

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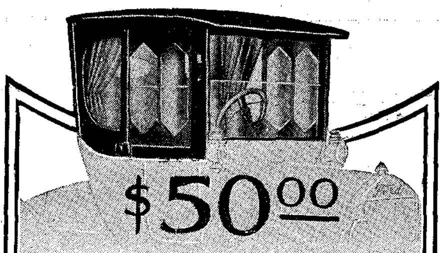

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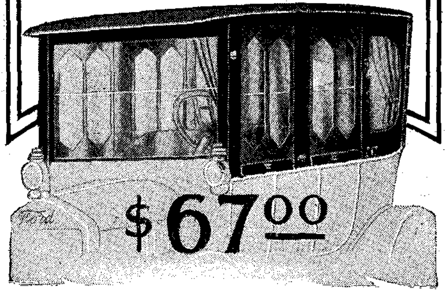

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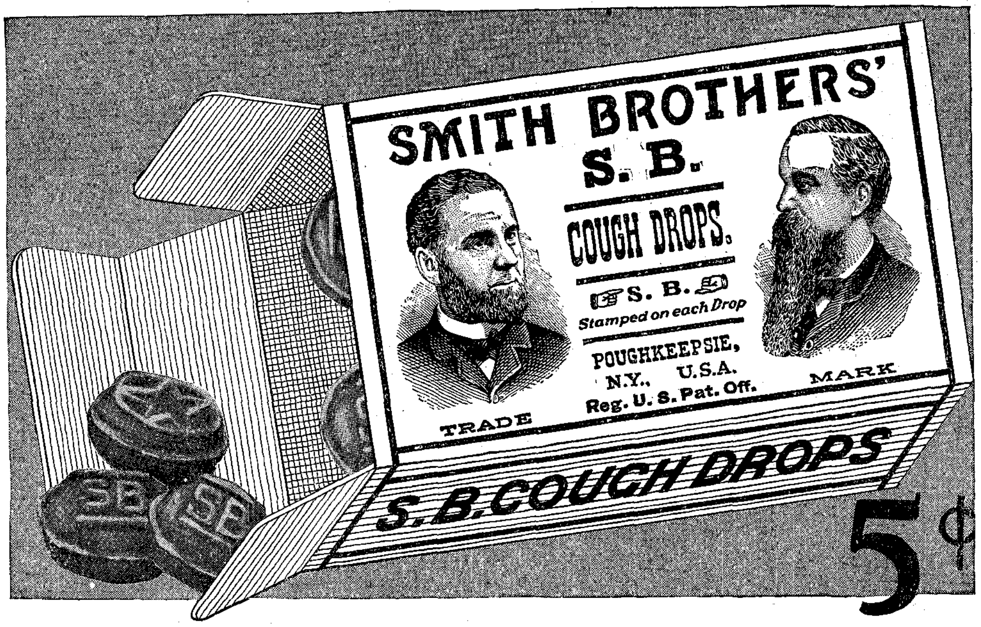
> taught me everything I ever knew about hard hitting. He was master of the science of thumping, and he seemed to take pleasure in showing me how to get the best results. Bob was notoriously knock-kneed. I was quick to see that he got most of his tremendous power by pivoting from these locked knees when he delivered a blow. In order to get the benefit of such power, I always tied a towel about mine when I did my shadow boxing. Bob's knock-kneed pivoting was the secret of his and my own hard hitting. I worked around his camp in the early days of my career, and after I got going myself we were matched. I had become so much a part of the family that his wife, Rose Julian, made Bob tear up his articles of agreement because, as she said, 'she didn't want to see Bob knock me out.' I'm sorry to hear that he is gone. Bob was a big-hearted fellow and never had a peer as a fighter."

The most sensational incident in the great fighter's career was his development of the solar-plexus blow. It won the world's championship for him, and while it had previously ended many fights it never had a name and place in the science of pugilism until Fitz knocked out Corbett with it at Carson City, in 1897. Igoe writes:

> The "solar-plexus" punch was the big thing in Bob Fitzsimmons's life. It won a world's heavyweight title for him and, tho that particular blow probably had ended many a famous fight, it was never dignified with a name until Fitz brought Jim Corbett down with it at Carson City, on St. Patrick's Day in 1897.
>
> And this is the history of just how it came to be called the solar-plexus punch. Jim Corbett was on a newspaper special, which raced through the mountains on the way to San Francisco. Corbett was in charge of a physician and seemed to be suffering greatly from the body blow that had ended his reign as king of the Queensbury realm. W. W. Naughton, the writer; T. T. Williams, business manager of the San Francisco *Examiner;* Max Newberry, the artist, and Corbett's doctor were trying to determine the exact location of the spot on which Fitz's famous blow had landed.
>
> Naughton thought it was over the heart, Williams had his notion of the spot, and Newberry dug a finger under the doctor's ribs and said, "That's where it landed, right there."
>
> "That's the solar plexus," remarked the doctor in an offhand way.
>
> "Say that again," said Naughton, eagerly. "What did you call it?"
>
> "The solar plexus," repeated the doctor. And as the solar-plexus punch it went into Naughton's "copy," and as the solar-plexus punch it went out to the world, to become the most famous blow in all the history of the ring.
>
> The Cornishman's first real bound to fame came when he stopt the Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in thirteen rounds at New Orleans in 1891. Dempsey had never seen the freckled terror until he stalked across the ring and sat down in the opposite corner. Brave to a degree, Dempsey actually paled when he saw Fitz's powerful torso as he shed his bathrobe. Fitz always proudly boasted of his long reach. That night poor Dempsey thought that Bob's long arms would drag on the ground if he cared to let them dangle.
>
> Dempsey knew he was beaten before the gloves were laced on. In the fifth round Fitz begged Dempsey to chuck it up, saying, "I don't want to knock you out, Jack." Dempsey simply answered that he was there to a finish, no matter what the outcome. Fitz ended it as soon as possible.

Sporting writers all over the United States pay honest tribute to the [illegible] of Fitzsimmons. Tad in the New [illegible] *Journal* declares that "he made a name that will last as long as the record-books are printed," and he writes of him:

> He landed in San Francisco from Australia in 1890. He hadn't enough in his pockets to bless himself with, but luckily he met a friend.
>
> That friend was Barney Farley, an old-time trainer, who had heard of Fitz from friends.
>
> Farley drest Fitz up in his own frock suit and plug hat, took him to a studio and had his picture taken. He then had others of the lanky red-headed fellow taken in ring costume. Farley tried to get the newspapers to boost the newcomer, but no one gave him a rumble.
>
> He then took him to the California Athletic Club and tried to get him on for a fight. That club took no unknowns, but agreed that if Fitz looked good in a try-out they might consent to give him a match.
>
> Eddie Graney, the Frisco blacksmith, at that time a promising featherweight, was the man who tried out all comers for the club, and it was Eddie who took Fitz to the private room for the work.
>
> Eddie emerged some minutes later with a swollen mouth, a black eye, and not enough wind left to fill a peanut-shell.
>
> Fitz was put on at the next show with Billy McCarthy, another Australian. Fitz won with ease in nine rounds.
>
> That was the start in America of the great Australian who came over here without a line of boosting, without a cent in money, and without a pal.
>
> He is the only fighter that ever lived who held three titles.
>
> Fitz was as good-natured as he was awkward, and loved his little joke.
>
> His greatest joke was pulled at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, where he appeared one night with his sparring partner, Soldier Wilson. They were to box three rounds.
>
> They boxed two spells and in the third, while clinched, Fitz whispered to his opponent, "Swing your right at me and I'll drop."
>
> Wilson, a very earnest fellow, did as he was told. They broke and Wilson pulled his right from the floor, aiming it at Fitz's chin.
>
> As it was half-way to its destination, Fitz chopped his right and down went Wilson like a ton of brick. Fitz looked at his man and seeing that he was done for, sat down on the floor himself and stretched out stiff.
>
> The crowd, onto the joke, yelled with joy. Half a mintue later Wilson, groggy and seeing double, lifted up his head to look around. He rubbed his eyes and spotted Fitz across the ring lying as tho dead.
>
> Wilson staggered to his feet with a



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Think of the great benefit to the nation in 700,000,000 S. B. Cough Drops. Think of the coughs relieved, the colds warded off, throats soothed and voices cleared.

Who uses these cough drops? Opera singers and policemen, soldiers and sailors. Letter carriers and congressmen. School children and actors. Woodsmen and public lecturers. Motorists and sportsmen. Is there anyone who doesn't know and use S. B. Cough Drops? They have been a national standby for 70 years.

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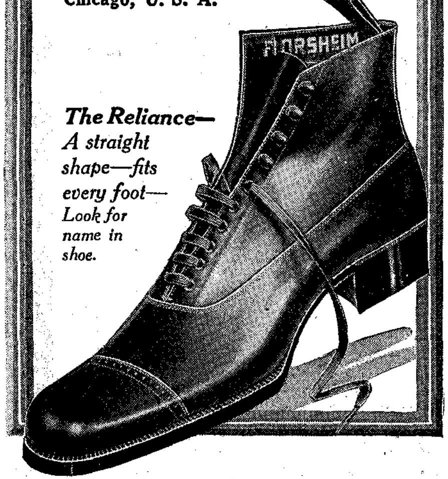

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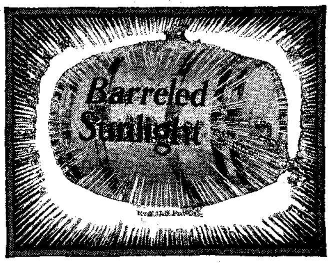

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THE ORIGINAL-THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

frightened expression, reeled over to where Fitz was lying and lifted the fallen man to a sitting position. He then dragged the winking Fitz to his corner, washed his face, fanned him and finally led him down the steps and through the aisle, with the crowd howling with joy.

Wilson, still groggy but proud of his feat, waved his hand as he faded away into the dressing-room.

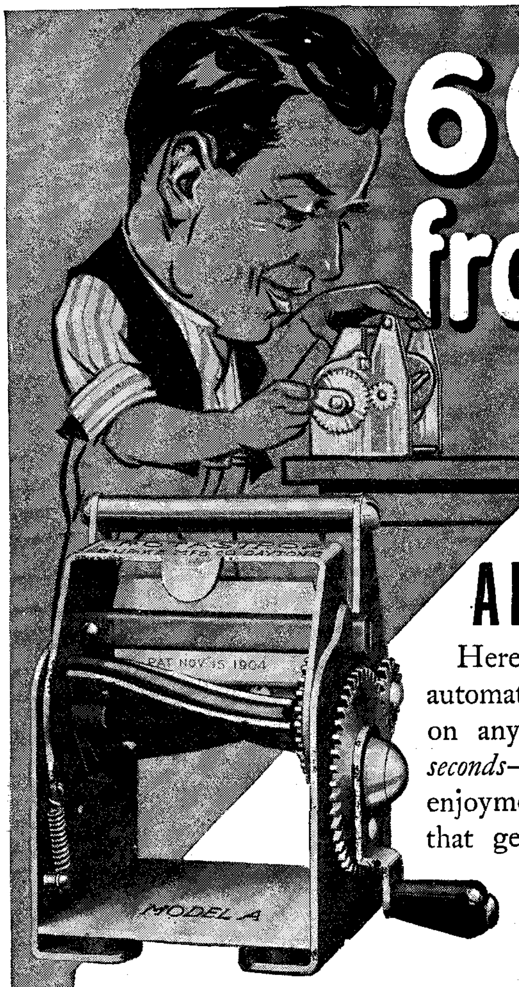
Another trick that will last long in the annals of the prize-ring was worked in a match that was made for Fitz with George Gardner, for the light heavy-weight championship. The Australian had seen his best days, and was really an old man, altho he felt that he still had a fight or two left in him. Tad says:

> He trained hard for Gardner, but a week before the fight his feet gave out. Blisters broke out all over them, and then the blisters opened, leaving his feet almost raw. He had to give up work entirely and boxed but little, with his feet swathed in greasy bandages.
>
> Two days before the fight he caught a bad cold in the back and could barely stand up straight.
>
> He went through with the thing all right and met Gardner, who figured the fight a cinch, in Harry Corbett's café, where they were to weigh in.
>
> Gardner was on the scales smiling and talking to his pals when Fitz entered.
>
> Gardner didn't see Fitz, who sneaked up behind him and gave him a resounding whack upon the back.
>
> "'Ello, George!" yelled Fitz, with a grin a yard wide. "I 'ope you're in good form."
>
> Gardner was so frightened he could hardly speak. He had heard that Fitz was sick, but the old boy stept around like a two-year-old, then laughed with all and kidded George silly.
>
> That night they fought. Gardner started like a house afire and it looked like curtains for the old bird. He stayed right there, however, and in the fifth dropt Gardner to the floor with a right on the head.
>
> Gardner took the count and Fitz broke his hand.
>
> The fight went the twenty rounds and Fitz was given the decision along with the light heavyweight title. Fitz won the fight by swinging his broken right hand over Gardner's head.
>
> The latter never came near Fitz after the fifth. His heart was gone. Nothing BUT heart won the fight for Fitz.
>
> Libraries could be filled with stories of that grand old fellow.
>
> He will always be remembered by us as a man whose heart was as stout as iron, whose courage never failed, and who always fought like a lion whether winning or losing.

Robert Fitzsimmons was born at Helston, Cornwall, England, in 1862. He inherited his fighting instincts from his father, who was the "best man" in a county famous for fighters and wrestlers. His family emigrated to New Zealand when Fitz was still a small boy. When he was old enough the future pugilistic champion was apprenticed to a horse-shoer. He learned the rudiments of the science of boxing from his brother Jairet.

The New York *Times* sums up his fighting-career as follows:

> His first appearance in the ring was at "Jem" Mace's amateur boxing-tournaments, held at Timaru, New Zealand, in 1880. Bob, altho then only eighteen years old, knocked out four men in one night and won the amateur championship of New Zealand. When he had defeated the amateurs, he turned his attention to the professionals, and put on the gloves with Herbert A. Slade, who had been booked to fight John L. Sullivan in this country. To the surprize of those interested, Fitzsimmons succeeded in defeating Slade. He was then a full-fledged professional, and fought and defeated in rapid succession under prize-ring rules Arthur Cooper, Jim Crawford, and Jack Murphy.
>
> He left New Zealand, looking for other worlds to conquer, and went to Sydney, Australia, where he at once defeated Jack Brinsmead, a heavyweight, who tipped the beam at 170, while Fitzsimmons weighed in at only 148 pounds. He won over all the middle-weights with pretensions in Australia, and departed for this country. American sporting men were suspicious of him at first, for it was said he had submitted to defeat at the hands of Jim Hall, back in Sydney, for a consideration.
>
> In all his ring battles fought in this country Fitzsimmons demonstrated that he knew the game thoroughly. He met and defeated the best men in the country, among them, James J. Corbett, Peter Maher, Dan Creedon, Joe Godfrey, Frank Kellar, Gus Ruhlin, Jim Daly, Jim Thorne, and he lost on an alleged foul to Tom Sharkey. At this time the fighter stood 5 feet 11¾ inches in height and weighed in normal condition about 175 pounds. His reach was 75¼ inches, but in his prime he was as supple and strong as any fighter in the ring. He was described once as "a cannon-ball on a pair of pipe-stems."
>
> A few months after his affair with Hall in Australia, when he was reported to have "laid down," his first battle that brought him into prominence here was that with Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship at New Orleans on January 14, 1891. Dempsey landed enough blows on Fitzsimmons to have won a dozen fights, but was repeatedly knocked down, in the tenth three times, in the twelfth seven times, and in the thirteenth six times, after which Dempsey's seconds threw up the sponge. His fight with Jim Hall at New Orleans has been described as in Hall's favor up to the time he was knocked out. Dan Creedon, who was backed by Corbett to beat Fitzsimmons, landed but three light blows on the Cornishman when they met in 1894 at New Orleans. Corbett's old antagonist, Joe Choynski, was saved by the police from a knock-out at the hands of Fitzsimmons at Boston on June 17, 1894.
>
> Fitzsimmons battled for his largest purse in his fight with Hall, at New Orleans. The purse was $40,000, but Fitz received only a part of the money. His most memorable fight, and the one which brought him enduring fame in pugilistic sportdom, was his fight with Corbett, in which he took the championship from the latter only to lose it later to James J. Jeffries. The fight took place at Carson City, on March 17, 1897, before thousands of spectators. The fighting had been



600 Shaves from One Blade

Yes, you can get even more than that. Shave two whole years and use the same blade every day if you have a Rotastrop.

A Perfect Stropper for Safety Razor Blades

Here is a little machine that automatically whips a perfect edge on any safety razor blade in *ten seconds*—an edge that puts keen enjoyment into your daily shave—that gets every stubborn bristle without pull or scratch and that leaves your face smooth and cool.

To the millions of men who use safety razors the Rotastrop is a revelation. It is *absolutely different from any other stropper.* It automatically uses the heel-and-toe motion that has always been the exclusive property of the expert barber. It makes the blade actually keener and sharper than new, and keeps it that way for shave after shave.

Rotastrop

SHARPENS SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

No safety razor user knows what a smooth shave is until he has tried this wonderful little device.

Sharper than New Blades

Even when blades are new they leave much to be desired, and after they have been used a time or two the fine delicate edge is bent over and rusted so that it pulls and scratches.

The Rotastrop is so constructed that the specially prepared leathers slide across the bevel of the blade—first one side then the other with a quick pressure on both, and leave it just exactly right.

No safety razor is complete without a Rotastrop, and there is no other stropper manufactured the construction and result of which is anything like the Rotastrop.

Think of using one blade time after time—month after month, and every shave smoother, cleaner, quicker and more delightful than you were ever able to get with your safety razor before.

An Appreciated Gift

The Rotastrop makes an ideal gift for any man. One that the soldier boys would appreciate, and one that would be a constant and delightful reminder for any man who shaves himself.

Ten Days' Free Trial

We want you to enjoy ten shaves at our expense. We want to prove the wonderful difference that the Rotastrop makes in shaving satisfaction. Just mail the coupon on the right, and without obligation to you we will send you a descriptive booklet and information as to this free trial offer.

A Few Comments From Users

Judge L. F. McLEAN
Chicago

"It is not only the ***best*** stropper I have ever used, but the ***only*** really good one I have ever seen."

R. D. WING
Piano Manufacturer, New York

"With its use I secure the most consistently smooth and comfortable shaves I have ever enjoyed."

Rev. M. R. STARBUCK
St. Francis, Kan.

"It is the first one I have tried that really does the work."

H. M. BOYKIN
A. G. F. A., Seaboard Airline R.R.

"I have never in my whole experience enjoyed shaving until now, as it enables me to use as sharp a razor as any barber ever put on my face."

Dr. H. G. GLOVER
Jackson, Mich.

"Your stropper is a dandy. The best one I've ever tried—and I've had ***some*** experience."

SIGN-MAIL

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Dept. 235, Dayton Ohio

Send me descriptive folder regarding the Rotastrop and details of your free trial offer.

Name..

Address..

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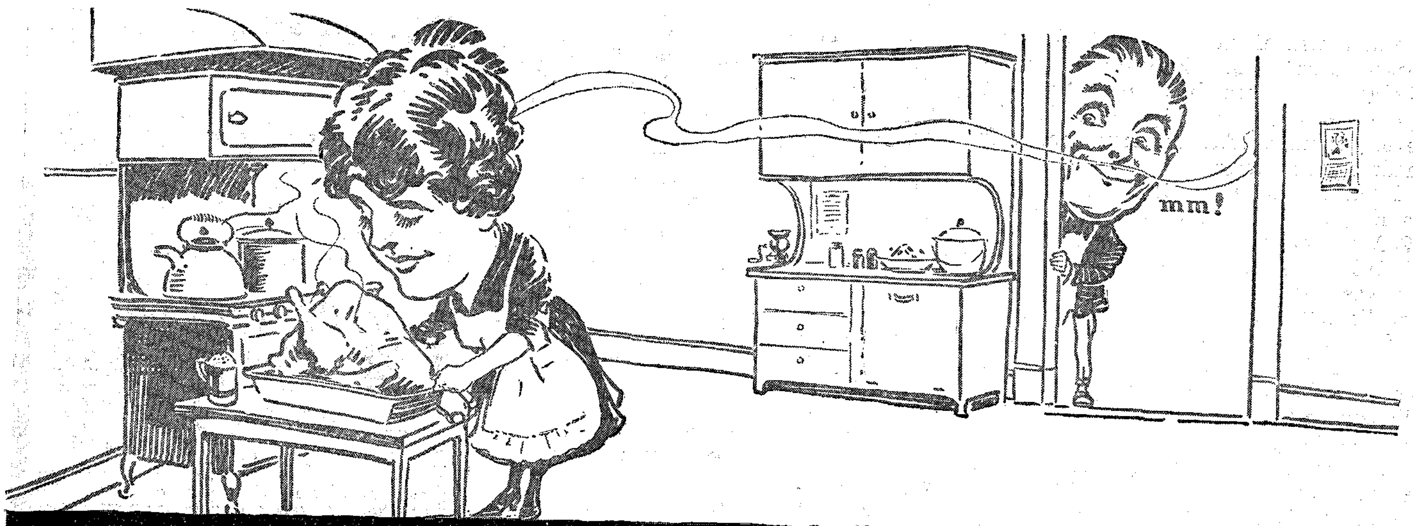
Kind of Razor..

Dealer's Name..

The Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. 235, Dayton, Ohio



HOW do you know it's Thanksgiving?

"Your Nose Knows"

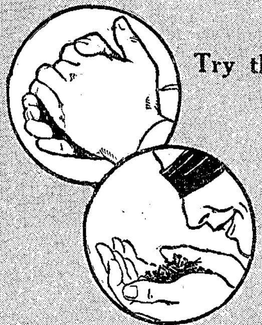
By the appetizing *fragrance* of Turkey that fills the house. How appealing! What a perfect promise of the feast to come! The *pure fragrance* of a fine tobacco, likewise, is the perfect promise of a perfect smoke—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a promise you have in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Its *pure fragrance* is the fragrance of Nature. The rich, ripe Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is blended are the sunshine tips of the best plants grown in the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky. Their *pure fragrance* is Nature's guarantee of supreme excellence—"Your Nose Knows."



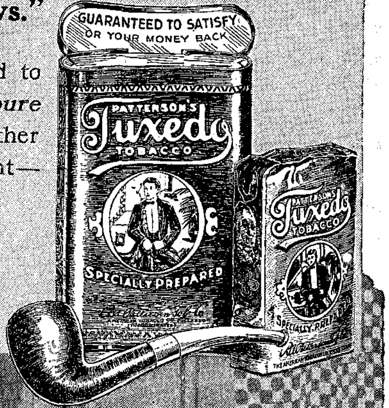
Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

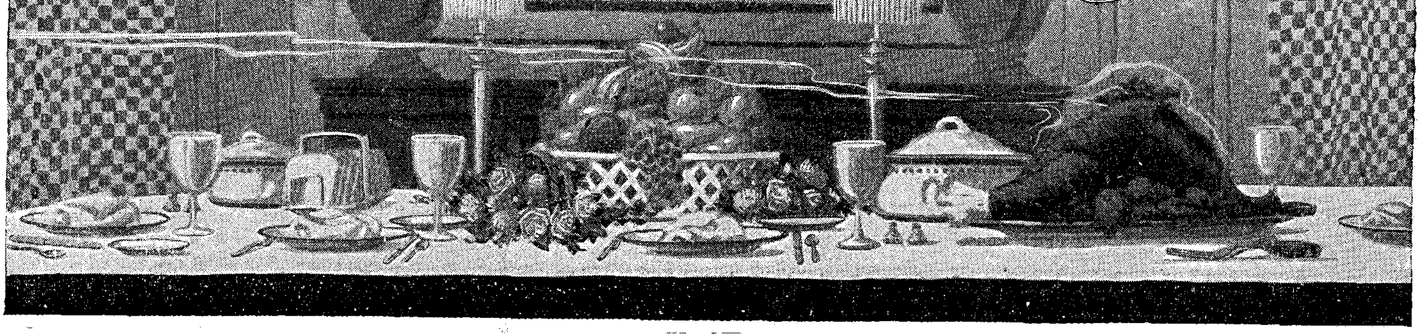
"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co

INCORPORATED


GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK
PATTERSON'S
Tuxedo
TOBACCO
SPECIALLY PREPARED
Tuxedo
TOBACCO



nip and tuck all the way, until the fourteenth round, when Fitzsimmons struck Corbett a powerful blow over the heart. Corbett dropt, remaining unconscious for several minutes after the count had been made by the referee.

Fitzsimmons was twice defeated by Jeffries, once at Coney Island on June 9, 1900, and again at San Francisco on July 25, 1903. He was knocked out both times. He was knocked out by Jack O'Brien, at San Francisco, in thirteen rounds in 1907, and in the following year he was defeated by Jack Johnson, at Philadelphia. His last fight was with K. O. Sweeney, at Williamsport, on January 29, 1914. No decision was given.

He was unlike many pugilists in the respect that he never dissipated during his active ring career. He was married four times and made his home at Dunellen, N. J.

Fitzsimmons was credited with having made half a million dollars during his career. He died a poor man.

Robert Edgren says in the New York *Evening World:*

Bob was an "easy mark" for sharpers in most of his financial dealings, and he was also cheated out of many a purse for which he fought.

ONE OF SCHWAB'S "BOYS OF BETHLEHEM"

"A YOUNG man who never carried a fifty-nine-second watch, who never cocked his ear to hear the first toot of the whistle at quitting time, and whose motto has always been: 'Do a little better than the other fellow.'"

The Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania was introducing "Gene" Grace, the guest of honor, at a dinner recently given by the Terrapin Club at the palatial home of the Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia.

Grace is one of the "Boys of Bethlehem." Eight years ago he was running a steam-shovel for "Charlie" Schwab. Now he is the president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, with which the United States has just placed orders for 150 torpedo-boat destroyers to cost $1,500,000 each. Some job for a young man of thirty-seven who bosses 70,000 men, and last year earned a bonus of $1,000,000!

"Who's going to take your place when you pass along?" some one asked Mr. Schwab some time ago.

"There he is," replied Schwab, pointing to Grace. "He's the best steel-maker in the world!"

Says the Salt Lake *Telegram:*

And Schwab made good on his prediction, for, when, early in the year 1916, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation acquired possession of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, and Mr. Schwab retired to become chairman of the corporation's board, it was "Gene" Grace who was elevated to the presidency.

They are putting "self-starters" on automobiles in these days. "Gene" Grace is one of them. Instead of sitting idly by and waiting for opportunity and good luck to come along and "crank up" his machine, he put a "self-starter" on himself—and he has been going right along ever since.

Grace's father was a sea-captain, and the capability of far vision and broad outlook was born in the son. Grace foresaw the new electrical era into which the world was gliding and so equipped himself at Lehigh University with a course in electrical engineering.

Whipping Princeton and Lafayette—his *alma mater's* avowed enemies—was part of the game that started Grace on his career. The baseball team of which he was a member vanquished both its great rivals during the year. "Gene" was the star short-stop. He was captain of his team his last two years in college, and his name spelled the same magic to loyal sons of Lehigh as Tom Shevlin to Yale or "Charlie' Brinckley to Harvard. In his freshman year Grace won the prize in mathematics; at graduation he was valedictorian of his class.

Instead of looking for some "soft" job with a "swell" salary, Grace went to the Bethlehem steel-works and asked for a plain, every-day job. He got it—$15 a week and hard, menial, manual labor. But not for long. "Charlie" Schwab, touring the plant one day, noted the clean-cut youth, asked who he was and heard that he was one of the college-boy recruits. Just as Andrew Carnegie kept his eye on Schwab and made him "King of the Bethlehem Boys," so Schwab kept his eye on Grace and brought him to the front when there were revelations of the young engineer's pluck and efficiency.

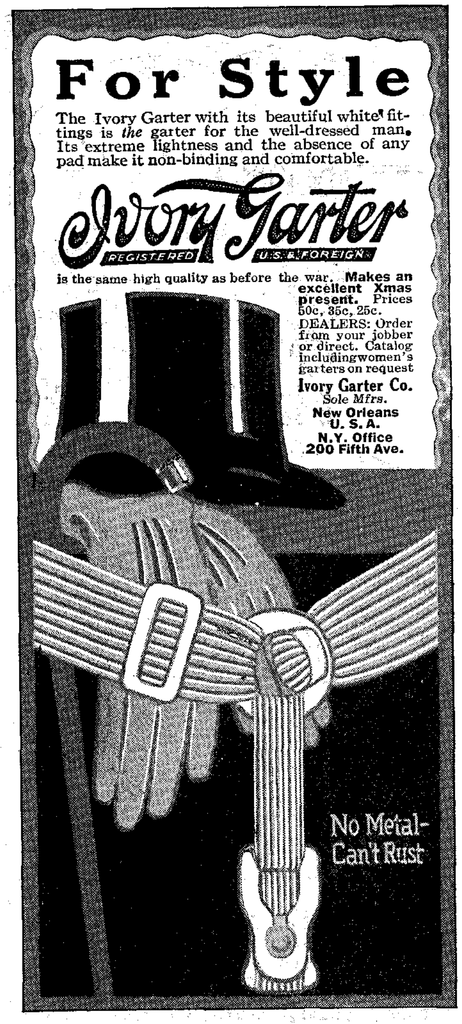
If you go to call on President Grace to-day in the big steel emporium at Bethlehem, the keen-eyed man who swings in a huge swivel-chair behind the glass door bearing the title of "President" will ask you, immediately after you have introduced yourself, just what you want—quick, incisive, right to the point. Same way in his business methods. Grace has the faculty of digging right under the problem at its foundation to get at the kernel of the matter.

His do-a-little-more-and-a-little-better-than-the-other-fellow methods soon began to tell. *The Telegram* says:

Grace began as an electric craneman with the company in 1899. From there he went to the open-hearth department. Next he was made superintendent of the yards. One of his traits was to do more than the mechanical routine of every-day work. No "single-track" mind for him. He is always devising and executing something on the side that will improve the service of his employer. It was his work in consolidating the labor and transportation facilities of the Bethlehem company while he was superintendent of the yards that brought him more prominently before the eyes of Schwab—so much so that the president and his board of directors decided that Grace was the man to reorganize the Juragua Iron Company, a Cuban subsidiary company of Bethlehem Steel. So to Cuba he went in 1905, and succeeded so well that next year he was brought back home and appointed assistant to the general superintendent in charge of building the great Saucon plant, at Bethlehem.

"Take the boss's job away from him," was the motto of the "self-starter"—

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous"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The Ivory Garter with its beautiful white fittings is *the* garter for the well-dressed man. Its extreme lightness and the absence of any pad make it non-binding and comfortable.

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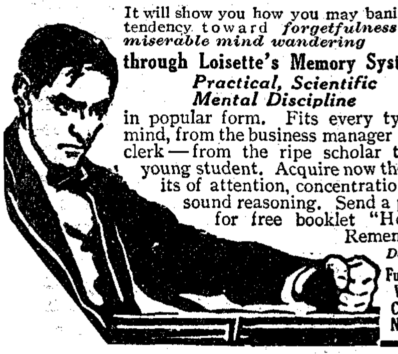
Milwaukee, Wis.**



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THE DELICACY OF DIXIE

THANKSGIVING day draws near, and search where you may you will find it impossible to obtain a more acceptable present for that boy in the camp—or for friends or relatives or for your own home—than this delicious fruit cake. Made from the recipe of a Southern lady long famous for her superior dinners and desserts.

You may obtain, express prepaid and delivery guaranteed, one five-pound cake for $4.00, or one two-pound cake for $2.00, the package being of the beautiful design pictured.

Smith's
White Fruit
Cake
GORDON SMITH

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and he did, the same year, succeeding to the position of general superintendent. In two years more we find the irrepressible youth elected a director and general manager of the company. In 1911 he stept into the vice-presidency, and waited only two years until he became president of the Bethlehem Steel Company. February, 1916, brought him to the top of the heap, when he was elected president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

And this young man was but thirty-six years old when he became president of the Krupps of America!

Grace has his employees right at his back. You might imagine that a steel-mill would be black and sooty—nothing esthetic about it. Not so the Bethlehem Steel-Works. If you approached it to-day on a tour of inspection you might charge your guide with carelessness in taking you to the wrong place, for you would probably insist that you were approaching some breakfast-food factory. Beautiful flower-beds, walks, and gardens, sunshine, and light are intermingled with steel ingots and coal-heaps.

At Bethlehem they follow the Rooseveltian theory that "the world is not a fit place for any of us to live in until it is a fit place for all of us to live in."

Grace is a man of ideas. Shortly after his induction into the office of president he announced the company was working on a great construction program involving an outlay of more than $100,000,000—probably the largest construction program ever undertaken by a single industrial corporation.

It is some job that he bosses. Get it directly from President Grace:

"In 1915 we employed 23,000 men; now we have some 70,000 on our payrolls. In 1915 our pay-roll was $22,500,000; in 1917 it is at the rate of $72,000,000 a year, or $6,000,000 a month."

Not bad for a boy who laid down his text-books to take up a shovel and burrowed his way right up into the president's chair of America's greatest steel industry!

And Grace did not forget his father, through whose stinting he was enabled to get the education that started him on the road to prosperity. *The Telegram* tells how he became a millionaire stockholder in his son's company:

Two years ago Capt. Wesley Grace, who is seventy years old, owned a small home and modest grocery-store in Goshen, N. J. He thus tells the story of his rise to affluence:

"Eugene came to me a couple of years ago and said: 'Father, you have spent many years of hardship for me on the sea. I want you to sell your grocery-store and raise all the money you can and let me invest it for you.'

"I didn't know how it would pan out, but I had confidence in my son's judgment. I sold out the store and borrowed some cash and gave it all to my son. Then I forgot about it. I never even looked at the quotations. Then one day Eugene told me that I was worth several hundred thousand dollars. I certainly denied myself a good deal to give the boys an education, but I am getting pretty good returns now."

A brother of Grace, Wesley Grace, Jr., is superintendent of the Bethlehem yards and one of the steel president's advisers.

The only big fight that Eugene G. Grace ever lost was his attempt to prevent the United States Government from erecting its own armor plant. He offered to allow the Government to fix its own price for plate made at Bethlehem, but even this failed to prevent the passage of the bill.

THE WATCH-DOGS OF THE TRENCHES

THERE are stories a-plenty of the dash and fire of youth in the trenches. But by no means are all the men young who are battling on the front in France. There are the territorials, the line defenders, the men of the provinces, with wives and children at home.

"They are wonderful, these older fellows," said an officer enthusiastically, after a visit to the trenches. "They ought to be decorated—every one of them!"

It is of these watch-dogs of the trenches that René Bazin has written in *Lisez-Moi*, and the article, translated by Mary L. Stevenson, is printed in the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. Bazin says:

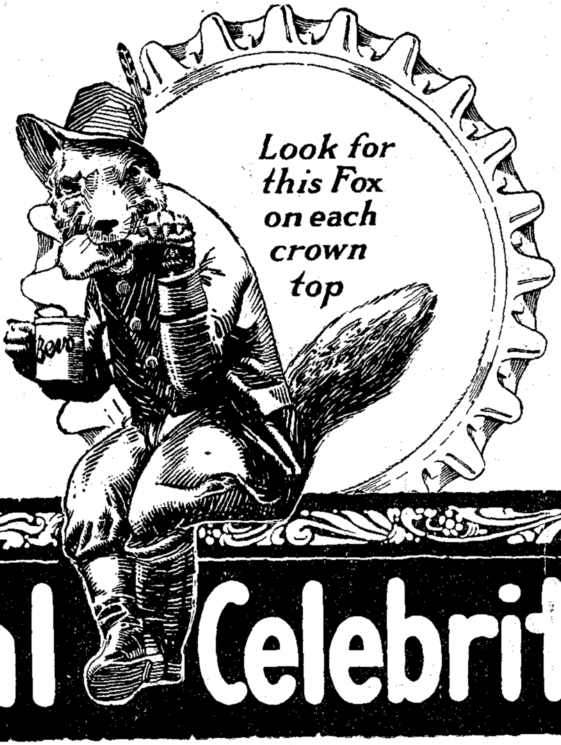
I am proud of the young fighters, but those I am proudest of are the older ones. These have passed the age when the hot blood coursing through their veins drives them to adventure; they are leaving behind wife, children, present responsibilities, and future plans—those things hardest to cast off. Leaving all this, as they have done, without a moment's hesitation, is proof enough of their courage. And from the beginning of the war to the present time I have never talked to a solitary commanding officer that he has not eulogized his territorials.

They are essentially trench defenders, lookout men. The young ones do the coursing. These attack, the others guard. But how they do guard, how they hold the ground, once won! Nearing the front, if you meet them on the march as they are about to be relieved, you can recognize them even from afar by two signs: they march without any military coquetry, even dragging their feet a little, and they have everything with them that they can possibly carry—sacks, blankets, cans, bagpipes, cartridge-boxes, with the neck of a bottle sticking out of their trousers-pocket. Even when you get near enough to see their faces many of these men do not look at you; they are intent upon their own thoughts. They know the hard week ahead of them. But the wind and rain are already old friends; the mud of the trenches does not frighten them; patience has long been their lot; they accept death's lottery, knowing well that they are protecting those they have left behind, and they go at it as to a great task whose harvest may not be reaped or even known until months later.

In truth, these men from the provinces—vine-growers, teamsters, little peasant farmers, the most numerous of all among to-day's combatants—will have played a magnificent rôle in the Great War. History will have to proclaim this, in justice to the French villages, and may the Government see fit to honor and aid these silent heroes who will have done so much to save the country.

They disappear quickly, lost in the defiles or swallowed up by the mist, which night has thickened. Once in the trenches, they find the work begun the previous week and which has been carried on by their comrades' hands, and when it comes

Bevo
REG. US PAT OFF
BEVERAGE


Look for this Fox on each crown top
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A National Celebrity

—the country-wide, all-year-'round soft drink. Bevo's distinctive goodness would not let it rest with being a local celebrity—it has carried the Bevo name and fame North, East, South and West, to wherever refreshing beverages are sold.

Bevo has Joined the Family Circle

For though, wherever Bevo has been introduced it has become a popular favorite at drug stores, fountains and restaurants, it has also been warmly welcomed in that place we consider the most important of all—the home.

This welcome has been earned by its purity and because it is nutritious and wholesome as well as delightful in flavor. And especially because, in addition to its between-meals deliciousness, Bevo goes so well with food—with hot meals and cold meals, with Dutch lunches and chafing dish dainties. The appeal of Bevo is universal—it is in season at all seasons and at all times and in all places—Bevo delights and satisfies.

Bevo is a Product of Fine Cereals

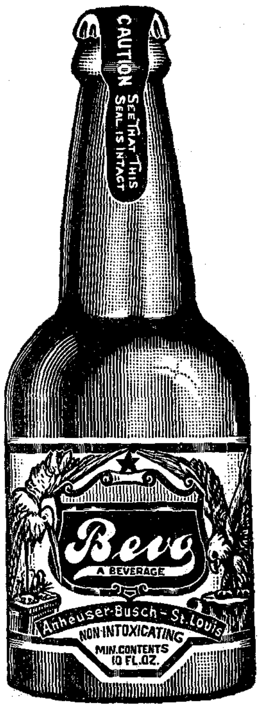
Which are selected for their nutritive value as well as for the deliciousness resulting from their scientific combination. Given fragrance and tang by the addition of choicest hops. Pasteurized and put into sterilized bottles—pure as purity. A real triumph in soft drinks.

Your Druggist or Grocer Will Supply You by the Case

Also you will find Bevo by the bottle at drug stores, inns, restaurants and department stores, picnic grounds, baseball parks, soda fountains, dining cars and other places where refreshing beverages are sold.

Guard Against Substitutes

Have the bottle opened in front of you, first seeing that the seal is unbroken and that the crown top bears the fox.


CAUTION See that this seal is intact
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H_2O_2 12v

Promptness

EVERYONE should learn the importance of *prompt* treatment of hurts and injuries where the skin is broken.

NO ONE knows when a wound, even the slightest break in the skin, may become infected, but many know of the seriousness of blood-poisoning—the other name for wound infection. In the war hospitals, infection of wounds is what the surgeons and nurses have to fight hardest against.

DIOXOGEN affords the best protection obtainable against infection. Its prompt application is an almost positive safeguard, for it destroys the germs that cause infection before they penetrate too deeply into the tissues to be reached.

No alcohol, no poison, nothing objectionable in DIOXOGEN—just plain germ-killing efficiency.

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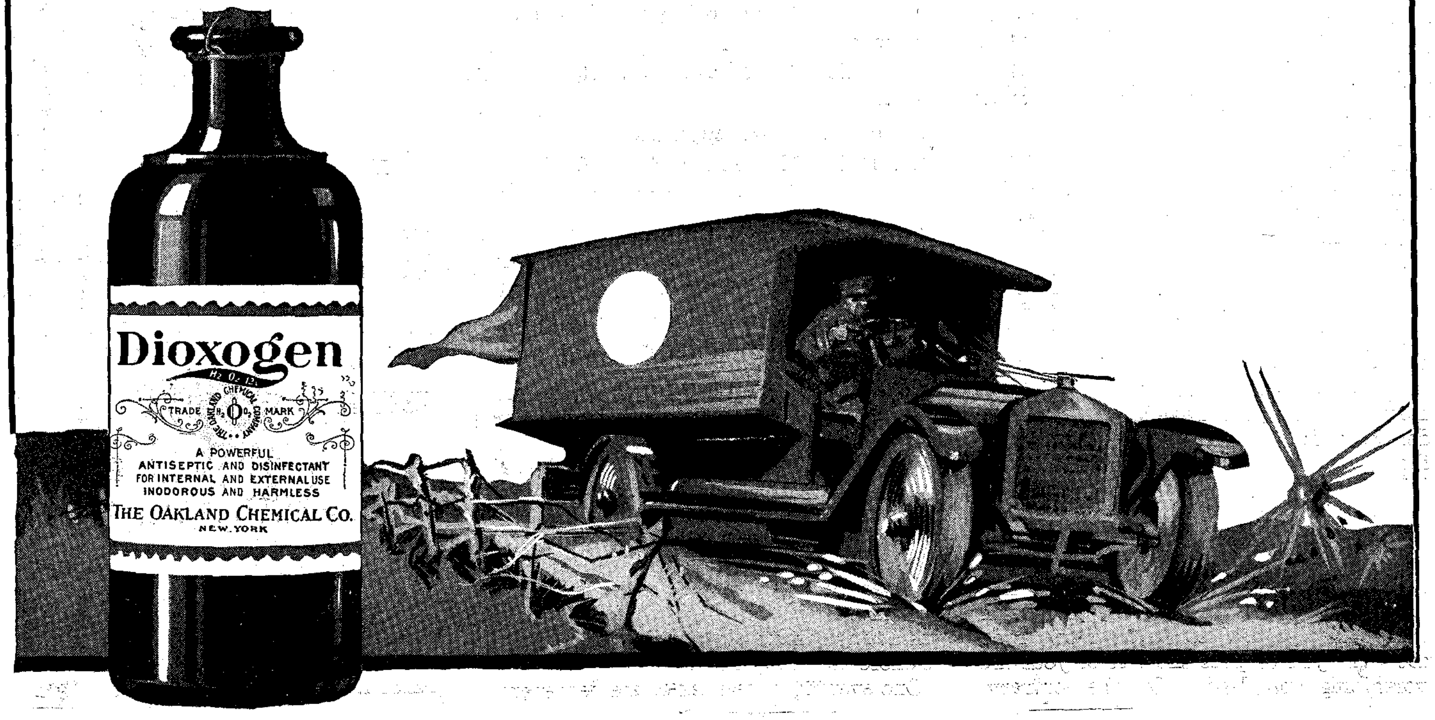
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NEW YORK

their turn to guard the battlements they hide themselves in the same holes in the clay wall. No unnecessary movements, no flurry, no bravados, no setting off of flashes or grenade and bomb-throwing, by which the younger troops immediately show their presence in the trenches, and which only provokes a reply from the enemy.

They are holding fast, but they keep still about it. Suddenly the *Boches* are coming. There are some splendid sharpshooters in this regiment, and in the attack of the Seventh and in the surprize attempt of the Fourteenth at daybreak it was seen what these men could do. An officer said to me: "They suffer the least loss; they excel in shelters of earthwork, they merge right into the turf."

Many of the sectors of the front are held by this guard of older men. When the German reserves were hurled in pursuit of the Belgian Army in 1914, threatening the shores of Pas de Calais, a territorial division checked the onslaught of the best troops of the German Empire. Of their work in the trenches, Mr. Bazin writes:

But do not let any one think theirs is a life of inaction; work is not lacking; even night is a time of reports, of revictualing, of reconnoitering, or repairing barbed-wire entanglements.

When the sector is quiet, however, the territorial enjoys some free hours. He writes a great deal; makes up for all the time past when he wrote almost no letters at all and for all the time to come when he promises himself to leave the pen hidden on the groove of the ink-well, idle on the mantel. One of them said to me: "They have put up a letter-box in my village. What will it be good for after the war—a swallow's nest?"

Many of these letters contain only a recital of uneventful days and the prescribed formalities of friendship or love, banal to the general public but dear enough to those who are waiting and who will sit around the lamp of an evening and comment on every word. I know young women throughout the country who receive a letter from their husbands every day. The war has served as a school for adults. Sometimes expediency entirely disappears and it is the race which speaks, and the hidden faith, and the soul which perhaps has never thus been laid bare.

Here is a letter which has been brought to my notice. For a year it had been carried in the pocket of a territorial who wrote it as his last will and testament, and when he was killed it was sent to his widow. Read it and see if you would not like to have had him who wrote it as a friend and neighbor:

"My dear, to-day, as I am writing these lines, my heart feels very big, and if you ever read them it will be because I died doing my duty. I ask you, before I go, to bring up our children in honor and in memory of me, for I have loved them very dearly, and I shall have died thinking of them and of you. Tell them I died on the field of honor, and that I ask them to offer the same sacrifice the day France shall need their arms and hearts. Preserve my certificate of good conduct, and later make them know that their father would like to have lived for them and for you, whom I have always held so dear. Now, I do not want you to pass the rest of your life worshiping one dead. On the contrary, if during your life you meet some good, industrious young fellow capable of giving you loyal aid in rearing our children, join your life with his and never speak to him of me, for if he loves you it would only cast the shadow of a dead man upon him—it is over, my dear. I love you now and forever, even through eternity. Good-by! I shall await you over there. Your adoring JEAN."

As showing the dogged, determined character of these men, Mr. Bazin relates the following incident:

Lately, when both wind and rain were raging, an officer told me of going up to two lookout men, immovable at their posts in the first-line trench, and joking with them, he said:

"Let's see, what do you need?"

"Less mud."

"I am in the same boat. What else?"

"This and that—"

"You shall have it, I promise you. Tired?"

"A little."

"Discouraged?"

They made a terrible face, looked at him, and together replied: "If you have come to say such things as that, sir, you better not have come at all. Discouraged? No, indeed! We're not the kind who get discouraged!"

GENERAL BELL REDEEMS HIS PROMISE

THE youngsters at Camp Upton looked with admiring and envious eyes at the ribbons pinned on the left breast of the man who entered headquarters. Then they looked up at the face of the wearer of these emblems of service in the Indian Wars, Cuba, and the Philippines, and they saw a sturdy campaigner of field and desert, his face bronzed by many scorching suns. On the left sleeve of his coat were the three bars of a sergeant with the emblem of the supply department in the inverted V.

This ghost of the old Army seemed to feel a little out of place for a moment, and then he turned to Sergeant Dunbaugh and said:

"I'd like to see the General, if you please."

"Have you an appointment?" asked Dunbaugh a bit hesitatingly.

"Well, no, but the General told me to come back, so I am here."

As the General was then out in the camp Sergeant Dunbaugh suggested that the old soldier tell him just what he wanted to see him about, and, says the New York *Sun:*

So the story of Sergeant Busick was told—the story of a once trim young trooper and a once dashing lieutenant of the Seventh Cavalry, immortalized by Custer and honored by a whole army.

Twenty years ago Edward Busick was assigned as a private to G Troop of the Seventh, stationed at Fort Apache, Arizona. At that time G was officially lacking a captain, so a certain young first lieutenant was acting commander, and for his orderly he chose one trooper Busick.

One evening, a year later, the lieutenant

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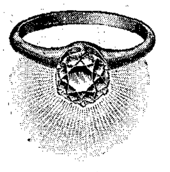

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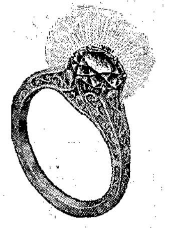

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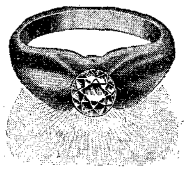

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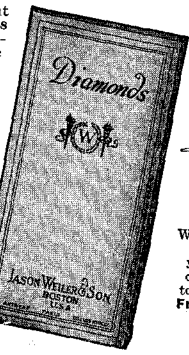

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received sudden orders to report immediately to a staff post. All that night his orderly worked with him packing his personal belongings and helping him get ready for an early morning start. It was a long job, and a hard one, but the orderly didn't mind the work in the least; all he cared about was the loss of his troop commander.

"Don't suppose I'll ever see you again, Busick, but if I do, and there's anything I can do for you, I'll be glad to do it," the lieutenant told him when the job was finished and the last box had been nailed down.

It wasn't very much for a lieutenant to say to his orderly, but it meant a great deal to this trim young trooper. Somehow, in the old Army, orderlies get to thinking a great deal of their officers and Busick happened to be just that particular kind. He had an especially good memory, too.

The whirligig of fate that seems to have so much to do with Army affairs sent the lieutenant to the Philippines, where, as colonel of the suicide regiment, he won everlasting honor for his regiment and a Congressional medal for valor for himself. Then on up he jumped until his shoulder-straps bore the single silver star of a brigadier. Then another star was added, and he became chief of staff and ranking officer in the whole Army.

And all the while the whirligig that looks after enlisted men saw to it that Trooper Busick added other colored bars to his service ribbons. And slowly he added pounds to his slim girth and a wife and children to his fireside. But as a heavy girth and a family aren't exactly synonymous with dashing cavalrymen, Sergeant Busick saw to it that he was transferred from the roving cavalry to the stationary Coast Artillery. And through all the years he remembered the lieutenant and his promise that if he ever wanted anything he would try to get it for him.

One month ago Sergeant Busick got a furlough from his Coast Artillery company at Fort McKinley, Portland, Me., and bought a ticket to Camp Upton, New York. There were only a few men here then, so he didn't have any great difficulty in seeing his old first lieutenant.

For half a minute or so General Bell, commanding officer of the Seventy-seventh Division of the National Army and one-time first lieutenant of the Seventh Cavalry, didn't recognize his old orderly—but it was for only half a minute.

"You'll sleep in our quarters with us to-night," General Bell ordered. "To-morrow we'll see about that old promise."

So that night Sergeant Busick had the room between Major-General Bell's and Brigadier-General Read's. But sleeping next to generals was pretty strong for an ordinary sergeant and he didn't accept General Bell's invitation to have mess with him.

And a little later Busick told his old commander that the big request that he had come across the continent to make was that he be transferred to the Seventy-seventh Division and allowed to serve under the General. But army tape is still long and red, so all that the General could do was to send the sergeant back to his post and promise that he would do all that he could. This, it proved, was sufficient.

For Sergeant Edward Busick, smiling and happy with his reassignment papers safely tucked away in the pocket of his blouse under his half a foot of service ribbons, came back to report for duty. It took twenty years to do—but he's done it.

And the National Army of Freedom hasn't any idea as yet how much richer in real soldier talent and color it is to-day. But a certain old campaigner, who used to be a first lieutenant of cavalry, knows.

MEET TOMMY, D. C. MEDAL MAN OF UPTON

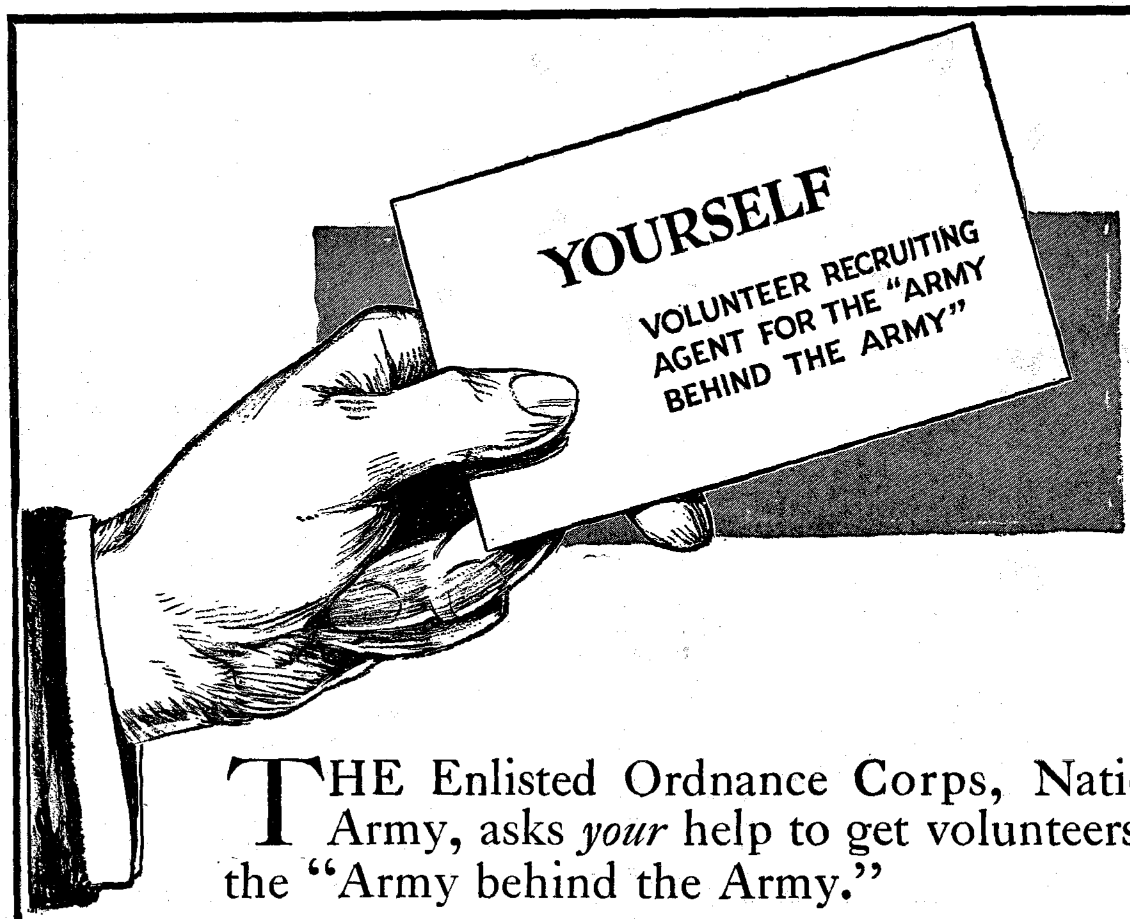
If war is not a great leveler—and we have been told numberless times that it is—it is certainly the Great American Mixer, and Camp Upton, L. I., is probably the best example extant thereof, so to speak. The Bowery boy and the millionaire rub elbows—you have probably heard that before, but it is nevertheless true—and the owners of Long Island show-places sleep in cots next to their former gardeners. But probably the most interesting character at Camp Upton is the barber who was at one time a sergeant in the British Flying Corps, and wears the King's Distinguished Conduct Medal—that is, he probably would wear it if he hadn't left it at "'ome in a box." The New York *Sun* says:

Down on the muster pay-roll the D. C. medal man is Harry Booton, but over in the 304th Field Artillery's headquarters company barracks they call him Ben Welch, the Jewish comedian. But for all that his real name is *Ortheris*, who even Kipling himself thought had lain dead these twenty years and more in the hill country of India. And for the brand of service for his reincarnation he has chosen the artillery—the bloomin', bloody artillery that he used to hate so much when he and *Mulvaney* were wearing the infantry uniform of the little old Widow of Windsor.

London cockney he was then, a quarter of a century ago, and London cockney he is to-day. And if there be some who say his name is not really *Ortheris*, let it be stated that names are of small moment after all. It's the heart that counts—and the heart of this under-sized little Jewish cockney is the heart of Kipling's hero—and the soul is his and the tale is his. And instead of telling his yarn to *Mulvaney* he now tells it to an Italian barber they call Eddie rather than his own gentle name of Gasualdi.

From Headquarters Hill, where the Old Man With the Two Stars looks out and down on his great melting-pot that's cooking up this stirring army of freedom, you walk a half mile or so west until you stumble on Rookie Roose J 18, where the headquarters company and the band of the 304th Field Artillery play and sing and sleep and work. In one corner of the low, black-walled wash-room nestling next the big pine barracks, Eddie the Barber lathers, shaves, and clips hair for I. O. U.'s when he isn't busy soldiering. And into Eddie's ears come stories of girls back home and yarns of mighty drinking bouts of other days, and even tales of strange lands and wars and cabbages and kings. Eddie is the confidant of headquarters company.

If you stand around on one foot and then another long enough, and add a bit now and then to the gaiety of the nations represented in Eddie's home concocted tonsorial parlor you'll hear some of these wild yarns that pass uninterrupted from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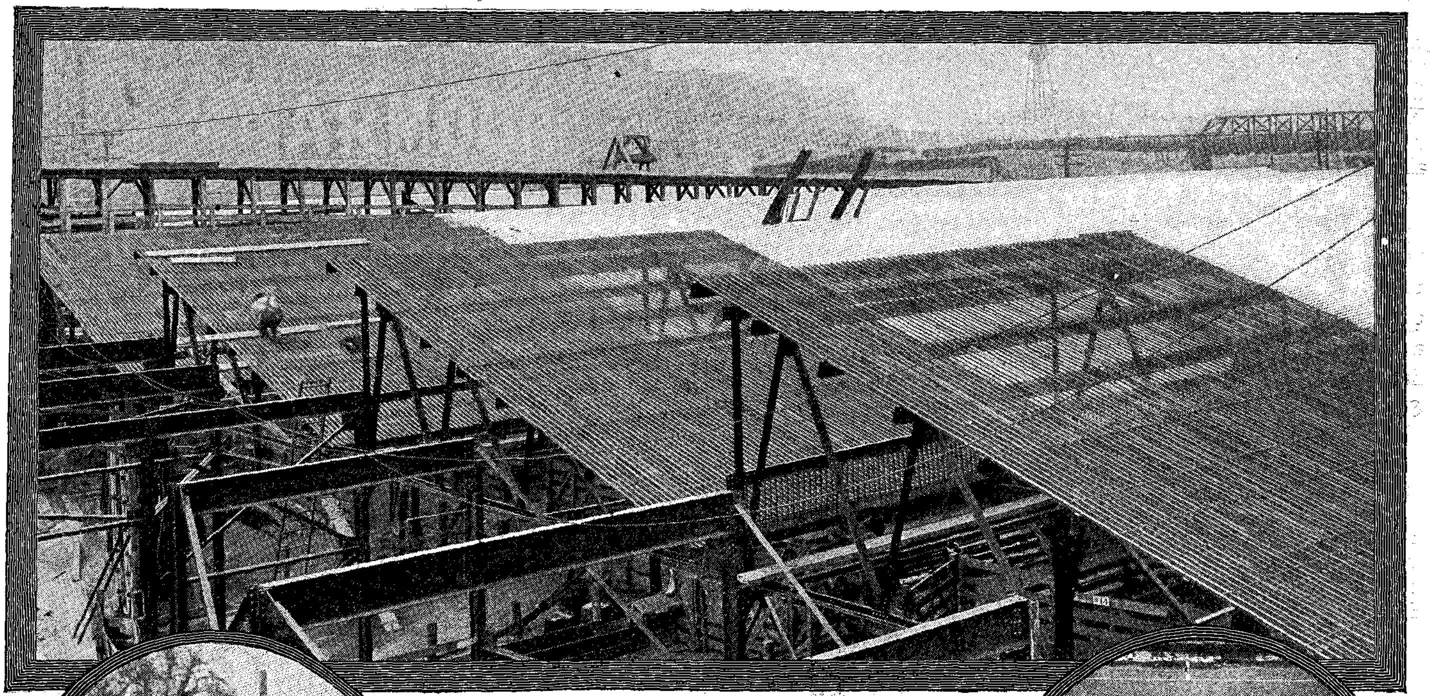
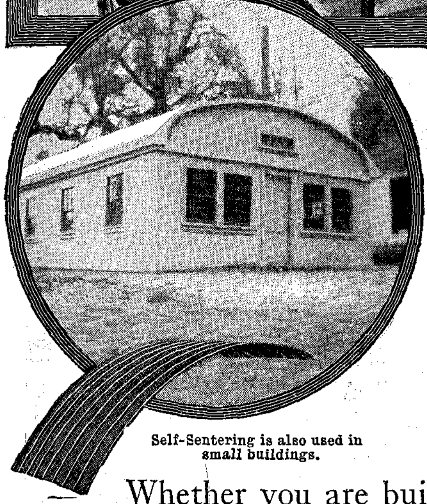


Self-Sentering saw-tooth roof, Union Stock Yards, So. Omaha, Neb.



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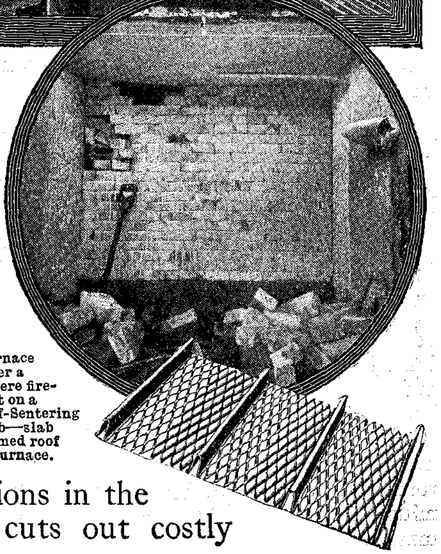

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> the right to the left ear of Eddie. And if you're lucky you may even hear the tale of the D. C. medal—and the five wounds, and the torpedoed bark, and the time the King's hand was kissed, and all from the lips of *Ortheris*, alias Harry C. Booton, alias Ben Welsh.

And so, if you will kindly make way for the hero, whose medal is "at 'ome in me box,"—but who did not forget to bring his cockney accent along, to which he has added a dash of the Bowery—you may listen to the tale that was told to the *Sun* man:

> "I was boined down in Whitechapel, Lunnon, and me ole man died seventeen year ago in the Boer War," the tongue of Harry began this tale. "'E was a soger under 'Mackey' McKenzie, and 'e was kilt over in Sout Africey. Well, when Hingland goes into this war I says to meself I'll join out to an' do me bit, an' so I done wit' the Lunnon Fusileers, and after two or three months trainin' we was sint to Anthwerp, but we didn't stop there very long.
>
> "Then we fights in the battle of Mons and Lille—I don't know how you spells that Lille, but I think it's 'L-i-l'—or somethin' loik that. Well, in the battle of Mons I gets blowed up. Funny about that. You see, a Jack Johnson comes along and buries me, all except me bloomin' feet, and then I gets plugged through both legs with a rifle bullet and I'm in the horspital for a month. When I gets out I'm transferred to the Royal Flying Corpse and I goes to the Hendon or sumthin' loike that aerodrome up Mill Hill way, fur trainin'. You see, I was a stige electrician in the Yiddish teaters on the Edgware road, and knowin' things like that I was mide a helper and learnt all about flying-machines."
>
> The b-r-r-r-r of an airplane—the first one to fly over the camp—caused Harry's ear to cock for a second and then a smile to pop out of his face.
>
> "'Ere's one of the bloomin' things now," he went on. "Well, I was made a sergeant an' arfter a bad bomin' of Lunnon by the Fritzes six of us machines was sent to pay compliments to the Germans.
>
> "It was dark and cold and nasty when we started out to attack Fredrickshaven and give 'em some of their own medicine.
>
> "Three hundred miles we flies an' I'd dropt eighteen of my nineteen bums—you see I was riding with Sergeant-Major Flemming—when they opens up on us with their antiguns and five of us flops down, blazin' and tumblin'. Then somethin' hits me back and somethin' else stings me arm and then I felt her wabble and flop. I glances behind and my sergeant is half fallin' out and just as he tumbled I mikes a grab for 'im. 'E was right behind me and so as to right the machine I grips him with me teeth in his leather breeches and then I throws 'im back and swings into his seat and tramps on the pedal for rising. Up we goes to 9,000 feet, but it was too bloomin' cold up there, so I come down some and points back for Hingland.
>
> "The sergeant 'e were there with me, and I was glad efen if 'e had been kilt dead. You wouldn't want 'im back there with them *Booches*—'im my pal and my sergeant. I wasn't going to let the *Booches* have 'im.
>
> "More'n 300 miles I had to fly—6 degrees it were—when I caught Queensborough, and then I come down. Funny about that—just as soon as I 'it the ground I fainted loike a bloomin' lidy.
>
> "An' I was up in a Hinglish 'ospital in Lunnon when I come to a couple of d'ys after. An' I wykes a bloomin' 'ero, and the King 'e sends for me an' some other 'eroes, and we all goes to Buckingham Palace, and 'is Majesty the King and Queen Mary and a 'ole bloomin' mess of them bloomin' dooks and lydies comes and the King pins the medal on me. Me a 'ero with a D. C. medal. And now I'm warin' this bloomin' kiki-ki and hopin' to get another crack at Kaiser Bill and Fritz the sauerkraut."

The 'ero was finally invalided out of service and ordered to the munitions-factories in northern England. Having no inclination for this work, he stowed away on the Swedish bark *Arendale*, which was torpedoed when fifteen days out from London. He was picked up by the Dutch steamship *Leander* and finally landed in New Orleans. *The Sun* continues:

> Then Harry came to New York a little over a year ago and made his abode at 157 Rivington Street. By day he worked in a A-Z Motion-Picture Supply Company, 72 Hester Street, and by night he told brave tales of war and sang snatches of opera that he had learned behind the scenes in London.
>
> Then came America's entrance into the Great War and the selective service examination. At Board 109 Harry demanded that altho he was a British subject he be allowed to go. And after considerable scratching of heads the members of Board 109 decided to ship Harry to Camp Upton with the first increment on September 10, and what was more, to make him the squad leader on the trip.
>
> "Salute me, ya bloomin' woodchopper," Harry, ex-Tommy Atkins, shouted in derision at some lowly private who ventured to try a light remark. "Hain't I yer superior? Hain't Ah actin' corporal? Hain't I goin' to be a sergeant-major. Awsk me—hain't I?"
>
> And the answer was decidedly and emphatically yes. And power to ye, Harry Booton—medal or no medal.

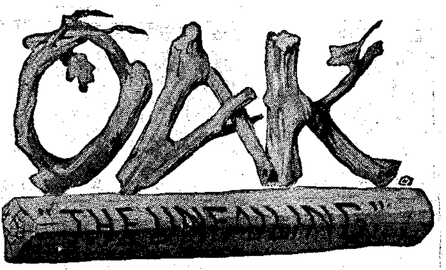
Fifty-fifty.—A man went to Louisiana on a visit to a certain colonel there. It was bedtime when he arrived at the house, and as it happened that there were no mosquito-curtains to his bed, he suffered severely all night long. When the following morning the negro servant came into the room with water and towels, the unhappy victim asked why there were no mosquito-curtains in the room.

"Doesn't the colonel have any in his rooms?" he finally inquired.

"No, suh," replied the negro.

"Well, how on earth can he stand it?" said the visitor.

"Well, suh," came the reply, "I reckon it's jes' dis way. In de fo' part ob de night de colonel's mos' gen'ly so 'toxicated dat he don' pay no 'tention to de skeeters; an' in de las' part ob de night de skeeters is gen'ly so 'toxicated dat dey don' pay no 'tention to de colonel."—*Philadelphia Press.*



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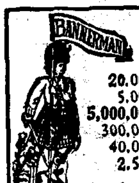

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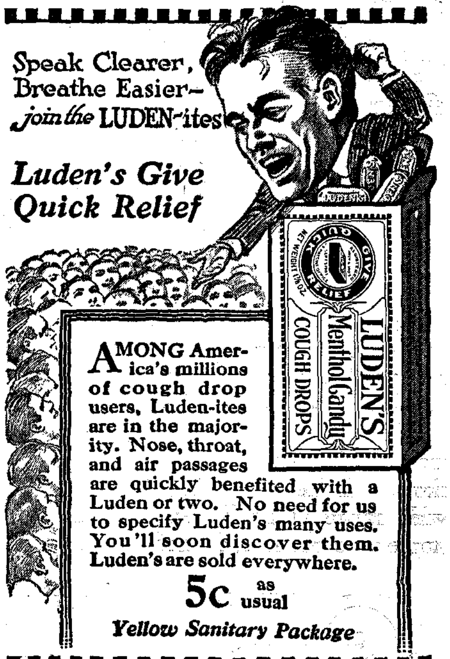

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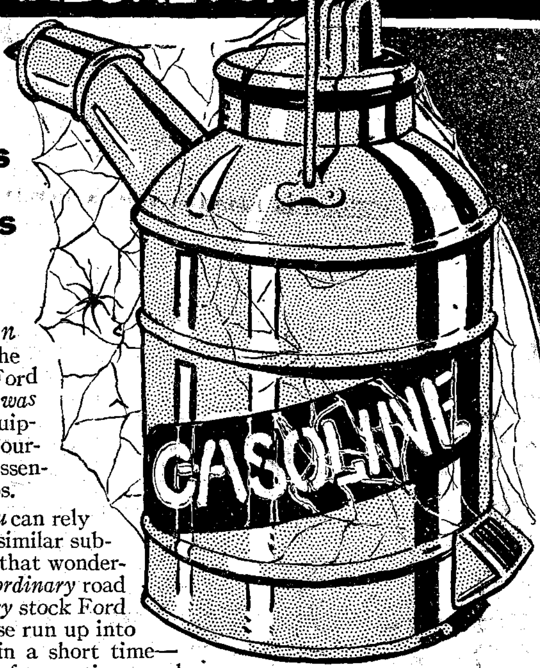

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SPICE OF LIFE

Christening the Baby

Brown has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter;
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"
For he hadn't any but her.
—*Penn State Froth.*

Proved It by Adam.—"They say that a man becomes morally weaker as the day wears on; less able to resist temptation."

"Shouldn't wonder. You know it was near Eve that Adam ate the apple."—*Boston Transcript.*

Tardy Advice.—If you have a feeble-minded citizen in your community, put him in the proper institution and pay taxes cheerfully for his support. Don't dodge the issue by sending him to Congress.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Oh You Iona Bond!

We like the beautiful brunette,
We don't despise the winsome blonde,
But best of all the girls we've met
Is little Miss Iona Bond.
—*Springfield (O.) News.*

Difficult Feat.—The school-girl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her.

"Mary!" called the teacher, sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"—*Florida Times-Union.*

Not a Square Deal.—It looks to the Clay Center *Dispatch* as tho our new Allies are not treating us quite fairly. When we sent Mr. Root to Russia we sent a man whose name even the most unlettered editor can spell without looking it up, while both Russia and Belgium have sent us men with names equal to breakfast foods.—*Kansas City Star.*

In Wrong Either Way.—"I'm in hard luck."

"Why?"

"I told Belle she was the first girl I ever loved, and she said she couldn't waste her time training amateurs. Then I told Nancy I had made love to other girls, but that she was my real passion, and she asked me if she was a cultured taste with me or a forlorn hope."—*Baltimore American.*

A Mental Error.—A well-known provincial paper in England makes itself responsible for the following story:

The tram-car was hopelessly overcrowded, and several people, who had achieved the upper deck, were transgressing all regulations by standing.

"Now, then," called out the girl conductor, with emphasis, "you can't stand on top."

"Well," said one literalist, smiling blandly as he peered down the steps, "we are standing, whether we can or not."

The girl answered nothing, but promptly prest a button. The car jumped forward, and the literalist involuntarily took a seat on the floor.

"There," said the girl, apparently in complete good humor, quoting the barrister in a famous play, "you think you can, but you can't."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

On the Long Green.—" My time," said the magnate, " is worth $100 a minute."

" Well," answered his friend, casually, " let's go out this afternoon and play $10,000 or $15,000 worth of golf."—*Boston Transcript.*

Judicial Correction. — Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his court-room is in New Bedford, Mass. Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded, "Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise Judge:

" You're down, but you're not out. Six months."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

Kaiser's Hall of Fame

Me.
The first soldier that entered Belgium.
The sailor who torpedoed the *Lusitania*.
The gunner who fired the first shot at a cathedral.
The first airman to drop bombs on a hospital.
The wise man who first expounded *Kultur*.
The genius who originated the idea of poisoning wells.
The inventor who perfected liquid fire.
The first trooper to release poison gas.
Gott. —*Life.*

Accurate.—An editor had a notice stuck up above his desk on which was printed: "Accuracy ! Accuracy ! Accuracy ! " and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters.

One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through and came to the sentence: " Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixt upon the speaker."

" What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that? " he demanded, wrathfully.

" But it's not a blunder," protested the youngster. " There was a one-eyed man in the audience ! "—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Caught in His Own Trap.—It happened in the court-room during the trial of a husky young man who was charged with assault and battery. Throughout an especially severe cross-examination the defendant stoutly maintained that he had merely pushed the plaintiff "a little bit."

" Well, about how hard? " queried the prosecutor.

"Oh, just a little bit," responded the defendant.

" Now," said the attorney, " for the benefit of the judge and the jury, you will please step down here and, with me for the subject, illustrate just how hard you mean."

Owing to the unmerciful badgering which the witness had just been through, the prosecutor thought that the young man would perhaps overdo the matter to get back at him, and thus incriminate himself.

The defendant descended as per schedule, and approached the waiting attorney. When he reached him the spectators were astonished to see him slap the lawyer in the face, kick him in the shins, seize him bodily, and, finally, with a supreme effort, lift him from the floor and hurl him prostrate across a table.

Turning from the bewildered prosecutor, he faced the court and explained mildly:

" Your honor and gentlemen, about one-tenth that hard ! "—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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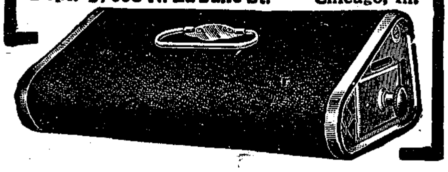

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

October 18.—In a formal statement Food-Administrator Hoover declares that retailers of important food-commodities have deliberately failed to lower their prices in proportion to the decreasing wholesale prices. It is predicted that the Administrator will be given the same extensive control over the retailers that he now has over wholesalers, jobbers, and manufacturers.

Secretary McAdoo announces that he will at once take steps to punish those who are responsible for the effort to defeat the Liberty Loan in the United States. Banks throughout the country are requested to report at once any attempts at intimidation or threats by disloyal persons.

Reports received in New York City place the subscriptions to the Liberty Loan at nearly $3,000,000,000.

October 19.—Major-General Bell in command at Camp Upton, L. I., where the drafted men from New York are training, refuses to allow Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate for Mayor of New York, to make an address at the camp.

Washington announces the torpedoing of the American transport *Antilles* on October 17 while returning to this country under convoy of American patrol vessels. Out of 237 men on board 70 are missing and believed to be lost. Three were officers of the ship, sixteen, enlisted men of the Army, and the remainder members of the transport's crew. Neither the torpedo that struck the *Antilles* nor the submarine that fired it was seen.

America's aviation program, for which Congress appropriated $640,000,000, will be completed by August 1, and the way cleared for an even larger production during the following year. The program calls for 22,500 planes, while it is announced at Washington that 50,000 Liberty motors will be ready by August 1.

October 20.—Washington announces a sweeping change in the method of the selective draft, based on the division of the 9,000,000 remaining registrants into five classes in order of their eligibility for military service. The President has approved the plan.

President Wilson in a proclamation fixes Sunday, October 28, as a day of prayer for the success of the American arms.

October 21.—Survivors of the United States transport *Antilles* are safely landed at a French port, dispatches announce.

The President appoints A. Mitchell Palmer, formerly a Representative from Pennsylvania, to take charge of all enemy-alien property in the United States during the war. Many millions of dollars are involved. All German property will be taken over by the Government and the business continued under Mr. Palmer's direction. Property held by German interests will be subject to disposal by Mr. Palmer. German-controlled banks and business enterprises, with 52 per cent. of the stock held by German interests, will be turned over to Mr. Palmer.

October 22.—In his review of the war-operations for the week, Secretary Baker indicates that the Allies will not go into winter quarters and that there will be comparatively no lull in the fighting.

October 23.—The declaration of Lloyd George in the House of Commons that the Sinn-Feiners, encouraged by Germany, plotted another uprising in Ireland, results in the activity of secret-service agents in the United States and Canada, and several arrests are said to have been made. Count von Bernstorff is charged with being the instigator of the plot.

WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

October 18.—London reports heavy artillery-fighting on the northern front of the battle-field in France, and also in the Verdun and Aisne sectors. German attacks are broken up and eleven enemy airplanes are shot down or driven to the ground. The French continue bombing-sorties on railroad-stations, factories, munition-depots, and bivouacs.

Washington dispatches report that Italy is facing a crisis because of the lack of food and coal. It is stated that there will be no coal for private consumption during the winter, and the manufacture of guns and war-munitions has been practically abandoned.

After a naval battle, during which the Russian battle-ship *Slava* is sunk off Oesel Island in the Gulf of Riga, the Russian Fleet is bottled up in Moon Sound, London dispatches report.

October 20.—Paris dispatches announce that the Painlevé Ministry has been much strengthened, and that all differences will be allowed to "sink out of sight" for the present, and that the "peace whispers" have been stilled.

London reports that a fleet of eleven *Zeppelins* attacked the city last night, killing 27 persons and injuring 53. As they turned east toward the coast of France they were met by a fleet of French planes and in the battle that followed four *Zeppelins* were sent to earth. One was captured intact, the others burned.

Dispatches from London announce nine neutral merchantmen and their convoy of two British destroyers sunk in the North Sea by two German raiders. The 135 men on the destroyers were lost and only 100 were saved from the merchantmen.

Little new light is thrown on the situation in the Gulf of Riga. The German report states that the operations on Dagöe Island have been carried out, while Petrograd admits the abandonment of the southern part of Moon Sound and Moon Island.

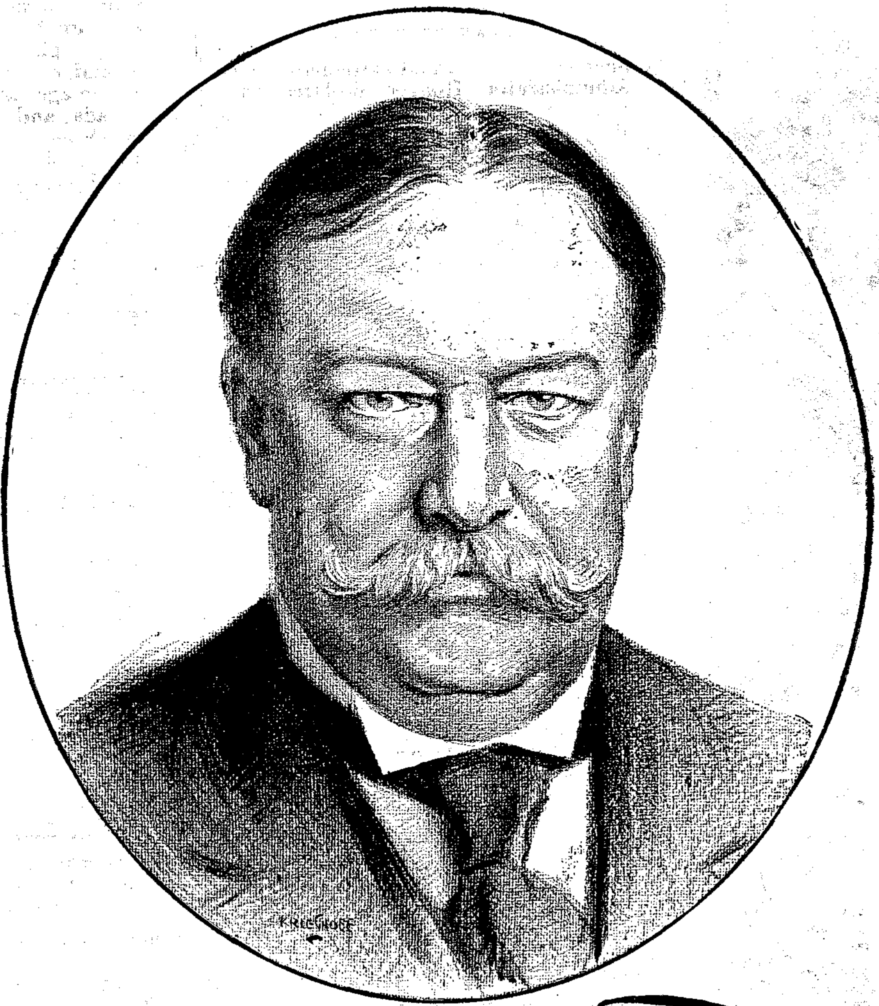
October 21.—To the shifting artillery bombardment on the Western front the British add a naval bombardment of Ostend, the German submarine base on the North Sea, and an aerial raid on Bruges.

The Germans attack the French positions in the Reims area, on both banks of the Meuse, in the Verdun region, and in the sector of La Chapelette. Paris reports all the assaults repulsed.

Entente diplomats in Washington hear that Bulgaria is wavering in its German allegiance.

An official Petrograd communication announces that Oesel and Moon Islands have definitely passed into the hands of the Germans, but that the Russian ships have all escaped from Moon Sound without losses.

The Russian peace program, as drawn



Wm H Taft

WILLIAM H. TAFT, former President of the United States, has joined the staff of the PUBLIC LEDGER as contributing editor, the connection becoming effective on November 1.

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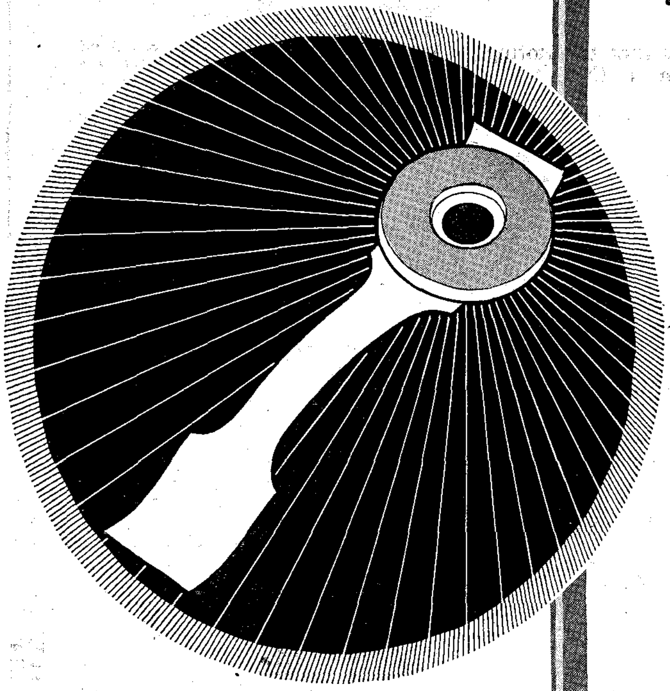

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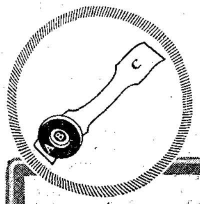

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A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

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Place it on your throbbing corn tonight. It takes but a second.

Relief will come instantly, because the felt ring relieves all pressure.

The medicated spot of wax soothes while it works.

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up by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in the form of instructions to Mr. Skobeleff, its delegate to the Paris conference, contains fifteen articles, one of which calls for the "neutralization" of the Panama Canal and another proposes the return of the German colonies.

October 22.—Paris announces the resignation of the French Cabinet. President Poincaré, however, refuses to accept the resignations on the ground that the Chamber of Deputies had voted confidence in the Ministry.

British and French troops in Flanders strike again, but on a narrower front, London dispatches state. The forces of Field-Marshal Haig and General Pétain report gains and all objectives attained. Heavy artillery actions continue on the Aisne and Verdun fronts, and both Berlin and Paris dispatches attach increasing importance to these actions.

At a demonstration in Albert Hall, London, at which Premier Lloyd-George and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Andrew Bonar Law, spoke, the Premier declared that he saw no signs of an early peace and that he was unable to predict the end of the struggle.

October 23.—The French win on a six-mile front north of the Aisne, driving two miles into the German line and taking 7,500 prisoners. Rain in Flanders prevents any advance by the British. Germans claim a victory on both sides of Gheluvelt.

Russian official reports of the battle in the Gulf of Riga state that in the operation the Germans lost 16 vessels, including 2 dreadnoughts, 1 cruiser, 12 torpedo-boats, 1 transport, and many mine-sweepers.

J. Louis Barthou replaces Alexander Ribot as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Cabinet, Paris announces.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

October 18.—Herr Hoch, a member of the Reichstag, declares at a meeting of Socialists at Wurzburg that the patience of the people is coming to an end, and that the German Government ought to understand that unless peace comes within a few weeks revolutionary convulsions will arise among the masses.

October 19.—Captain Mortensen, of the American bark *Paolina*, torpedoed on September 25, arrives at an American port with the information that nearly all of the German submarines that are lurking in the Atlantic steamship lanes are manned by former crews of steamships that plied between New York and Germany, and that they are planning to sink the American transport *Leviathan* (formerly the German steamship *Vaterland*).

October 21.—A censored official report of the discussion of the food-situation by the Budget Committee of the Prussian Diet indicates that Germany's bread-supply may not last out the year, Copenhagen reports.

October 22.—London dispatches announce that a German force has landed on the mainland of Esthonia, Russia, and are now 275 miles from Petrograd.

DOMESTIC

October 18.—New York City feels the effect of the sugar famine, and retailers are charged with taking advantage of the situation by advancing prices. In Boston women stand all day in line at groceries clamoring for sugar.

The strike of 35,000 miners in the Southwestern coal-fields is postponed indefinitely after a conference between the operators and the mine-workers, and representatives of both sides agree to disregard the differences which led to the strike order.

Mayor Mitchel declares that the rioting of the school-children in the city in protest against the Gary system is largely the result of a Tammany plot.

October 19.—The Gary school-system riots in New York City spread. Sixteen schools are closed and 9,000 children are out.

October 21.—Colonel Roosevelt, in an interview at the Rest Farm where he has been training, discloses the fact that he has been blind in his left eye ever since he boxed with an artillery officer during his Presidency, when a blood-vessel in the eye was burst.

United States Senator Paul O. Husting, of Wisconsin, is accidentally shot and killed by a gun in the hands of his brother Gustave while hunting ducks.

Alice Paul, head of the National Woman's party, is sentenced to six months in the Occoquan Workhouse for her demonstration in front of the White House.

October 22.—A Caproni biplane, driven by Lieut. Emilio Resnati, twenty-three years old, of the Italian Army, and carrying eight passengers, flew from Hampton, Va., to the Aviation Field, at Mineola, L. I., in four hours and eight minutes, making a new record for non-stop mileage. A Pomilio, driven by Lieutenant Baldioli, with Capt. F. T. Lent as passenger, made the trip from Langley Field in two hours and fifty-five minutes, which is also a record.

October 23.—Federal agents report to the authorities at Washington the discovery in a Buffalo warehouse of millions of pounds of sugar stored in bags and barrels labeled "top-crust flour."

Those Helpless Husbands.—The ladies, God bless 'em, were talking, in the humorously indulgent way in which they usually tackle the topic about their husbands and other women's husbands.

"John is perfectly helpless without me," said Mrs. A.

"Henry's that way, too," said Mrs. B. "I don't know what would become of him if I'd leave him for a week."

"Isn't it the truth?" sighed Mrs. C. "You'd think my husband was a child, the way I have to take care of him. Why, whenever he is mending his clothes, or sewing on buttons, or even darning his socks, I always have to thread the needle for him!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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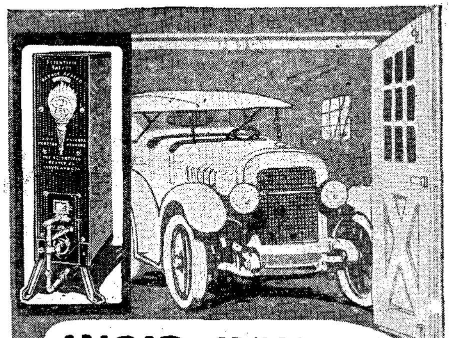
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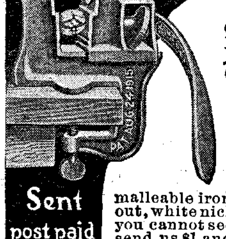
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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

OUR RAILWAY INVASION OF EUROPE

IN the matter of railway material, it is declared by a writer in the New York *Times Annalist* that the export expansion, due to the war, has begun to give our manufacturers 'a hold on a hitherto almost untouched territory." Already the increase in exports of railroad material and rolling-stock, when compared with previous periods, has presented a "striking chapter in this country's record of achievement in overseas trade." Experts are convinced that the current year "will witness a climax in the movement abroad to strengthen the transportation systems of America's Allies and thus contribute in no small measure to the winning of the war." More in detail, the writer says:

"The war-necessities of the Entente Allies, more particularly Russia and France, in the shape of rolling-stock and equipment, it is believed in the best-informed American railroad circles, will result in a heavily sustained volume of export business covering an extended period after the return of peace. In addition to meeting the requirements of the war-worn countries of Europe following the close of hostilities, the demands of countries in all other sections of the world for replacements are expected to put a heavy burden on American manufacturers. Even at the present time, the pleas of Mexico and other neutrals for rail-transportation equipment go unheeded and are likely to remain unanswered for an indefinite period, since this country's entrance into the war imposes the double obligation on manufacturers not only of meeting the American Government's phenomenal requirements in the shape of rolling-stock, and equipment for the conduct of the war behind the American military forces in France, but of doing their utmost as well to assist Russia and France in the solution of their transportation problems. In this connection, opinion is unanimous that adequate railroad equipment on all the fronts is imperative to make the great military drive projected against Germany next spring effective.

"To visualize what this country's manufacturers did in the fiscal year 1917 to brace the transportation systems in Russia and France in particular, and what may therefore be counted upon in the shape of increased material aid in the twelve months ending with June 30, 1918, one has but to scan the imposing export statistics compiled by the Government. A significant thing about the overseas movement of railway equipment from the United States since the start of the European War has been the increasing diversion of material to Europe itself. Up to 1914 American sales of such equipment in Europe, other than to Russia, were, comparatively speaking, unimportant, but as hostilities continued, each year of the conflict has seen a bigger volume of material shipped to the continent for French and British use behind the fighting lines, the pinnacle being reached in the fiscal period of 1917.

"All told, the value of American railway equipment of the classes enumerated by the Department of Commerce in its summary of foreign trade, covering the fiscal year, 1917, shipped abroad, reached the grand total of $108,944,187, compared with a mere $35,750,027 in the corresponding period of 1914 under normal conditions of trade. The most spectacular gains in 1917, in comparison with 1914, have to do with the overseas movement of railroad-cars, steel rails, and locomotives, which, in the order named in respective values, formed about 70 per cent. of this country's total exports of railroad material in the last fiscal period. The balance of the shipments related to track material, parts of locomotives, car-wheels, air-brakes, spikes, and the like. Reduced to tabulated form, the export movements of American rolling-stock and supplies abroad in the comparative periods of 1914 and 1917 were as follows:

	1914	*1917*
Passenger- and freight-cars....	$7,409,558	$27,290,577
Other cars..................	3,768,208	2,500,000
Car-wheels..................	414,371	2,385,973
Steam-locomotives...........	3,692,225	18,198,368
Parts of locomotives and other engines..................	3,356,764	18,996,186
Railroad-spikes.............	1,398,514	1,502,330
Steel rails.................	10,259,109	26,076,066
Railway track material.......	2,534,148	8,489,192
Air-compressing machinery, includ. air-brakes..........	552,587	1,135,661
Railway-ties...	2,564,543	2,369,834
Total.................	$35,750,027	$108,944,187

Net gain in exports in three years, $73,194,160.

"Some features stand out in strong relief, one of these being the dependence now placed by Europe on America for locomotives. In 1914 not a single American steam-locomotive was recorded as being sent to the Continent, whereas, in 1917, their number aggregated 864, the distribution being chiefly in Russia and France. Canada, in 1917, took 141 engines and Cuba 133. Mexico managed to get 73, the other countries figuring as buyers being Central America, Brazil, and other South American countries, China, Japan, and other countries not separately classified.

"Out of the $27,290,577 worth of cars shipped abroad in 1917, the Government's classification lumps $17,094,117 under the rather vague designation of 'other countries,' altho this sum is more than half the total exports to all the world. French and British purchases were represented in the general designation, but in what proportion remains unknown. Russian purchases of cars in 1917, separately stated in the Government returns, amounted to more than $3,500,000.

"While a good deal of secrecy shrouds many of the orders being placed at the present time for railroad equipment, there is no doubt that, given anything like adequate shipping facilities, the fiscal year 1918 should mark an epoch in the volume and value of foreign business transacted by American railroad equipment. According to *The Railway Age Gazette*, the United States Government has ordered 1,064 locomotives for France up to date, together with 12,997 freight-cars. This equipment, it is understood, will be used on the lines of communication to be built between French ports and the American fighting front. Further than this, the American Government is reported to have placed orders for 150,000 tons of steel rails, the French Government, 50,000 tons, and the South-African railways, 4,000 tons. Foreign orders for locomotives so far placed here this year were estimated at 1,313, against 1,018 in 1916, and 665 in the year before that. Orders from abroad for freight-cars to date this year amounted to 26,922, against 20,675 in the year before, and 30,275 in 1915."

FURTHER DECLINES IN BUILDING

While it is still too early to generalize, what *Bradstreet's* regards as an encouraging feature in the building trade is that the September total of value was a shade larger than that of August. When all returns had come in, it thought it probable

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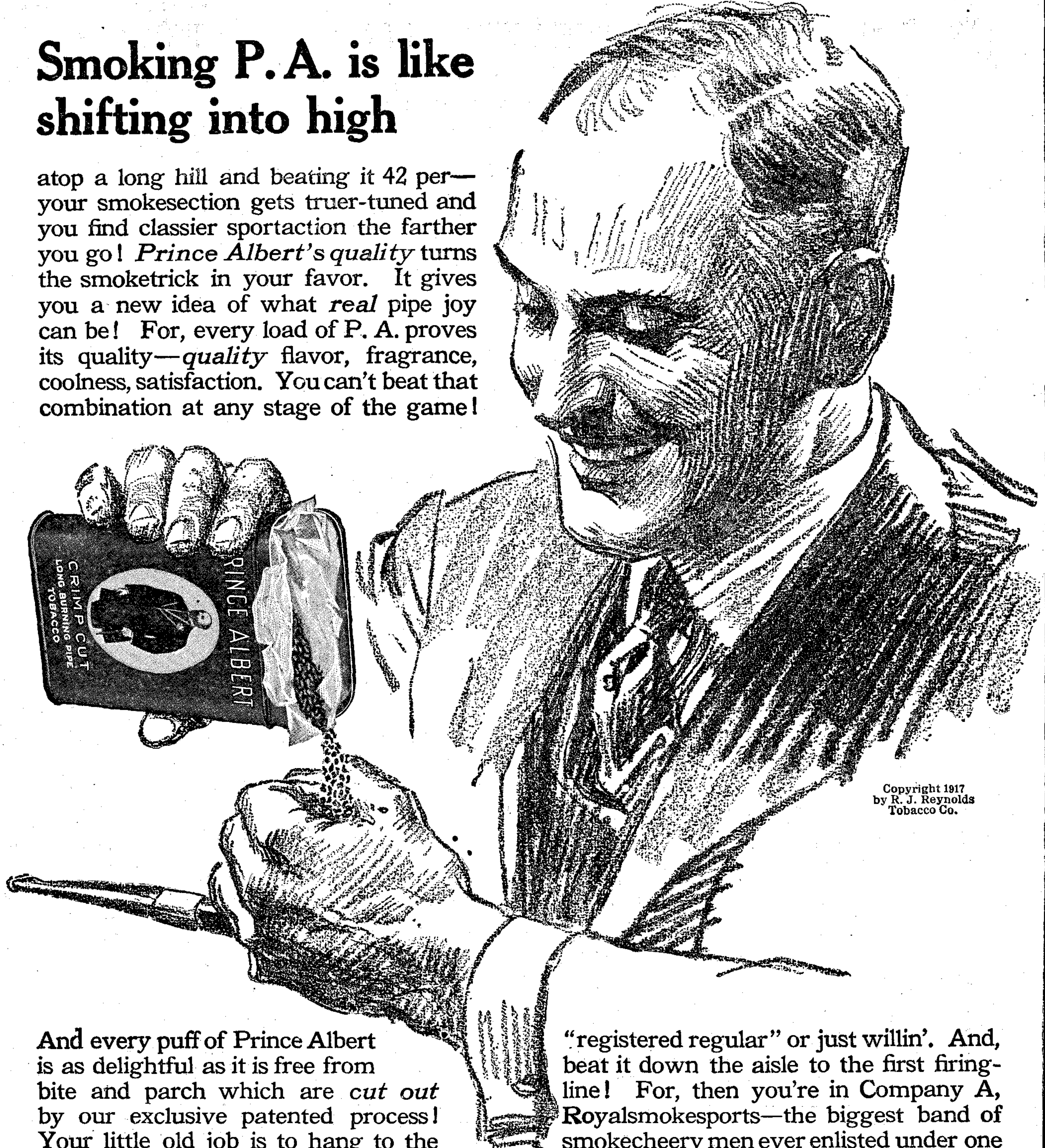

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And every puff of Prince Albert is as delightful as it is free from bite and parch which are *cut out* by our exclusive patented process! Your little old job is to hang to the middle of the road and keep your grip on the smokethrottle and hit 'er up like Speedsport was the old family name! *Such* smokefun simply takes-the-cake! You get hold of that wandering jimmy pipe of yours and some Prince Albert while the listen is in your smokechest, whether you're a "registered regular" or just willin'. And, beat it down the aisle to the first firing-line! For, then you're in Company A, Royalsmokesports—the biggest band of smokecheery men ever enlisted under one brand! *Put it up to Prince Albert's quality* first-last-all-the-time! It's quality you're after, not coupons, premiums or gifts—*and it's quality you get* when you take this first-hand-tip to breeze up to the post like a thorobred and make a new smokestart—*for what ails your smokeappetite.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE *the national joy smoke* **ALBERT**

Amazing Prosperity Ahead of the South

GAIN OF ONE AND A HALF BILLION DOLLARS IN THE VALUE OF DIXIELAND'S FARM OUTPUT THIS YEAR

As near as can now be estimated, the total value of the South's agricultural output this year will be largely over $6,000,000,000, or a gain of over $1,450,000,000 over last year.

The magnitude of this amazing agricultural wealth can be better understood when it is borne in mind that the total value of the agricultural output of the United States in 1900 was $5,000,000,000. Thus **the South this year will produce in its agricultural interests about $1,000,000,000 more than the entire country produced 17 years ago.**

The value of the South's cotton crop of 1916, including seed, was $1,357,831,000, as reported by the United States Department of Agriculture. The total value of the cotton crop, including seed, for 1917, as reported by the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, was $1,413,000,000. It is difficult to make an estimate which will be conservatively safe as to the value of this year's crop, in view of the uncertainty as to the yield and the wide fluctuations which have recently taken place, without at the same time minimizing the great possibilities in the value of this crop. It is, we think, entirely safe to estimate the value of this year's crop of cotton and seed at $1,700,000,000, with the chance of the value largely exceeding this, and if cotton should command the prices demanded as a minimum by the growers the total would exceed $2,000,000,000.

The total grain crop of the South is nearly 1,600,000,000 bushels, which will probably exceed in value $2,350,000,000.

The potato crop, sweet and white potatoes, will figure up between $180,000,000 and $200,000,000.

The hay and tobacco crop can safely be estimated at between $450,000,000 and $500,000,000, but even this would be a small increase only over last year's value of hay and tobacco.

The total value of the live stock products of the South two years ago was over $1,000,000,000, and with the high prices prevailing this amount may be exceeded by 20 to 25 per cent.

This section is shipping to the North and West of potatoes, vegetables and fruits, oysters, fish and other food products over $200,000,000, and the total value of such diversified agriculture as fruits and vegetables, etc., including these shipments to the North, will this year be at least $650,000,000.

Thus the grand total of the South's agricultural output for 1917 will considerably exceed $6,000,000,000 and may easily run several hundred million dollars above that figure.

It is true that the increased cost of everything which enters into farming has added largely to the cost of raising these crops, but the margin of profit is still sufficiently great to bring to this section enormous wealth.

Last year's cotton crop, selling at over $1,400,000,000, following a crop of the preceding year valued at $1,357,000,000, has put the cotton growing interests of the South in a stronger financial position than in the last sixty years, and added to this unusual condition is the fact that **the South has increased its corn production by about 300,000,000 bushels over 1916, or about one-half of the total increase of corn in the United States.**

These figures, of course, are based to some extent on the forecast of the Department of Agriculture for August and September and there will be slight variations when the total yields are finally reported at the end of the year. The difference, however, will not be sufficiently great to make any marked change in the broad survey of the situation.

Outside of a considerable portion of Texas, which has suffered seriously from drought, and some limited areas in the Southwest, the South has been amazingly blessed in the magnitude of its crops and in the prices which they are bringing. **This abounding prosperity of the agricultural interests of the South will spread into every avenue and industry and trade, will quicken the whole business life of the South, and result in an accumulation of an immense amount of surplus wealth available for future development.**

Coincident with this agricultural activity and prosperity is the industrial and railroad prosperity of the South. Every mining enterprise, every furnace, every steel plant, and practically every cotton mill in this section is crowded to the limit of its capacity and the ability to secure labor, while the lumber interests are having an increased call for their output and shipbuilding running far into the hundreds of millions of dollars is under way.

The above article was printed in the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore, October 4, 1917, and contains a mass of facts that are full of suggestion to manufacturers and advertising space buyers with propositions suitable for Southern territory.

SIX BILLION DOLLARS is "some money"! In the hands of the farmers of Dixieland it means unparalleled personal wealth for the 83% of the rural element of the South and good conditions generally for everybody. It means unusual purchasing capacity for the individual—an ability to buy commodities, comforts and luxuries in greater profusion and of higher grades than ever before.

What an opportunity for a strong advertising campaign! And what more effective publications could be used than the standard daily newspapers of the South? These periodicals have a unique pulling power that no space buyer can afford to overlook. In fact, to cover the Southern field, an advertiser **must** use these publications. They exert an influence upon the buying class that no other periodicals possess.

For full details address any of the papers listed below:

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Birmingham Age-Herald
Birmingham Ledger
Birmingham News
Mobile News-Item
Mobile Register
Montgomery Advertiser
Montgomery Journal

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith Times-Record
Fort Smith Southwest American
Little Rock Arkansas Gazette

FLORIDA

Jacksonville Florida Metropolis
Tampa Times
Tampa Tribune

GEORGIA

Albany Herald
Athens Herald
Atlanta Constitution
Atlanta Georgian and Sunday American
Atlanta Journal
Augusta Chronicle
Augusta Herald
Columbus Enquirer-Sun
Macon Telegraph
Savannah Morning News
Savannah Press

KENTUCKY

Louisville Courier-Journal
Louisville Times

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville Citizen
Asheville Times
Charlotte News & Evening Chronicle
Charlotte Observer
Durham Sun
Greensboro News
Raleigh News & Observer
Raleigh Times
Winston-Salem Twin City Sentinel

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston American
Charleston News & Courier
Charleston Post
Columbia Record

SOUTH CAROLINA (Cont.)

Columbia State
Greenville News
Greenville Piedmont
Spartanburg Herald
Spartanburg Journal & Carolina Spartan

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga News
Knoxville Sentinel
Knoxville Journal & Tribune
Memphis Commercial Appeal
Memphis News Scimitar
Memphis Press
Nashville Banner
Nashville Tennessean & American

[Prepared by the Massengale Advertising Agency, Atlanta, Ga.]

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that the grand total for the month might show a gain over July as well. The point to this observation, however, was that every month since March had shown a progressive decrease in the aggregate value from that of the preceding month.

Compared with September of last year, however, a very considerable decrease was shown this year, and "while the falling off is not so great as in either July or August, the volume of decrease is such as would ordinarily make the month notable." That the decreasing tendency had not been checked was gathered from the fact that the number of permits in September "had fallen off in a greater degree than values." This was all the more notable because "there is general complaint of scarcity of accommodation for renters at a number of cities." Following is a table which shows the number of permits and the value of buildings in various groups of cities, with percentages of decrease given, as compared with a year ago:

	No. of Cities	*No. of Permits 1917*	*Values 1917*	*Compared with Last Year*	
				Permits	*Values*
New Eng.	22	1,503	$6,576,725	D 26.9	I 8.0
Middle	24	4,189	16,204,834	D 22.3	D 12.4
Western	20	4,273	10,490,413	D 34.4	D 27.5
Northwest	19	2,047	8,827,028	D 32.6	D 38.8
Southwest	13	1,149	1,992,250	D 17.9	D 37.7
Southern	25	1,964	3,495,884	D 32.8	D 20.0
Far-western	17	2,728	3,452,627	D 28.5	D 40.8
Total U. S.	139	17,853	51,039,761	D 29.3	D 23.7
Canada	10	1,070	2,006,434	I 12.0	D 8.1

The writer comments that of the 139 cities here included, ninety-four show decreases and only forty-five, or about one-third, show gains in value over September last year. Every group of cities shows a decline from September permits of last year, while only one shows a gain in value. The permits, as a whole, fall 29.3 per cent. behind a year ago as against a decrease in values of 23.7 per cent. The generally larger percentages of decrease in permits as compared with values "point to the character of the building being of the more expensive kind, herein fortifying the statement frequently met with in detailed trade reports that what expansion there is is in manufacturing and commercial structures rather than in the residence and renting classes."

The decrease in all values in September, 23.7 per cent., compares with a decrease of 33.9 per cent. in August, of 49.4 per cent. in July, 33 per cent. in June, and 34.7 per cent. in May. The falling off for the third quarter, 38.2 per cent., compares with a decrease of 26.6 per cent. in the second quarter, and of only a small fraction of 1 per cent. in the first three months of the year, "thus indicating that the scarcity of labor and the high price of that commodity and of materials had a progressively unfavorable influence as the year advanced." The additional fact, noted by the writer, was that the decrease for September from a year ago, 23.7 per cent., bore "a strikingly close resemblance to the 23.8 per cent. decrease shown for the nine months of the calendar year." Detailed returns as given by cities of building in September compare with those for September a year ago as follows in the cities named:

New England	*No. Permits 1917*	*1916*	*Values 1917*	*Values 1916*
Boston	370	591	$1,316,276	$1,663,266
Bridgeport	130	203	615,147	547,541
Cambridge	52	68	60,276	187,366
Fitchburg	15	20	33,157	22,355
Hartford	112	117	478,236	246,497
Lawrence	20	27	51,245	172,390
Lowell	67	83	79,425	146,373
Manchester	68	106	58,774	138,536
New Bedford	146	61	113,275	380,300

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The extreme heat at which the enamel finish is baked on the body makes it bite deep into the steel.

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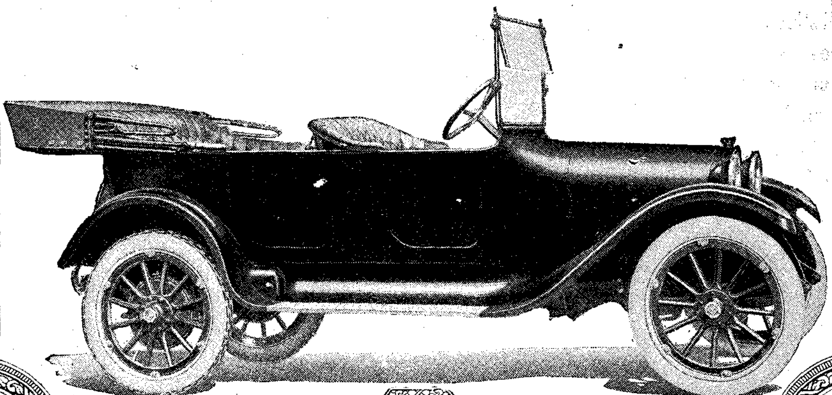

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At "The Park"

The "Cure" of America

You can have all the merits of

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and all the other famous Spas of Europe where Royal Society, Statesmen, Millionaires of the world have gathered for a century to shed the worn, take on the new, to forget worries, lose pains, quiet nerves, to find health, to trade age for youth.

So close at hand it has been overlooked by many and yet with a long and splendid record of happy reliefs.

Facing a green and beautiful garden on the banks of the lovely Clinton River, "The Park" has all the luxuries and comforts of the most modern health and pleasure resort. Homelike ease, exceptional cuisine, large bright sunny rooms, interesting cultivated people, varied entertainments.

The Winter Climate of Mt. Clemens is delightful—really the best time for effective and resultful treatment. The mineral baths at "The Park" are second to none in the world —in the variety of their curative properties, in the luxury of their appointments. Eminent physicians and skilled trained nurses are at your service when required.

Open the year round

Write for Illustrated Booklet

Mount Clemens,
MICHIGAN

DELICIOUS FRESH PECAN NUTS

This season's crop, direct from trees to you. Louisiana pecans packed tight with toothsome meats. Rich and delicately flavored. Healthful and nutritious. Right size for eating. Send a soldier boy some of these sweet, fresh, enjoyable nuts. 3 lbs. $1; larger quantities, 30c lb. Delivered anywhere in U.S.

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THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE

By Daniel C. Roper, formerly First-Assistant Postmaster-General. Of this remarkable new book Secretary of State Robert Lansing writes: "It appears to me to be a volume of very great interest and one which will render a valuable service."

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There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose ★14
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New England	No. Permits 1917	No. Permits 1916	Values 1917	Values 1916
New Haven	117	143	$2,741,879	$323,945
Portland, Me	40	40	84,415	73,700
Quincy, Mass	65	74	147,982	136,605
Salem	49	33	37,380	141,065
Springfield, Mass	106	159	180,255	412,615
Worcester	136	155	247,793	586,550
Middle				
Albany, N. Y	147	261	150,572	215,555
Allentown	24	19	77,580	74,540
Binghamton	112	259	54,530	167,294
Buffalo	276	337	1,064,000	1,283,000
Erie	108	134	166,983	217,311
Newark, N. J	175	252	616,289	562,728
New York City				
Manhattan*	16	26	1,915,300	2,271,000
Manhattan†	214	287	1,510,589	1,065,511
Bronx*	23	35	193,600	672,350
Bronx†	170	278	108,713	108,513
Brooklyn*	128	233	2,900,015	2,470,550
Brooklyn†	745	241	946,732	313,630
Queens*	205	440	818,642	1,097,493
Queens†	242	232	61,775	122,749
Total	1,743	1,772	8,455,366	8,121,796
Philadelphia	535	745	2,252,765	3,301,310
Pittsburg	292	427	731,636	1,409,249
Rochester	173	284	915,877	664,128
Scranton	32	49	123,303	70,648
Syracuse	163	194	329,902	542,290
Troy	38	50	195,180	34,040
Utica	79	50	231,600	164,110
Wilkes-Barre	43	35	28,786	109,257
Yonkers	36	49	91,700	138,300

* New work.
† Alterations.

Western	No. Permits 1917	No. Permits 1916	Values 1917	Values 1916
Akron	361	556	1,165,400	1,895,655
Canton	78	109	252,250	294,490
Cincinnati	134	260	574,030	645,610
Cleveland	1,042	1,339	3,310,075	2,713,780
Columbus	181	274	220,840	548,065
Dayton	107	171	115,245	583,540
Detroit	877	1,821	2,284,280	4,868,695
Fort Wayne	63	84	513,960	329,930
Grand Rapids	111	128	180,813	169,405
Indianapolis	497	704	663,401	868,168
Louisville	89	186	80,600	198,030
South Bend	172	117	82,296	196,741
Toledo	288	332	656,927	676,836
Youngstown	151	124	287,040	395,245
Northwestern				
Cedar Rapids	32	42	97,000	177,000
Chicago	321	910	4,334,400	8,579,550
Davenport	68	60	68,870	122,945
Des Moines	42	62	72,025	164,387
Duluth	141	104	342,140	315,668
East St. Louis	39	35	175,936	57,235
Fargo	27	33	70,175	124,625
Lincoln	34	50	124,855	119,790
Milwaukee	263	357	969,118	840,557
Minneapolis	506	665	799,785	1,816,185
Omaha	75	154	756,640	715,705
St. Paul	233	207	374,468	582,171
Sioux City	60	49	254,439	183,750
Springfield, Ill	33	33	77,850	152,082
Superior	97	82	39,157	144,769
Southwestern				
Fort Smith	12	5	11,300	3,100
Fort Worth	24	50	66,545	112,303
Galveston	200	159	14,316	43,675
Houston	164	87	211,030	136,564
Kansas City, Kan	31	61	100,047	51,460
Kansas City, Mo	225	358	343,280	882,790
Oklahoma	70	81	214,325	190,425
St. Joseph	36	71	25,210	48,995
St. Louis	264	420	533,110	1,560,739
San Antonio	169	152	120,065	85,055
Topeka	20	45	189,980	42,601
Waco	17	22	56,217	34,130
Wichita	81	40	206,940	87,815
Southern				
Asheville	83	62	36,874	99,000
Atlanta	183	185	287,208	243,232
Augusta	5	53	7,120	151,400
Baltimore	93	182	352,411	396,560
Birmingham	399	613	137,316	302,601
Charlotte	18	21	20,425	45,570
Chattanooga	171	261	40,331	79,272
Huntington	41	46	63,300	53,700
Jacksonville	40	50	22,850	131,450
Knoxville	10	14	303,104	47,000
Macon	11	40	169,426	31,800
Memphis	136	174	252,655	239,685
Miami	60	80	111,620	114,770
Nashville	20	55	56,774	406,478
New Orleans	53	69	86,396	208,546
Norfolk	48	43	90,630	57,778
Richmond	85	151	95,780	339,455
Roanoke	30	56	17,255	156,683
Shreveport	67	80	28,967	66,512
Tampa	59	111	59,946	95,539
Washington	282	493	773,645	1,036,994
Wheeling	51	57	14,351	23,560
Far-western				
Boise	34	53	8,770	15,920
Butte	74	151	108,100	316,000
Fresno	84	80	71,575	82,639
Long Beach	76	116	61,848	82,616
Los Angeles	505	662	613,865	913,173
Pasadena	96	148	74,200	136,263
Phœnix	24	12	17,725	40,027
Portland, Ore	265	428	184,285	1,318,780
Sacramento	54	126	68,800	233,057
Salt Lake City	93	85	330,500	146,060
San Diego	107	130	55,203	251,309
San Francisco	306	617	1,137,685	1,263,485
San Jose	23	41	72,955	74,071
Seattle	740	832	$441,800	$629,140
Spokane	101	134	40,040	163,422
Stockton	50	53	57,968	31,550
Tacoma	96	144	102,308	142,692
Canada				
Edmonton	10	1	37,100	40,630
Halifax	58	70	91,600	284,225
Hamilton	96	75	658,070	166,990
London	74	81	59,395	39,710
Montreal	128	146	250,958	205,456
Ottawa	16	16	97,050	135,100
St. John	7	8	30,200	21,250
Toronto	522	387	650,271	643,372
Vancouver	47	40	36,990	415,350
Winnipeg	112	131	94,800	231,850

FAILURES FEWER IN SEPTEMBER

Thus far this year the monthly showings of failures have indicated a steady decline in numbers and in amounts of liabilities. What *Bradstreet's* calls "a very pleasing nine months' showing" was made for the nine months ending September 30. The reasons for the fine conditions are given as "war-demand and war-prices." Trade has been and continues to be active beyond other years, with insistent demand for practically all products, so that "the earnings of the great mass of the community have been large; wage advances have been the rule rather than the exception; the farmer, receiving undreamed-of prices for his last crop, finds large, if not bumper new yields awaiting him; foreign takings have been limited only by ability to ship goods bought and paid for, and industry has had only two complaints to make, namely, as to the scarcity of material and the shortage of labor to enable it to convert its activity into a cash equivalent." Failures for the nine months were the smallest in number for any year since 1911, while the liabilities were the lightest since 1909. This occurred "in spite of, it might almost be said because of, the country becoming involved in war, tho it should not be forgotten that a good deal of the apparently cumulative prosperity was visible while the United States was still a neutral." Failures have shrunk quite steadily in number since the opening month of 1915. The September, 1917, total is the smallest for any month since September, 1910. Only four months in six years have shown a smaller total of liabilities. The writer comments further:

"From a purely statistical standpoint, in fact, current failure returns are in a high degree satisfactory; the more so when the fact is considered that a larger number of people are engaged in business than ever before. That the situation has elements of unhealthfulness in it, of course, goes without saying. It is very generally conceded that more money, and therefore more credit, is required to do business under present conditions; that immense Government purchases and expenditures have introduced an element of competition with ordinary domestic takings; that the formation of the new armies is converting a great deal of what was formerly civilian into military demand; and it is not surprizing to hear that there is a good deal of inflation alike in demand and prices, that credit extension is being closely watched, and that conservatism is being practised as regards future buying.

"There were only 10,073 failures reported for the nine months ending with September, and the liabilities reported totaled only $126,133,636. The failure totals reflect decreases of 21 per cent. from a year ago and of 31 per cent. from 1915, while smaller varying decreases are also shown from the three years preceding. The liabilities reported are 7 per cent. below those of 1916, 43 per cent. below 1915, 54 per cent. below 1914, and smaller

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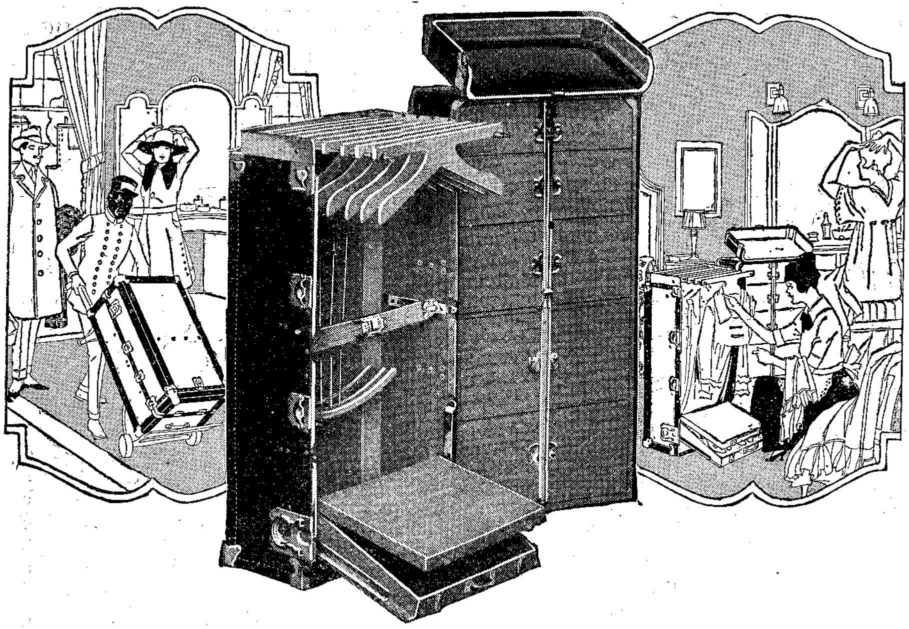

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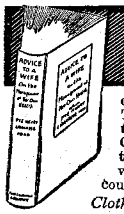

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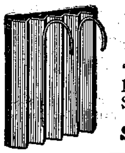

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also than in each preceding year back to 1909.

"The detailed returns by States show that the largest decrease in number from a year ago is that shown by the Southern group, 30 per cent., with the Middle group showing a reduction of 26 per cent. The smallest reduction is in New England, 5 per cent. In liabilities, the New England, the Western, and the Far-western groups show increases over a year ago, the increase of 24 per cent. in the Western group being especially notable, this being accounted for by a large private bank failure in Chicago. Sporadic failures of banks or other financial concerns seem largely responsible likewise for larger liabilities in Florida, Washington, New York, and Ohio.

"New York City failures for nine months total only 907, a decrease of 24 per cent. from a year ago, and just about half the total of 1914. Liabilities for nine months total $17,520,032, an increase of 19 per cent. over 1916, but only about half those of 1915, and less than one-fourth those of 1914.

"The failures in Canada for nine months of this year total 862, a decrease of 39 per cent. from 1916, and 57 per cent. below those of 1915. Liabilities for nine months total $10,458,493, a decrease of 13 per cent. from 1916 and of 56 per cent. from 1915."

THE OIL HOLDINGS OF THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

It appears from a statement, printed in *The Wall Street Journal*, that the Rockefeller Foundation now has $47,679,200 of investments in oil stocks, and that its oil holdings at the close of last year showed a decrease in value of $1,746,154 from their value in the year 1915. At the same time, its shares in the Standard Oil Company of Ohio doubled in value in 1916 owing to a 100 per cent. stock dividend. There was also a big gain in its holdings of Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. The bulk of its investments are in pipe-line shares. Otherwise the Foundation's holdings showed little change from the preceding year. Following is a table showing its holdings last year and in 1915:

	1916		*1915*	
Name	*Shares*	*Value*	*Shares*	*Value*
Borne-Scrymser Co...	350	$103,250	350	$103,250
Buckeye Pipe Line...	49,693	7,950,880	49,693	7,950,880
Chesebrough Manfg. Co. Cons.........	2,070	462,300	690	462,300
Colonial Oil, 1%....	619	....	619	61,900
Continental Oil Co...	7,000	1,330,000	7,000	1,330,000
Crescent Pipe Line...	14,120	847,200	14,120	847,200
Cumberland Pipe....	2,300	165,600	2,481	178,632
Eureka Pipe Line....	12,357	4,464,996	12,357	4,464,996
Galena-Signal, pf....	4,193	587,024	4,193	587,024
Galena-Signal, com..	20,842	3,959,976	20,842	3,959,976
Indiana Pipe Line...	24,845	3,108,385	24,845	3,108,385
National Transit Co. (par $12.50).......	126,481	3,604,708	126,481*	5,185,721
New York Transit...	12,392	3,717,600	12,392	3,717,600
Northern Pipe Line..	9,000	990,000	9,000	990,000
Solar Refining Co....	4,964	918,375	4,964	918,375
S. W. Penn Pipe.....	8,000	1,280,000	8,000	1,280,000
Southern Pipe Line..	24,845,	5,703,309	24,845	5,703,308
St. Oil of Kansas....	4,966	1,365,733	4,966	1,365,733
St. Oil of Kentucky..	7,434	1,044,547	7,434	1,044,547
St. Oil of Nebraska..	2,482	670,140	2,482	670,140
St. Oil of Ohio......	17,392	3,652,320	8,696	3,652,320
Swan & Finch.......	65	12,791	515	103,000
Union Tank Line....	24,105	1,687,350	24,105	1,687,350
Washington Oil Co. (par $10).........	1,774	53,220	1,774	53,220
Total oil company stocks..		$47,679,705		$49,425,858

*Par $25.

Since these values prevailed, there has been a somewhat downward movement in market quotations for Standard Oil stocks. Liquidation in October carried prices to low levels for the year in many cases. These declines occurred in the face of great prosperity in the oil business. In well-informed circles the opinion was express that some of these stocks were selling "at prices below intrinsic values." *The Wall Street Journal* thought it noteworthy that "the greatest declines occurred in those stocks in which there had been the most speculative activity." Standard of New Jersey and Standard of New York, in which the most active markets had existed, were at one time, respectively, about $310 and $115 a share below the year's high levels. Standard Oil of New York was offered at one time at 232, at which price it yielded over 5 per cent. on the investment. Its present dividend of 12 per cent. annually on its $75,000,000 capital stock required the disbursement of $9,000,000 a year. Its earnings last year were in excess of $36,000,000, so that its present dividend was earned "four times over."

Standard Oil of New Jersey at the same time was offered around 490 to yield better than 4 per cent. on its present dividend of $20 a share annually. Its earnings for 1915, the latest available, were given as being about $52 a share. As 1915 was only a fairly prosperous year in the oil business, and most refining and marketing companies of the Standard group nearly doubled their rate of earnings in 1916, as compared with 1915, it was believed that earnings for 1916 "were easily around $80 to $90 a share, and some well-informed people said in excess of that figure." Following is a table given by the writer, to show the high prices attained this year for important stocks of the Standard Oil group together with quotations and yields at recent offering prices:

	High 1917	*Present Quotation*	*Yield*
Continental Oil Co.	645	480@500	2.4 %
Galena Signal Oil, com.	190	130@140	8.5 %
Solar Refining Co.	420	300@315	3.1 %
Standard Oil of California	307	210@215	4.6 %
Standard Oil of Indiana	945	635@665	3.6 %
Standard Oil of Kansas	630	465@500	4.0 %
Standard Oil of Kentucky	385	330@350	3.4 %
Standard Oil of New Jersey	803	485@490	4.08%
Standard Oil of New York	345	228@232	5.0 %
Standard Oil of Ohio	540	450@460	3.4 %
Vacuum Oil Co.	490	340@350	2.2 %

Stocks of companies with low capitalization, in which there had been little speculative activity, show relatively small

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declines. For example, Standard Oil of Kentucky was quoted in October at 330 to 350 as compared with a high for the year of 385 for the new stock. Standard Oil of Ohio was quoted at 450 to 460 as compared with 540, the high price for the year.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH BONDS

Selling as they did in October at 91½, the Anglo-French 5 per cent. bonds were on an 8¼ per cent. basis, when figured at the yield they will have made to investors at maturity. At 91½ these bonds were only one point above the record low price for them. In order for them to remain on an 8¼ per cent. basis, they would have to advance to about 94⅛ by a year from now, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, "and about three more points in the following twelve months." The high price of these bonds since their listing on the Stock Exchange was 96⅛, so that they are some 4⅝ points below the high figure. The latter was approximately the underwriting price at which the great part of the half-billion issue was taken by investors, corporations, and banking-houses. As notes maturing in 1920, they now sell to yield about 8¼ per cent. They are convertible at any time at par into 4½ per cent. joint and several obligations of the British and French Governments, redeemable after October 14, 1930, and due in 1940. Before the date of their maturity comes around, the end of the war should have been reached by many months. And they "should then be reflecting in price whatever value attaches to the 4½ per cent. obligations of those countries." The writer adds:

"If, in the after-war period and before the conversion period of the Anglo-French 5s should expire, credit of the British and French nations should recover to a 4¼ per cent. basis, these bonds would be selling 10½ points higher than the current market level; should the credit be on so good a basis as 4 per cent., a ten-year bond would be entitled to sell at 104, or 13½ points above this level. Present market price of these Allied bonds would seem to indicate that the end of the war is not in sight.

"But there are other factors to be considered in the market quotations of these bonds besides the intrinsic value. There has been a steadily declining tendency in the entire bond-market for the last nine months, and this influence has operated against a higher market value for the foreign issues, despite their large yields. Then there has been the liquidation of all taxable securities for investment in tax-free municipals. But, probably more important than any other influence, has been the profit-taking in these bonds by those who have received them in dividend distributions by corporations which accepted them in part payment for work done in the equipment of the British and French armies and navies. Comment in bond quarters, which have been paying particular attention to these foreign bonds, is that the selling which has been most insistent among the Anglo-French 5s has about run its course. In that case, it would seem probable that these bonds would shortly work to a higher level, which would be more in line with the return on the other issues in the same general group."

Be Moderate with Clams.—Eight glasses of whisky and a peck of clams killed a Rhode Island man the other day. One can not be too careful eating clams.—*Buffalo Evening News*.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"E. G. H.," New York City—(1) The pronunciation *ad'dress* is not allowable. The stress should be placed on the last syllable, a-dres'—*a* as in "at" and *ĕ* as in "pen." (2) The sentence, "Because one does not want to go is no good reason for staying at home," is what is known as a complex sentence; that is, a sentence consisting of a principal and a subordinate clause. Subordinate clauses occurring in complex sentences are classified as *noun-elements*, *adjective-elements*, or *adverb-elements*. When noun-elements they may be the subject of a sentence. The sentence cited is one of a kind frequently found in English literature. Chaucer in "The Frankeleyne's Prologe" ("Canterbury Tales"), written about 1386, made use of it—"By cause I am a burel man . . . have me excused of my rude speche." Maundeville in his "Narrative" (about 1400), wrote: "Be cause he was so litille, he myght not seen him for the peple," and Stephen Hawes, writing of a lady, in his "Pass Tyme of Pleasure" (1509), explained that "Bicause I was in her presence, I toke acquaintaunce of her excellence." *Because* was originally a phrase consisting of a preposition and a noun; later, the cause or purpose was indicated by a noun governed by *of*, a dative infinitive, or a subordinate clause introduced by *that* and *why*. These subordinate clauses exprest (1) cause or reason, and (2) purpose. (Chaucer: "*By cause that* he was hire Neigheboure." "Frankeleyne's Tale." See also "Deo Gratias," written about 1305, and reprinted in the Early English Poems (1862): "Thou hast herd al my deuyse [device], *bi cause why*, hit is clerkes wise.") Ultimately *that* was dropped from the former, leaving *because* alone.

"N. B. J.," Wilmington, N. C.—The office of Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army does not entitle its incumbent to remain in office as President of the United States for the term of the war, for the reason that the Presidency, as the highest office in the gift of the people, is an office to which the incumbent is elected for a term of specified duration at the end of which he retires from office and not only ceases to be President, but also ceases to be Commander-in-Chief.

"E. B. L'H.," New York City.—(1) Shakespeare wrote—

> Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
> The cry is still, "They come!"
> —"Macbeth," act v: sc. 5.
>
> SHALLOW: I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.
> PISTOL: Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die.
> SHALLOW: Under King Harry.
> "II King Henry IV," act v: sc. 3.

(2) The possessive case may be applied to *animate* or *inanimate* objects.

"I. H.," Sandy Creek, N. Y.—(1) The name *Juliet* (French, *Juliette*) is pronounced dzhu'li-et—*u* as in "rule," *i* as in "habit," and *e* as in "pen." The French rule you cite—that *et* is pronounced as "e" in "they" and as it is in croquet kro"ke'—does not apply. (2) Justice Brandeis is an American citizen.

"S. R. O., Jr.," Hope, Ark.—A *problem-play* is "a drama involving some social or moral question, specifically dealing with some difficult problem arising from the relation between the sexes."

"F. S. B.," Washington, D. C.—(1) The original of "Jethro Bass," has been said to be a former Governor of the State of Vermont. (2) "David Grayson" is a pseudonym used by Ray Stannard Baker. (3) A discobolus is "a discus-thrower." Specifically applied, the term designates a famous statue by Myron, of the fifth century, B.C., which is held to embody his canon or standard of the human figure, of which several copies are extant.